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THE WORKS OF

# CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

# THE WORKS OF
# CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

WITH NOTES AND SOME ACCOUNT OF
HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE

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## CONTENTS OF VOL. III.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Hero and Leander | 1 |
| Ovid's Elegies | 105 |
| Epigrams | 223 |
| First Book of Lucan | 265 |
| Song | 299 |
| Fragment | 301 |
| Dialogue | 303 |
| In obitum R. Manwood | 308 |
| Appendix i. Note concerning Marlowe's Opinions | 311 |
| Appendix ii. Portions of Gager's Dido | 316 |
| Appendix iii. Specimens of Petowe's Hero and Leander. | 339 |
| Appendix iv. The Atheist's Tragedie | 349 |
| Index to the Notes | 353 |

# HERO AND LEANDER.

*Hero and Leander. By Christopher Marloe. London, Printed by Adam Islip, for Edward Blunt.* 1598, 4*to.*

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marlue: Whereunto is added the first booke of Lucan translated line for line by the same Author. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London Printed for John Flasket, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke-beare.* 1600, 4*to.*

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Church-Yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare,* 1606. 4*to.*

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare.* 1609. 4*to.*

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London. Printed by W. Stansby for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke Beare,* 1613, 4*to.*

*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins: and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancerie-Lane, neere Serieants Inne.* 1629. 4*to.*

*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London: Printed by N. Okes for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neere the Roules.* 1637. 4*to.*

*To the right-worshipful* Sir Thomas Walsingham, knight.*

Sir, we think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend when we have brought the breathless body to the earth; for, albeit the eye there taketh his ever-farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after-life in our memory, there putteth us in mind of farther obsequies due unto the deceased; and namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectual will) I suppose myself executor to the unhappily deceased author of this poem; upon whom knowing that in his lifetime you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him with good countenance and liberal affection, I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever

* *To the right worshipful, &c.*] I give this Dedication as it stands in the two earliest 4tos. Some variations, not worth noting, occur in the later 4tos.

issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking; for, since his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted, of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, offering my utmost self now and ever to be ready at your worship's disposing:

EDWARD BLUNT.

# HERO AND LEANDER.

## THE FIRST SESTIAD.

*The Argument of the First Sestiad*.*

Hero's description and her love's;
The fane of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers†, disjoin'd by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight‡.

* *The Argument of the First Sestiad, &c.*] The Arguments of all the Sestiads are by Chapman; who, when he continued *Hero and Leander*, divided into the First and Second Sestiad that portion of the poem which was written by Marlowe. See *Account of Marlowe and his writings.*

The present text of this poem is formed from a collation of seven editions (see p. 2), of which the earliest are by far the most correct. In noting the various readings at the foot of the page, I originally intended to specify the particular editions which exhibited them: but I found that such minuteness of reference (perhaps, after all, wholly uninteresting to the reader) would occupy a much larger portion of the page than was desirable; and I have therefore been content to give the *variæ lectiones* without indicating their sources.

† *Sea-borderers*] V. R. "*Sea*borders."

‡ *hight*] i. e. called.

At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn§,
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware|| a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lighten'd by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, usèd she,

§ *The outside of her garments were of lawn*] The modern editors print "—— was *of lawn*". But see note, vol. i. 306.

|| *ware*] V. R. "wore."

And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And, looking in her face, was strooken* blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock†, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffer'd wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make‡ greater moan.
His dangling§ tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allur'd the venturous youth of Greece

* *strooken*] V. R. "stroken" and "strucken."

† *rock*] V. R. "rockt."

‡ *make*] V. R. "may."

§ *dangling*] V. R. "dandling."

To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wish'd his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the tast†,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings‖ of Leander's eyes;
Those* orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been:
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, mov'd with nought,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,—

† *tast*] i. e. taste, for the sake of the rhyme.—V. R. "taste."
‖ *sings*] V. R. "must sing."
* *Those*] V. R. "These."

A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love, and lov'd of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."
The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
Thither resorted many a wandering† guest
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glister'd with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deem'd
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But, far above the loveliest, Hero shin'd,
And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by;
Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star
(When yawning dragons draw‡ her thirling§ car
From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,

† *wandering*] V. R. "wandered".

‡ *draw*] V. R. "drew."

§ *thirling*] i. e. *thrilling*; and here, probably, equivalent to—shaking, vibrating.—The modern editors print "whirling;" which hardly suits the context.

Where, crown'd with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incens'd with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her:
And as in fury of a dreadful fight*,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours lives; the other dies:
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late!
For faithful love will never turn to hate;
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day,—oh, cursèd day and hour!—
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discolour'd† jasper-stone,

* *And as in fury of a dreadful fight*] V. R. "*And as in a furie of dreadfull fight.*"

† *discolour'd*] i. e. variegated.

Wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over-head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know, that underneath this radiant flour‡
Was Danäe's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud*,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turn'd into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close†;

‡ *flour*] i. e. floor,—for the sake of the rhyme (spelt in several 4tos "flowre" and "flower").

* *And for his love Europa bellowing loud*] i. e. And bellowing loud for his love, Europa.

† *Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close*] *Vail'd*, i. e. Lower'd herself, stooped.—V. R. "Tail'd (and "Tayl'd") *to the ground*," &c.—The modern editors print "Kneel'd *to the ground*," &c.—Compare Fletcher's *Wife for a month*, act iii. sc. 3;

And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamourèd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd* by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight†?
He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly pray'd:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him";

"His jollity is down, *vail'd to the ground*, sir."

As to the occurrence of "Vail'd" and "veiling" in the same line,—compare (among many passages which might be cited);

"For Hell and Darkness *pitch* their *pitchy* tents."
*Sec. Part of Tamburlaine*, vol. i. 215.

"So *far'd fair* Hero in th' expugnèd fort," &c.
P. 48 of the present poem.

* *censur'd*] i. e. judged of.

† *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*] Shakespeare has honoured this line by quoting it in *As you like it*;

"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*" Act. iii. sc. 5.

And, as she spake those‡ words, came somewhat§ near him.
He started up; she blush'd as one asham'd;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
He touch'd her hand; in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply grounded†, hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled by the touch of hands:
True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And Night‖, deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,
Heav'd up her head, and half the world upon
Breath'd darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;
Which, like sweet music, enter'd Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.
"Fair creature*, let me speak without offence:

‡ *those*] V. R. "these."

§ *somewhat*] V. R. "something."

† *grounded*] V. R. "ground."

‖ *And Night, &c.*] "A periphrasis of night." *Marginal note in* 4to 1598.

* *Fair creature, &c.*] This and the five following lines, as also the couplet in the next page, "And I in duty," &c., are borrowed, for the nonce, by Master Matthew in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act iv. sc. 1 (where they differ from the original text, Jonson having written them down *memoriter*).

I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine!
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; mis-shapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
Oh, shun me not, but hear me ere you go!
God knows, I cannot force love as you do:
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar, to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpass
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, belov'd of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but oftimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven nor thou were made to gaze upon:
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately-builded ship, well-rigg'd and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical:
Why vow'st thou, then, to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouch'd, will harshly jar.

Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine:
What difference betwixt† the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? for both, not us'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
When misers keep it: being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which, after his decease, some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none;
Or, if it could, down from th' enamell'd sky
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing, then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,

† *betwixt*] V. R. "betweene."

Think water far excels all earthly things;
But they, that daily taste neat‡ wine, despise it:
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow:
Even so for men's impression§ do we you;
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast:
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous:
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascrib'd thereto:
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do;
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wrong'd Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?

‡ *neat*] V. R. "sweet."
§ *impression*] V. R. "impressions."

But you are fair, aye, me! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly-blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath:
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou* that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answer'd she; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucent† cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masques, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast‡ sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,

* *mad'st thou*] V. R. "thou mad'st."

† *tralucent*] A form of *translucent*, common in our early writers.

‡ *hast*] V. R. "hath."

As put* thereby, yet might he hope for mo†;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice‡.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reapt;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he us'd, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus, having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strook:
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.

* *put*] V. R. "but."—Compare a line at p. 28.
"She, with a kind of granting, *put* him *by* it."

† *mo*] i. e. more.

‡ *nice*] i. e. coy.

So having paus'd a while, at last she said,
" Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Aye me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that, Leander stoop'd to have embrac'd her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: " Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on† yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us,)
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears‡ me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:—
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd,
For unawares, " Come thither," from her slipp'd;
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd;
And, like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,

† *on*] V. R. " upon."
‡ *bears*] V. R. " keepes."

Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vow'd spotless chastity; but all in vain;
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows above* the empty air he flings:
All deep enrag'd, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strooken†, look'd so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny;
And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards‡ the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why.
Heaven's wingèd herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,

* *above*] Qy. "about"?

† *strooken*] V. R. "stroken."

‡ *towards*] V. R. "toward."

Whose careless hair, instead of pearl * t' adorn it,
Glister'd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorn it;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:
Yet proud she was (for lofty Pride that dwells
In towerèd courts, is oft in shepherds' cells),
And too, too well the fair vermilion knew
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain. On her this god
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon a† hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses; and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,
And, tumbling in‡ the grass, he often stray'd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold;
And, like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium. But she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stay'd his fury, and began

* *pearl*] V. R. "pearles."
† *a*] V. R. "the."
‡ *in*] V. R. "on."

To give her leave to rise: away she ran;
After went Mercury, who us'd such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running;
(Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure* and delight;)
And, knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.
Still vow'd he love: she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(All women are ambitious naturally,)
Impos'd upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask;
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd),
And gave it to his simple rustic love:
Which being known—as what is hid from Jove?—
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus;
And thrusts him down from heaven. He, wandering here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complain'd to Cupid: Cupid, for his sake,
To be reveng'd on Jove did undertake;

* *pleasure*] V. lt. "pleasures."

And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forc'd them equally
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife
That shears the slender threads of human life;
At his* fair-feather'd feet the engines laid,
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd.
These he regarded not; but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banish'd into hell,
And agèd Saturn in Olympus dwell.
They granted what he crav'd; and once again
Saturn and Ops began their golden reign:
Murder, rape, war, and† lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove clos'd in Stygian empery.
But long this blessèd time continu'd not:
As soon as he his wishèd purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th' everlasting Destinies.
They, seeing it, both Love and him abhorr'd,
And Jupiter unto his place restor'd:
And, but that‡ Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven-gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance.

* *his*] V. R. "this."

† *and*] Omitted in several 4tos.

‡ *but that*] V. R. "that but."

Yet, as a punishment, they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss;
And to this day is every scholar poor:
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To 'venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir;
And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions far;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surpris'd with every garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injurèd.

## THE SECOND SESTIAD.

*The Argument of the Second Sestiad.*

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense:
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses.
He swims to' Abydos, and returns:
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower and his desire.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips;
Wherewith, as one displeas'd, away she trips;
Yet, as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stay'd,
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and, in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stay'd, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces lock'd* their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.

* *lock'd*] V. R. "lock."

Wide-open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before the 'pointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strow'd the room,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.
At last he came: oh, who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He ask'd; she gave; and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like† affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid rais'd,
Where fancy is in equal balance pais'd*.)
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd
By being possess'd of him for whom she long'd;
Ay, and she wish'd, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smil'd
To see how he this captive nymph beguil'd;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down, that it might mount the higher.
Now wax'd she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing, her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws

† *like*] Omitted in several eds.
* *pais'd*] i. e. weighed.

Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd:
Oh, what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoy'd,
And as a brother with his sister toy'd,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence,
And, wanting organs to advance a step,
Mov'd by love's force, unto each other lep*?
Much more in subjects having intellect
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung:
She, fearing on the rushes† to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled strength; the more she striv'd,
The more a gentle pleasing§ heat reviv'd,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know;
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,

* *lep*] i. e. leap,—for the rhyme.—V. R. "leap."

† *rushes*] With which, before carpets were introduced, rooms used to be strewed. Our author was thinking here only of his own time.

§ *pleasing*] V. R. "pleasant."

As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he crav'd it‡:
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus, she fled,
And, seeming lavish, sav'd her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem:
Above our life we love a steadfast friend;
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel, then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held:
Jewels being† lost are found again; this never;
'Tis§ lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.
Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds;
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And, red for anger that he stay'd so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.
And now Leander, fearing to be miss'd,
Embrac'd her suddenly, took leave, and kiss'd:
Long was he taking leave, and loath to go,
And kiss'd again, as lovers use* to do.

‡ *he crav'd it*] So all the 4tos which I have seen.—The modern editors print "he'd crave *it*,"—an improvement of the rhyme, not of the sense.

† *being*] V. R. "been."

§ *'Tis*] V. R. "This."

* *use*] V. R. "vsde."

Sad Hero wrung him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, " Let your vows and promises be kept ":
Then standing at the door, she turn'd about,
As loath to see Leander going out.
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward§ creeps;
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what† the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leander's amorous habit soon reveal'd:
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely-spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastity she vow'd;
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail; for incorporeal* Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind‡, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.

Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But, like exilèd air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place; and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,

§ *downward*] V. R. " downewards."
† *what*] V. R. " when."
* *incorporeal*] V. R. " incorporall."
‡ *wind*] V. R. " windes."

He would have chas'd away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removèd far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis§ nigh,
But being separated and remov'd,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
Oh, none but gods have power* their love to hide!
Affection by the countenance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen:
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new-begun.
But love resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controll'd, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoves†
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares:
What is it now but mad Leander dares?

§ *sweetly . . . 'tis*] V. R. "quickly . . . . it's."

* *Oh, none but gods have power*] V. R. "O none haue power but gods."

† *hoves*] i. e. hoofs,—for the rhyme.

" Oh, Hero, Hero !" thus he cried full oft;
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billows answer'd, " No."
With that, he stripp'd him to the ivory skin,
And, crying, " Love, I come," leap'd lively in:
Whereat the sapphire-visag'd god grew proud,
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeas'd,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seiz'd.
Leander striv'd; the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strew'd with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwrack treasure†;
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embrac'd him, call'd him " love,"
And swore he never should return to Jove:
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heav'd him up, and, looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kiss'd him,
And fell in drops like tears because they miss'd him.

† *shipwrack treasure*] V. R. " shipwrackt *treasure*."

Leander, being up, began to swim,
And, looking back, saw Neptune follow him:
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
"Oh, let me visit Hero ere I die!"
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapp'd his plump‡ cheeks, with his tresses play'd,
And, smiling wantonly, his love bewray'd;
He watch'd his arms, and, as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turn'd, cast many a lustful glance,
And throw* him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk† of love. Leander made reply,
"You are deceiv'd; I am no woman, I."
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,
Play'd with a boy so lovely§ fair and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pin'd;
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink;
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,

‡ *clapp'd his plump*] V. R. "claps *his* plumpt" (and "plumpts").

* *throw*] Old eds. "threw."

† *talk*] V. R. "talkt."

§ *lovely*] Omitted in several 4tos.

Goat-footed Satyrs and up-staring* Fauns
Would steal him thence. Ere half this† tale was done,
"Aye me," Leander cried, "th' enamour'd sun,
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant‡ Hero's tower:
Oh, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"
And, as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace; but, as it went,
He call'd it in, for love made him repent:
The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,
As meaning to be 'veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse, and pity‖ rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illiterate hinds?
The god, seeing him with pity to be mov'd,
Thereon concluded that he was belov'd;
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;)
Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies:
'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails

* *up-staring*] V. R. "*up*-starting."
† *this*] V. R. "his."
‡ *radiant*] V. R. "raiant."
‖ *remorse, and pity*] All but synonymes.

When deep-persuading oratory fails.
By this, Leander, being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitary tower he got;
And knock'd, and call'd: at which celestial noise
The longing heart of Hero much more joys,
Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrel rings,
Or crookèd dolphin when the sailor sings.
She stay'd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And, drunk with gladness, to the door she goes;
Where seeing a naked man, she screech'd for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,)
And ran into the dark herself to hide:
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied:)
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through‖ numbing cold, all feeble, faint, and wan.
"If not for love, yet, love, for pity-sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom:
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay;

‖ *Through*] V. R. "Though."

Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,*
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping‡ thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary-Mars-carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare:
She, overcome with shame and sallow† fear,
Like chaste Diana when Actæon spied her,
Being suddenly betray'd, div'd down to hide her;
And, as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear:
Yet ever, as** he greedily assay'd
To touch those dainties¶, she the harpy play'd,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman§ out;
For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
By which Love sails to regions full of bliss,)
Yet there with Sisyphus he toil'd in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.

* *fet*] i. e. fetched.
‡ *drooping*] V. R. "dropping."
† *sallow*] V. R. "shallow."
** *ever, as*] V. R. "*euer* after *as*."
¶ *dainties*] V. R. "daintie."
§ *foeman*] V. R. "foemen."

Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing§,
She trembling strove: this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Enter'd the orchard of th' Hesperides;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something †, and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so prevail'd, as he*, with small ado,
Enclos'd her in his arms, and kiss'd her too:
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was!
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

§ *Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,*
*Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing*] "The Editor has taken the liberty to alter the situation of this couplet, which as it originally stands after '*But deaf and cruel where he means to prey*' [the last line of this page], is an awkward excrescence. By the present transposition it becomes a lively and beautifully appropriate simile." *Ed.* 1821. The transposition is unquestionably right.

† *something*] V. R. "*some* things."

* *he*] Omitted in one 4to.

And now she¶ wish'd this night were never done,
And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this** blessèd night,
And them, like Mars and Erycine, display†
Both in each other's‖ arms chain'd as they lay‡.
Again, she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who†† in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden cling'd her so about,
That, mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;
One§ half appear'd, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air*,

¶ *she*] V R. "we."
** *this*] V. R. "the."
† *them . . . . display*] Old eds. "then . . . . displaid."
‖ *other's*] V. R. "other."
‡ *lay*] Old eds. "laid."
†† *who*] V. R. "whom."
§ *One*] V. R. "And."
* *air*] Old eds. "heare" and "haire."—"The old copies read '*hair*,' which was certainly not intended here, though it is a picturesque image." *Ed.* 1821. If that reading had been intended, Marlowe would have written "*her* (not *the*) hair." Compare a passage at p. 46;

"she look'd out,
And *all the air she purpled* round about."

As from an orient cloud, glimps'd† here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,
And her all naked to his sight display'd:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.
By this, Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the bright Day-bearing car‡ prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage§.

† *glimps'd*] Old eds. "glympse" ("glymse" and "glimse").

‡ *the bright Day-bearing car*] Old. eds. "*the* day *bright-bearing car.*"

§ *Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage*] V. R. "Hurld *down,*" &c.—2to 1598 ends here, with the words "*Desunt non-nulla.*" The continuation of the poem is wholly by Chapman: see note, p. 5.

## THE THIRD SESTIAD.

*The Argument of the third Sestiad.*

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme, the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites,
Appears, reproving* his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman's† wit
She argues and approveth it.

New light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienc'd blood, and maids'‡ sharp plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure§ the delights,
That, being enjoy'd, ask judgment; now we praise,
As having parted: evenings crown the days.

* *reproving*] Old eds. "improuing" (Compare, at p. 45,
"Thus she appear'd, and sharply did *reprove*
Leander's bluntness in his violent love.")

† *woman's*] V. R. "womens."

‡ *maids'*] V. R. "made" and "make."

§ *censure*] See note, p. 12.

And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,
And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun love's stoln sports by that these lovers prove.
By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other epithite.
And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of gold of§ purpose gilt his limbs,
That, this word *gilt* including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift
As had beseem'd so sanctified* a gift;
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall,
Before his time, to that unblessèd blessing,
Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing:
Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wasts†;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.
What man is he, that‡ with a wealthy eye

§ *of*] i. e. on.—V. R. "a."
* *so sanctified*] V. R. "to sanctifie."
† *wasts*] i. e. wastes—for the rhyme.—V. R. "wastes."
‡ *that*] V. R. "who."

Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest § sleep,
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;—
Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?
And who, like earth, would spend that dower || of hea-
With rank desire to joy it all at first? [ven,
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So order'd that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire,
The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving;
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banish'd all offence: Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flowery body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men and actions* makes legitimate;

§ *than soundest*] V. R. "*than* the *soundest*."

|| *dower*] V. R. "power."

* *Of men and actions*] The editor of 1826 printed "*Of men* audacious;" which is the reading in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 285.

Being us'd aright, the use of time is fate.
Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich,—treasures compos'd by stealth;
And to his sister, kind Hermione,
(Who on the shore kneel'd, praying to the sea
For his return,) he all love's goods † did show,
In Hero seis'd for him, in him for Hero.
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing),
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,
Was crown'd with odorous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so fill'd,
That love to all that touch'd him he instill'd;
And äs the colours ‡ of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be,
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual,
It fir'd with sense things mere § insensual.
Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,

† *goods*] V. R. "good."
‡ *colours*] V. R. "colour."
§ *mere*] i. e. whole,—wholly.

When he lay down, he kindly kiss'd his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss,
Should be her* altar to prefer a kiss.
Then laid he forth his late-enrichèd arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims:
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, "See, sister, Hero's carquenet§!
Which she‖ had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do† Juno deck."
But, as he‡ shook with passionate desire
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues
Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow, views
Amaz'd Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion: all her body was

* *her*] V. R. "the."
§ *carquenet*] Or *carcanet*, i. e. necklace.
‖ *she*] V. R. "we."
† *do*] V. R. "doth."
‡ *he*] V. R. "she."

Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all § presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters.
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way look'd ill, another graciously;
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy,
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observèd law
Did Policy in her broad bosom draw.
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth ‖:
By it Morality and Comeliness
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That follow'd, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain.
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.

§ *she was all*] V. R. "as *she* was."
‖ *distinguisheth*] V. R. "extinguisheth."

Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights;
Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows;
Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded;
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.
She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delights:
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose.
The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power;
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
From whence he meant to Sestos' forked* bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by his† father, throughly rigg'd and mann'd,
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonish'd Hero, whose most wishèd view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her

* *forked*] V. R. "forged."
† *his*] Old eds. "her."

So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her:
To look of† one abash'd is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.
Her blushing het‡ her chamber: she look'd out,
And all the air she purpled round about;
And after it a foul black day befell,
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,
And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
And foul it prov'd, because it figur'd so
The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.

Then, ho§, most strangely-intellectual fire,
That, proper to my soul, hast power t'inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his‖ free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not), and to light* surrender

† *of*] i. e. on.—V. R. "on."

‡ *het*] i. e. heated.

§ *ho*] Spelt in the old eds. (as the word was often spelt formerly) "how." The modern editors print "now."

‖ *his*] i. e. Marlowe's.

* *it know not . . . . to light*] V. R. "I *know not . . . . to* delight."

My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society.
Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
Even to herself a stranger, was much like
Th' Iberian city † that War's hand did strike
By English force in princely Essex' guide ‡,
When § Peace assur'd her towers had fortified,
And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd
Into her turrets, and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embrac'd *;
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid;
Swum to her town ||, dissolv'd her virgin ¶ zone;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd
She had not been in her own walls enclos'd,
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,

† *Th' Iberian city*] "Cadiz. The expedition against it sailed June 1, 1596; and was under the joint command of Essex, and Lord Howard, the High Admiral of England; assisted by the councils and presence of Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir F. Vere, Sir George Carew, and Sir Conyers Clifford." Ed. 1821.

‡ *guide*] "i. e. guidance." Ed. 1821.

§ *When*] V. R. "Whence."

* *embrac'd*] V. R. "imblaste."

|| *town*] Old eds. "townes."

¶ *virgin*] V. R. "virgins."

Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,
And all her peaceful mansions possess'd
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd fair Hero in th' expugnèd fort
Of her chaste bosom; and of every sort
Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast
For that that‡ was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain
Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother slain;
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers:
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers:
Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.
She mus'd how she could look upon her sire,
And not shew that without, that was intire§;
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glass, that shews
In-forms without us; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be clos'd,
Still glancing by them till he find oppos'd
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it
To form a tender twenty-colour'd eye,

‡ *that*] V. R. "which."
§ *intire*] "i. e. within." *Ed.* 1821.

Cast in a circle round about the sky;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star,
(That ever is in motion circular,)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth* at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event, uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought;
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight,
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art
That makes the face a pandar to the heart.
Those be the† painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane;
Those be the lapwing-faces that still cry,
"Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh:
Base fools! when every Moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the‡ apoplexy is
Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in countenance other than she was,

* *Forth*] V. R. "For."
† *the*] V. R. "his."
‡ *the*] Omitted in one 4to.

As if she had two souls, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter or conceal
What they conceiv'd, or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects;*
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike; for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.

These and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits;
For, though the light of her discoursive wits
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her,—
Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart;
Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languish'd, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cypres† made,
In which she sate, hid‡ from the day in shade,
Even over head and face, down to her§ feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,

* *effects*] V. R. "affects."
† *cypres*]—*cypress*, or *cyprus*,—i. e. crape.
‡ *hid*] V. R. "had."
§ *her*] V. R. "the."

Wrapp'd in unshapeful folds, 'twas* death to see;
Her knee stay'd that, and that her falling face;
Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace:
No form was seen, where form held all her sight;
But, like an embryon that saw never light,
Or like a scorchèd statue made a coal
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating† eye well see
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,—
All tools that enginous despair could frame:
Which made her strow the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion strook her down,
And with a piteous shriek enforc'd her swoun‡:
Her shriek made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend;
And as with her own cry her§ sense was slain,
So with the other it was call'd again.

* *'twas*] V. R. "was."

† *a penetrating*] So the modern editors, most probably from conjecture. All the 4tos which I have seen give "an imitating." —The Rev. J. Mitford observes to me, that a compositor might easily have mistaken the former reading for the latter, in the author's M.S.,— "apenetrating"
"animitating."

‡ *swoun*] i. e. swoon.

§ *her*] V. R. "*the*."

She rose, and to her bed made forcèd way,
And laid her down even where Leander lay;
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in,
With child of sail,* and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits she too much mark'd:
And here Leander's beauties were embark'd.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts; she thought she felt
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chide† her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he‡ deserv'd in her.
Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies
How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine,
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's-ease
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit; "Shall I
Sing moans to such delightsome§ harmony?
Shall slick-tongu'd Fame, patch'd up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Judgment is away,

* *With child of sail*] i. e. full of sail. The modern editors print "With *crowd* of sail."

† *chide*] V. R. "chid."

‡ *the true joys he*] V. R. "*the true joyes* she," and "that *true joyes* she."

§ *delightsome*] V. R. "delightfull."

And, gossip-like, says because others* say,
Takes† news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat,)
Make me, for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow
From other stocks than from th' observèd vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero;
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If, then, Leander did my maidenhead git,‡
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never:
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us.
Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate
The joys§ as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light
Should shew them way to judge of all things right.

* *others*] V. R. "other."

† *Takes*] V. R. "Take."

‡ *git*] i. e. get—for the rhyme.

§ *joys*] Qy. "joy," on account of "'tis" in the preceding line? but our early writers frequently make "it" refer to a plural substantive.

When life is gone, death must implant his terror:
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here!
Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight;
Now with Ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours;
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure:
In things* without us no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crown'd, within doth sit:
Oh, goddess, pity love, and pardon it!"
Thus† spake she‡ weeping: but her goddess' ear
Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Aye me! hath heaven's strait fingers no more graces
For such as Hero§ than for homeliest faces?
Yet she‖ hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight,
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty;
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance¶
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence:

* *things*] V. R. "thing."
† *Thus*] V. R. "This."
‡ *she*] Old eds. "he."
§ *such as Hero*] V. R. "*such* a *Hero*," and "*such Hero*."
‖ *she*] V. R. "he."
¶ *imperance*] i. e. command, power.

Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples* rigour, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple;
Her health said she must live; her sex, dissemble.
She view'd Leander's place, and wish'd he were
Turn'd to his place, so his place were Leander.
"Aye me," said she, "that love's sweet life† and sense
Should do it harm! my love had‡ not gone hence,
Had he been like his place: oh, blessèd place,
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind:
His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular,
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine;
Thou being myself, then it is double mine,
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
Oh, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him!
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,
Elixir-like contracts, though separates!
Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

* *supples*] V. R. "supplies."
† *life*] V. R. "loue."
‡ *had*] V. R. "hath."

## THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

*The Argument of the Fourth Sestiad.*

Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description, wrought by Fate;
Ostents that threaten her estate;
The strange, yet physical, events,
Leander's counterfeit* presents.
In thunder Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends:
Ecte, the goddess of remorse,†
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis,‡
Inflaming Hero's sacrifice
With lightning darted from her eyes;
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.

Now from Leander's place she rose§, and found
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground;
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon an‖ altar, where in youth of day
She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair goddess and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion;

* *counterfeit*] i. e. picture.
† *remorse*] i. e. pity.
‡ *Eronusis*] V. R. "Eronosus."
§ *rose*] V. R. "arose."
‖ *an*] V. R. "the."

And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deck'd her in her secret sacred deeds;
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste* desire;
A golden star shin'd on† her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera‡ did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transform'd a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love;
And for her sake she ever since that time
Choos'd doves to draw her coach through heaven's blue clime.
Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most§ subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord; for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties‖ fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,

* *chaste*] V. R. "strange."
† *on*] Old eds. "in."
‡ *Peristera*] Gr. περιστερά (a dove).
§ *most*] V. R. "more."
‖ *beauties*] V. R. "beauteous."

All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;
Near the sea's hue, for* thence her goddess came:
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she† wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end;
Which figur'd the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander;
This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back:
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships;
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was;
For in that sea she naked figur'd him;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live:
Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.
Scarce could she work, but, in her strength of thought,
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought,‡

* *for*] V. R. "from."

† *she*] The modern editors print "she'd."

‡ *She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought*] This conceit

And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited:
They double life that dead things' grief* sustain;
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy;
And then, as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;
But, as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still:
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;
The fire of love is blown† by dalliance.
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it:
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.
In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams;
Which figur'd her affects‡ in their extremes,

was suggested to Chapman by a passage in Skelton's *Phyllyp Sparowe;*

"But whan I was sowing his beke,
Methought, my sparow did speke,
And opened his prety byll,
Saynge, Mayd, ye are in wyll
Agayne me for to kyll,
Ye prycke me in the head."—*Works*, 1, 57 *ed. Dyce.*

* *grief*] V. R. "griefes."
† *blown*] V. R. "drawne."
‡ *affects*] "i. e. affections." *Ed.* 1821.

Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply;
For maids take more delight*, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that† ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave‡ out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise;
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew and stung§ him dead:
And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
At the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the fork'd‖ point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung;
And tufts of waving¶ reeds about her sprung,
Where lurk'd two foxes, that, while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide,
One to the vine, another to her scrip,

* *delight*] V. R. "delights."
† *that*] V. R. "the."
‡ *drave*] V. R. "drue" (and "drew.")
§ *stung*] V. R. "flung."
‖ *fork'd*] V. R. "forke."
¶ *waving*] V. R. "wauering."

That she did negligently overslip;
By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
She suffer'd spoil'd,* to make a childish snare.
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To shew what death was hid in love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer Destinies.
Oh, what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen and forcèd through their blood;
If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their eyas† thoughts with industry;
That their plied wits in number'd silks might‡ sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
Pinion'd with stories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice:
She odours burn'd§, and from their smoke did rise

* *spoil'd*] "i. e. *to be* spoil'd." *Ed.* 1821.

† *eyas*] Spelt in the old eds. "yas." The substantive *eyas*, —a young hawk, just taken from the nest,—is of common occurrence. But, except in the present passage, and in the following line of Spenser's *Hymn of Heavenly Love*, I do not recollect to have met with the adjective *eyas*,—

"Ere flitting Time could wag his *eyas* wings;"

i. e. *unfledged* wings. To determine the exact sense in which Chapman uses the word, is not so easy: qy. are we to understand it as equivalent to—restless?

‡ *might*] V. R. "must."

§ *burn'd*] V. R. "burne."

Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspir'd;
And then the consecrated sticks she fir'd,
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew;
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflam'd them, burn'd as red as blood; *
All sad ostents of that too near success,†
That made such moving beauties motionless.
Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for Leander look'd,
Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she pluck'd
His lovely picture: which when she had view'd,
Her beauties were with all love's‡ joys renew'd;
The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burn'd clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known,
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, entomb'd in drossy spirits.
After this accident, (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history,)
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,

* *them, burn'd as red as blood*] V. R. "*them, burn'd as blood,*" and "*them,* then they *burn'd as blood.*"

† *success*] "i. e. succeeding event." *Ed.* 1821.

‡ *love's*] V. R. "love."

To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approv'd it held;
For even the very look of it repell'd
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful;
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death;
The discords that conceit* engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease;
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase;
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet; it would ease† all doubt
Of threaten'd mischiefs; it would bring asleep
Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung‡ Leandrian§ sects;
Of which was Hero first; for he whose form,
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,
From hell she thought his‖ person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite

* *conceit*] i. e. fancy.—V. R. "conceits."
† *ease*] V. R. "end."
‡ *sprung*] i. e. caused to spring, produced.
§ *Leandrian*] V. R. "Leanders."
‖ *his*] V. R. "her."

All thought of any check to her delight;
And, in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess,
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow love with zeal her piety;
Her chamber her cathedral church should* be,
And her Leander her chief deity;
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self-greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life; for therein lies
Most of her duties and their dignities;
And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplext:
Great men that will have less do for them, still
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill;
Meanness must pander be to Excellence†;
Pleasure atones‡ Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she§ must live with men.

* *should*] V. R. "shall."
† *Excellence*] V. R. "Excellencie."
‡ *atones*] i. e. reconciles.
§ *now she*] V. R. "she now."

Oh, virtuous love, that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least!
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold,
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
Oh, lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin,
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender* any 'scuse† for slubber'd duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denouncements‡ 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.
Now, as with settled mind she§ did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravish'd hair
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for religion's fire did stay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley¶ as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the goddess' waggoners,

* *T' engender*] V. R. "T' engendred."
† *'scuse*] i. e. excuse.—V. R. "sense," and "fence."
‡ *denouncements*] V. R. "denouncement."
§ *she*] V. R. "they."
¶ *volley*] V. R. "valley."

The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,*
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
Graceful Ædone† that sweet pleasure loves,
And ruff-foot Chreste‡ with the§ tufted crown;
Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood, her glass,
Proin their fair plumes‖; of which the fairest was
Jove-lov'd Leucote¶, that pure brightness is;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis**.
All were in heaven, now they with Hero were:
But Venus' looks†† brought wrath, and urgèd fear.
Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire;
And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire,
As when the rarified air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore;

* *coupled pheres*] *Phere* or *fere* means—a companion, a mate, a wife, or husband. The word seems to be used here rather awkwardly.

† *Ædone*] Gr. 'ηδονή (pleasure).

‡ *Chreste*] I know not to what Greek word the derivation of this name can be referred; surely, not ἀπὸ χρηστός. Qy. was Chapman thinking of the Latin—*Crista, cristatus?*

§ *the*] V. R. "a."

‖ *Proin their fair plumes*] V. R. "*Proyne their plumes*," and "*Proine* vp *their plumes*."—*Proin*, i. e. *prune*, dress;—the word means properly—to pick out damaged or superfluous feathers.

¶ *Leucote*] Gr. λευκός (white); λευκότης (whiteness).

** *Dapsilis*] Gr. δαψιλής (abundant, plentiful).

†† *looks*] V. R. "looke."

And, breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forc'd about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, " Now, minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me; endure what this portends!*
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou countenances must coin;
Coyness, and pure† deceits, for purities,
And still a maid wilt‡ seem in cozen'd eyes,
And have an antic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth§ trusting more!"
When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear,
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favour‖ fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans¶ make swell
Their shining gorges; the white black-ey'd swans
Did sing as woful epicedians,
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,

* *portends*] V. R. "protends."
† *Coyness, and pure*] V. R. "Coyne, *and* impure."
‡ *wilt*] V. R. "will."
§ *vow worth*] V. R. "*vow* with," and "now with."
‖ *favour*] i. e. countenance.—V. R. "sauor."
¶ *moans*] V. R. "moane."

The goddess Ecte*, that had ever been
Hid in a† watery cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she us'd so much;
And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said;
" Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid,
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love!
Why in your priest, then, call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is‡ your influence?"
With this, the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips,
Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
Which was her torn robe and enforcèd hair;
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspèct: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all§ on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releast;
Her arms were all with golden pincers drest,

* *Ecte*] Derived, it would seem, rather from ἐκτήκω (metaph. to let melt away, to pine away), than from οἶκτος (pity).

† *a*] V. R. " the."

‡ *is*] V. R. "in."

§ *set all*] V. R. " all set."

And twenty-fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girt* with painted snakes;
Her down parts in a scorpion's tail combin'd,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shin'd
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewèd eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares†, Tartary,
Than shin'd about this spirit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusis.‡ Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,—
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgrac'd
Her rites so much,—and every breast infect
With her deceits: she made her architect
Of all dissimulation; and since then
Never was any trust in maids or§ men.
Oh, it spighted
Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted,

* *girt*] V. R. "girdled."

† *Cares*] "*Cares*, or *Kareis*, a town of European Turkey, situate on Mount Athos."—*Ed.* 1821.

‡ *Eronusis*] One 4to "Eronusius." The modern editors print "Eronusus": but compare the *Argument* to this Sestiad, p. 56.—"A compound, probably, from ἔρως [love] and *νόσος* or *νοῦσος Ionice* [disease, mischief, plague]."—*Ed.* 1821.

§ *or*] V. R. "nor."

And one she choos'd, for temper* of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,
So soon to let her virgin race be ended!
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in† strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her shew but one
That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid;
And, now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer: who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is asham'd of sin.
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere:
And so most ugly-clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night;
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme
To such as wore his laurel anademe,
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That, being not throughly rarified to rain,
Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein;
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervor, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue.

* *temper*] V. R. "tempter."
† *in*] V. R. "for."

Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield;
And she was free from fear of worst success:
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

## THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

*The Argument of the Fifth Sestiad.*

Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loath the Night, incens'd by Fate,
Should wrack our lovers. Hero's plight;
Longs for Leander and the night:
Which ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothèd lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew,
Their sports, and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy, her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses rein'd,
Set* on his golden knee, and, as she list,
She pull'd him back; and, as she pull'd, she kiss'd,
To have him turn to bed: he lov'd her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore:
Examples profit much; ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.

* *Set*] Altered by the modern editors to "Sat." But "*Set*" is a participle here.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls and for ambitious heads,
That, spite of Nature, would their business ply:
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground;
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.
The gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
But Death before had stopp'd their cruel ears.
All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill!

With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with* merriment,
For young Alcmane† and bright Mya‡ sent,
Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage-dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse;
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd
In her maid§ state, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:

* * *with*] V. R. "for."
† *Alcmane*] Qy. "Alcmæon"?
‡ *Mya*] "Qy. 'Maia'?"—*Ed.* 1821.
§ *maid*] V. R. "maids."

The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet Music usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danc'd
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanc'd
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That, when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.
She married them; and in the banquet came,
Borne by the virgins. Hero striv'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth: aye me! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forcèd bliss;
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrainèd laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink:
Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink.
To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly
Admirèd Teras* with the ebon thigh;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days,
Singing prophetic elegies and lays,
And fingering of a silver lute she tied†

* *Teras*] "τέρας, portentum."—*Ed.* 1821.

† *lute she tied, &c*] i. e. lute *which* she tied, &c.

With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclos'd
His virtues in her; never was propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolv'd* it; never slight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.
This little sylvan, with her songs and tales
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forewent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd their† eyes;
And for her smallness they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.
All eyes were on her. Hero did command
An altar deck'd with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might‡ sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climb'd into their ears:
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

*The Tale of Teras.*

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,
Of Athens was a youth, so sweet of face,

* *resolv'd*] i.e. solved.
† *their*] V. R. "her."
‡ *might*] V. R. "may."

That many thought him of the female race;
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart;
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your nuptial contracts first were sign'd;
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,
The eye* responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held, without the other, fair;
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermix'd affections† should invade
Two perfect lovers; which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye;
And that, in Hymen, pleas'd so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteem'd in their full grace,
Like form and colour mix'd in Hymen's face;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men:
So Hymen look'd, that even the chastest mind
He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind;
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too:
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.
Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd

* *eye*] V. R. "eyes."
† *affections*] V. R. "affection."

With such transmission, that his heart remov'd
From his white breast to hers: but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
How his rare beauty's music would* agree
With maids in consort; therefore robbèd he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And, clad in such attire as virgins wore,
He kept them company; and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair† of beauty: yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis; for women never
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor, past due means, presume of due success,
Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers‡: but strange it seem'd, indeed,
That Fortune should a chaste affection bless:
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
Nor grac'd it Hymen yet; but many a dart,
And many an amorous§ thought, enthrill'd‖ his heart,

* *would*] V. R. "will."

† *fair*] i. e. fairness.

‡ *prayers*] Old eds. "prayes," "praies," "preies," and "pryes."

§ *an amorous*] V. R. "enamorous."

‖ *enthrill'd*] Old eds. "enthrald" and "inthrald."

Ere he obtain'd her; and he sick became,
Forc'd to abstain her sight; and then the flame
Rag'd in his* bosom. Oh, what grief did fill him!
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wonder'd where Diætia stay'd,
For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.
At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives; poor Hymen look'd so ill,
That as in merit he increasèd still
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd:
Women are most won; when men† merit least:
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers, that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforc'd their shining spoil,
Far from the darken'd city, tir'd with toil:
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty
To their bright fellows of this‡ under-heaven,

* *his*] V. R. "her."
† *men*] Omitted in some 4tos.
‡ *this*] V. R. "the."

Into a double night they saw them driven,—
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion;
Where, weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken* chains,
Stronger than iron, and bound the† swelling veins
And tirèd senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,
Oh, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourn'd,
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so shew'd their eyes their tears:
And, as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse‡
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he eat, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine;
The golden bowl drinks§ tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes;
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual¶ rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;

* *silken*] V. R. "silke."
† *the*] V. R. "their."
‡ *remorse*] i. e. pity.
§ *drinks*] V. R. "drinke."
¶ *mutual*] V. R. "mortall."

Lips by reflection kiss'd, and hands hands shook,
Even by the whiteness each of other took.
But Hymen now us'd friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescu'd every maid:
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love or stay, he nimbly turn'd
Into Love's self, he so extremely burn'd.
And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower
That Juno's milk did spring*, the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offer'd it† Eucharis. She, wondrous coy,
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And, drawing it near, mix'd so you‡ could not know it:
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white.
She view'd it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows

* *spring*] See note, p. 63.
† *it*] V. R. "in."
‡ *you*] V. R. "she"

From superficies of each thing we see,
Even so with colours forms emitted be;
And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form:
He enter'd at the eye; his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:
It stirr'd her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it rag'd the more,
Because the* tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and, as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green-hair'd Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale;
So ebb'd and flow'd† in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and Love striv'd which had greatest grace;
Virginity did fight on Coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents desert and virtue moves.
With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure‡,
Which scarce could so much favour§ yet allure

* *the*] V. R. "their."

† *flow'd*] V. R. "flood."

‡ *valure*] "i. e. worth." Ed. 1826. No: it is certainly *valour*, the spelling being altered (as in several other words throughout this poem) for the sake of the rhyme. Compare the third line after this, and a line towards the end of the next page, "Praise *Hymen's valour* much, nothing bestown."

§ *favour*] V. R. "valure."

To come to strike, but fameless idle stood:
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
But Love once enter'd, wish'd no greater aid
Than he could find within; thought thought betray'd;
The brib'd, but incorrupted, garrison
Sung "Io Hymen"; there those songs begun,
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
This was his first brave step to deity.

Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,
To the sad parents of each savèd maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plat,* to make the flame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force; so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own,
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown;
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the† most agree:

* *plat*] i. e. plan, scheme.—V. R. "plot."
† *the*] V. R. "they."

The riper sort*, knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far deriv'd,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks liv'd,
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good; but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
To Adolesche's brain†, a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:
Her heart and all her forces' nether train
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher; and it must go;
All powers she had, even her tongue did so:
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And lov'd her tongue, only for quickness' sake;
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay:
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way;
And what became of her I'll tell at last:
Yet take her visage now;—moist-lipp'd, long-fac'd,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart:
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd:
A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
To fetch the nymphs; chariots and music went;

* *sort*] Omitted in one 4to.

† *To Adolesche's brain, &c.,*] "ἀδολέσχης, garrulus." *Ed.* 1821.

And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First, gold-lock'd Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick offering burn'd in flames of hair;
And after, with a virgin firmament
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all*: she look'd in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gripp'd all their beauties, and crush'd out one flame;
She blush'd to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next, before her went
Five lovely children, deck'd with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by;
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To shew the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, nought in middle left
To reunite each part from other reft;

* *all*] Omitted in some 4tos.

And five they hold in most especial prize,*
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are† two and three;
For one no number is; but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next, did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A huswife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that even the daintiest piece
And noblest-born dame should industrious be:
That which does good disgraceth no degree.
And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room:
On his right arm‡ did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribbands of white and blue:
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to shew the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter§ they must bind
In one self-sacred knot each other's|| mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,

* *prize*] "i. e. value." Ed. 1821.—V. R. "price."
† *are*] Omitted in some 4tos.
‡ *arm*] V. R. "hand."
§ *thereafter*] V. R. "hereafter."
|| *other's*] V. R. "other."

Since to ingenerate every human creature
And every other birth produc'd by Nature,
Moisture and heat must mix; so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then* one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate† should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteem'd too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said,
She boldly took the man; and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia,‡ which is Shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.
And now to feasts, masques, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops return'd, even till earth-throes
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet nuptial song, that us'd to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonöe§ sung,
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses' well: she sung before
The bride into her chamber; at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:

* *Then*] V. R. "The."

† *bitterness of hate*] V. R. "*hate of bitternesse.*"

‡ *Agneia*] "*ἁγνεία, pudicitia.*" Ed. 1821.

§ *Phemonöe*] "Vid. Pausan. l. x. c. 5."—*Ed.* 1821. Old eds. "Phemonor" and "Phemoner."

A painted box of confits* in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compass'd round the honour'd nuptial room.
The custom was, that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhead, a silken sphere
About her waist, above† her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternis'd Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolv'd so, sweetly cried.
The maids that heard, so lov'd and did adore her,
They wish'd with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with confits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of confits rains;
For which the bride-youths scrambling‡ on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her§ cries were drown'd.
And thus blest Hymen joy'd his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visag'd Adolesche, that was stray'd

* *confits*] i. e. comfits.

† *above*] V. R. "about."

‡ *scrambling*] V. R. "scrabling" (the mark for the *m*, over the *a*, having been omitted).

§ *her*] Old eds. "their."

Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this* hour th' Athenian turrets views;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would† be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
For‡ those rare news, which she came short to tell.
To hear her dear tongue robb'd of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,§
That down she sunk: when lightning from above
Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love,
Turn'd her‖ into the pied-plum'd Psittacus,
That now the Parrot is surnam'd by us,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
Nought but news common to the common'st mates.—
This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung
This ditty, that the torchy¶ evening sprung**.

*Epithalamion Teratos.*

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his†† ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses!
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.

* *this*] Old eds. "his."
† *would*] V. R. "should."
‡ *For*] Altered by the modern editors to "Fur," very erroneously.
§ *toy*] "Sudden strange humour, or fancy." Ed. 1821.
‖ *her*] Omitted in some 4tos.
¶ *torchy*] V. R. "trochie."
** *sprung*] See notes, p.p. 63, 80.
†† *his*] V. R. "this."

Oh, come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reapèd* harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crownèd flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy† way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;
Day is abstracted‡ here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

* *The reapèd*] V. R. "*The* reapest," and "That reapest."
† *thy*] V. R. "the."
‡ *abstracted*] V. R. "obstracted."

The evening star I see:
Rise, youths! the evening star
Helps Love to summon war;
Both now embracing be.
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!
Now the bright marigolds, that deck* the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shut† when he doth open, crown your sports:
Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves enfold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye‡ hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your parents share§,
And that a third part is; so must ye save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,

* *deck*] V. R. "deckt."
† *shut*] Old eds. "shuts."
‡ *ye*] V. R. "you."
§ *share*] V. R. "are."

Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down: which, staring up*, dismay'd
The timorous feast; and she no longer stay'd;
But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.
Oh, hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshow'd.
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart;
But much-wrung † Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t' increase the day.

* *staring up*] V. R. "starting *up*." — It is perhaps hardly necessary to cite any passages in support of the former reading:

"My *haire doth stare*, my bones for fear do quake."
Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, p. 50, ed. 1641.

"Whose *hair doth stare*, like bristled porcupine."
*Id.* p. 101.

† *much-wrung*] Old eds. "*much*-rong," "*much*-rongd," and "*much*-wrong'd."

## THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

*The Argument of the Sixth Sestiad.*

Leucote flies to all the Winds,
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Mann'd in himself, puts forth to seas;
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Até, stir* the winds to war †
Upon the Hellespont: their jar ‡
Drowns § poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out, grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown:
In whose just ruth the God of seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too-long darts so kill'd their faculties.
The Winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings

* *With Até, stir*] V. R. "*With* Arte *stir*," and "*With* Art doe *stir*."

† *war*] V. R. "wars."

‡ *jar*] V. R. "iarres."

§ *Drowns*] V. R. "Drowne."

From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the Winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent;—aye me, dissembling Fates!—
They shew'd their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering* slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;
Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmèd skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a† shameless quean
Sharp at a red-lipp'd youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humbless‡, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.

First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
On whose curl'd head§ the glowing sun doth rise,)

* *fleering*] V. R. "fleeting."
† *a*] Omitted in one 4to.
‡ *humbless*] V. R. "humblenesse."
§ *head*] Qy. "heads"?

And shews the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts; and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning, with his arms in folds,
Upon a rock*, his white hair full of showers;
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravish'd love†,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire;
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gums and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must give it light.
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burn,
Since it would waste, and soon to ashes turn:
Yet, if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes;
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glass of our society!
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given show;
Poor virtue loath'd for good, obscur'd, held low:
Do good, be pin'd, be deedless good, disgrac'd;
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.

* *rock*] V. R. "rocky."
† *his ravish'd love*] i. e. Orithyia.

Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend:
When bees make* wax, Nature doth not intend
It should† be made a torch; but we, that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And, when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids; but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief, we fight:
The right of nought is glean'd, but the delight.
Up went she: but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended!
She was the rule of wishes, sum, and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awakèd,
Her love and virtues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue;
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.
Now at oppos'd Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;

* *make*] V. R. "makes."
† *should*] V. R. "shall."

Blows of broad axes; pourings* out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stain'd
With bloody torrent† that the shambles rain'd;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followèd.
More blood was spilt, more honours were addrest,
Than could have gracèd any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand; no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage-violence;
And no man knew the cause of this‡ expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmis'd:
As short was he of that himself so priz'd,§
As is¶ an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears;
Hath seen the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;
And, for** your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard

* *pourings*] V. R. "powring."

† *torrent*] Qy. "torrents"?

‡ *this*] V. R. "his."

§ *himself so priz'd*] Old eds. "*himselfe* he *prisde*, "*himselfe* he surprisde," and "*himselfe* surpris'd."

¶ *is*] V. R. "in."

** *And, for*] V. R. "*And* as *for*."

Giving instructions with his very beard;
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene;
And then puts all his worth in such a face
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth: as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reach'd, then alters all,
And to another crookèd reach doth fall
Of half a bird-bolt's shoot*, keeping more coil
Than if she danc'd upon the ocean's toil;
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.
And so short of himself in his high thought
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won;
But otherwise he scorns comparison.

Oh, sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide
In a short grave! ill-favour'd storms must chide
Thy sacred favour†; I in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
Even as thy beauties‡ did the foul black seas;
I must describe the hell of thy decease,
That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see

* *a bird-bolt's shoot*]—*bird-bolt*, i. e. an arrow so formed as to kill birds by the force of the blow, without piercing them.

† *favour*] i. e. look, countenance.

‡ *beauties*] V. R. "beauty."

Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of Virtue, cutting short as dust
Her dear-bought* issue: ill to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.
Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended† the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet,
Who feign'd he in another ship would pass:
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him; to whom he shew'd
His guide by sea, and said, " Oft have you view'd
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her‡ appears; each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth Virtue's train
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign,

* *dear-bought*] V. R. " *deare* brought."
† *attended*] V. R. " attend."
‡ *her*] V. R. " hers."

Though even the gods themselves do so entreat* them
As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them."
Off went his silken† robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,‡
Thickening for haste, one in another, so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
To all the Winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy;
And forth they brake, the seas mix'd with the sky,
And toss'd distress'd Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven: bliss not in height doth dwell.
The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious Winds with mutual braves
Consume each other: oh, true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus; she denied,—
To Boreas, that, for his Atthæa's sake,§
He would some pity on his Hero take,

* *entreat*] i. e. treat.

† *silken*] V. R. "silke."

‡ *cleapt*] An alteration, for the rhyme, of *clipped*, i. e. embraced.

§ *for his Atthæa's sake*] i. e. for the sake of "Orithyia the fair Athenian princess; '*Attheia*' [*Atthæa*] being formed by Chapman from 'Αττθίς, *Attica*." Ed. 1821.—Here Chapman had an eye to a line of the Pseudo-Musæus,

ΑΤΘΙΔΟΣ ὁν Βορέην ἀμνήμονα κάλλιπε ΝΥΜΦΗΣ.
v. 322.

And for his own love's sake, on his desires:
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then call'd he Neptune, who, through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wrack'd Leander's voice,
And up he rose; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he smit
With his fork'd sceptre, that could not obey;
Much greater powers* than Neptune's gave them sway.
They lov'd Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loath to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath:
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile Winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state:
She wept, and pray'd for him to every Fate;
And every Wind that whipp'd her with her hair
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair,
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
Even her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The bating† flame from that dear food it eat;
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life,
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife:

* *powers*] V. R. "power."

† *bating*] i. e. fluttering (properly, a term in falconry).

But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break;
And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it; out, oh, out it went!
Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent
His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase;
And, burst with ruth, he hurl'd his marble mace
At the stern Fates: it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune rag'd, the more he ras'd
His love's life's fort, and kill'd as he embrac'd:
Anger doth still his own mishap increase;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
Oh, thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poison'd influence!
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things; sense-sport preserves a bear:
But here nought serves our turns: oh, Heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth!
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their smart.
She bow'd herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him:

52584

Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel;—jewel!—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleas'd not her
Like his dear name: "Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander! Oh, my voice,
Turn to Leander! henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that shew all griefs' wounds,
Analyz'd in Leander! Oh, black change!
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,*
Drive out this change's horror! My voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints!"
Thus cried she; for her mixèd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the Morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did shew
Leander brought by Neptune, bruis'd and torn
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
Than might have serv'd to kill her: should her store
Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst,†—die,—bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her love's bosom, hugg'd it fast,
And with Leander's name she breath'd her last.
Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,

* *clange*] i. e. *clang*,—so spelt for the rhyme.
† *Burst*] Qy. "Oh, *burst*"?

Flung them into* the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' Acanthides,
Which we call Thistle-warps†, that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle-tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last;
The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
And so most beautiful their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velvet feather covers quite,
Even like the forehead-cloth that, in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies use‡ to wear:
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mix'd appear;
Colours that, as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life;—the yellow shows their saint,
The dainty Venus, left them; blue, their truth;
The§ red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this‖ true honour from their love-death sprung,—
They were the first that ever poet sung¶.

* *into*] V. R. "in."

† *Thistle-warps*] i. e. linnets.

‡ *use*] Old eds. "vsde"; which the context ("when they *sorrow*") shews to be wrong.

§ *The*] V. R. "Their."

‖ *this*] V. R. "thus."

¶ *They were the first that ever poet sung*] "Chapman alludes to the '*Hero and Leander*' of Musæus the grammarian, which he here, as well as in the title to his rare translation of that poem (12mo. 1616,) ascribes to the traditionary Musæus, the son [or disciple] of Linus." Ed. 1821.

# OVID'S ELEGIES.

*Certaine of Ovids Elegies. By C. Marlow. At Midleborugh;* with a second title-page, *Epigrammes and Elegies. By I. D. and C. M., n. d.,* 12*mo.*—Referred to in the notes as Ed. A.

*All Ovids Elegies:* 3. *Bookes. By C. M. Epigrams by J. D. At Middlebourgh, n. d.,* 12*mo.*— Referred to in the notes as Ed. B.

*All Ovids Elegies:* 3. *Bookes. By C. M. Epigrams by J. D. At Middlebourgh, n. d.,* 12*mo.*—Referred to in the notes as Ed. C.

# P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM LIBER PRIMUS.

## Elegia I.

Quemadmodum a Cupidine pro bellis amores scribere coactus sit.

*WE which were Ovid's five books*, now are three;*
*For these before the rest preferreth he.*
*If, reading five, thou plain'st of tediousness,*
*Two ta'en away, thy† labour will be less.*

With Muse prepar'd, I meant‡ to sing of arms,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms:
Both verses were alike, till Love, men say,
Began to smile, and took§ one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine.
What‖, if thy mother take Diana's bow,

* *We which were Ovid's five books, &c.*] When Mr. Collier (*Bridgewater Cat.*, p. 189) quoted these four lines as a proof that Marlowe "took some liberties with his original," he was not aware that they are a literal translation of Ovid's *Epigramma in Amores suos.*

† *thy*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "the."

‡ *prepar'd, I meant*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "vpreard, I meane."

§ *took*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "take."

‖ *What*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "That."—We read in the original,—

"Quid? si præripiat flavæ Venus arma *Minervæ*,
Ventilet accensas flava *Minerva* faces?"

But Marlowe must have read "Dianæ" and "Diana."

Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow?
In woody groves is't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver-bearing Dian till the plain?
Who'll set the fair-tress'd Sun in battle-ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonian harp to play?
Great are thy kingdoms, over-strong, and large:
Ambitious imp, why seek'st thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses' Tempe* thine?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, "This harp is mine."
When in this work's† first verse I trod aloft,
Love‡ slack'd my Muse, and made my numbers§ soft.
I have no mistress nor no favorite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit:
Thus I complain'd; but Love unlock'd his quiver,
Took out the shaft, ordain'd my heart to shiver,
And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
Saying, "Poet, here's a work beseeming thee."
Oh, woe is me! he never shoots but hits:
I burn; love in my idle bosom sits.
Let my first verse be six, my last five feet:
Farewell, stern war, for blunter poets meet!
Elegian Muse, that warblest amorous lays,
Girt my shine‖ brow with sea-bank myrtle sprays¶!

* *Tempe*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C. "Temple."
† *work's*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "worke."
‡ *Love*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "I."
§ *numbers*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "number."
‖ *shine*] i. e. *sheen*, shining.
¶ *sprays*] Old eds. "praise."—At the end of this elegy, Ed. A has "C. Marlowe."

## ELEGIA II.

Quod, primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a Cupidine patiatur.

WHAT makes my bed seem hard, seeing it is soft*?
Or why slips down the coverlet so oft?
Although the nights be long, I sleep not tho†;
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were Love the cause, it's like I should descry him;
Or lies he close, and shoots where none can spy him?
'Twas so; he strook‡ me with a slender§ dart;
'Tis cruel Love turmoils my captive heart.
Yielding, or struggling‖, do we give him might?
Let's yield: a burden easily borne is light.
I saw a brandish'd fire increase in strength;
Which being not shak'd¶, I saw it die at length.
Young oxen newly-yok'd are beaten more
Than oxen which** have drawn the plough before;
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are torn,
But manag'd horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers Love doth more torment
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo, I confess, I am thy captive, I!
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
What need'st thou war? I sue to thee for grace:
With arms to conquer armless men is base.

* *it is soft*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*it is* so *soft*."
† *tho*] i. e. then.
‡ *strook*] So ed. B.—Ed. A "strok."—Ed. C "strucke."
§ *slender*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "tender."
‖ *struggling*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "striuing."
¶ *shak'd*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C "slackt."
** *which*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "that."

Yoke Venus' doves, put myrtle on thy hair:
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair.
The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with thy* hand:
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall;
So will thy triumph† seem magnifical:
I, lately caught, will have a new-made wound,
And captive-like be manacled and bound:
Good meaning, shame‡, and such as seek love's wrack,
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back:
Thee all shall fear, and worship as a king;
Iö triumphing shall thy people sing:
Smooth speeches, fear§, and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side:
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st gods and men:
Take these away, where is thine‖ honour, then?
Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow:
With beauty of thy wings thy fair hair gilded¶,
Ride, golden Love, in chariots richly builded!
Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
And give wounds** infinite at every turn:
In spite of thee, forth will thine†† arrows fly;

* *thy*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.

† *triumph*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "triumphes."

‡ *Good meaning, shame*] "Mens Bona . . . Et Pudor."

§ *fear*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Terror.*" The right reading is "Error."

‖ *thine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "thy."

¶ *With beauty of thy wings thy fair hair gilded*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "Tu, *penna pulchros gemina* variante capillos."

** *wounds*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "wordes."

†† *thine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "thy."

A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
So, having conquer'd Inde, was Bacchus' hue:
Thee pompous birds, and him two tigers, drew.
Then, seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
Behold thy kinsman* Cæsar's prosperous bands,
Who guards the† conquer'd with his conquering hands!

## Elegia III.

### Ad amicam.

I ask but right: let her‡ that caught me late,
Either love, or cause that I may never§ hate.
I crave‖ too much: would she but let me love her!
Jove knows with such-like prayers I daily move her.
Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,
Accept him that will love with¶ spotless truth.
If lofty titles cannot make me thine,**
That am descended but of knightly line,
(Soon may you plough the little land†† I have;
I gladly grant my parents given to save,)
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may‡‡,
And Cupid who hath mark'd me for thy prey;

* *kinsman*] Old eds. "kinsmans."
† *the*] Old eds. "thee."
‡ *her*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "he."
§ *never*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.
‖ *crave*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "aske."
¶ *love with*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*loue* thee *with*,"
** *make me thine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "cause *me* to be *thine*."
†† *land*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "landes."
‡‡ *may*] i. e. may make me thine.

My spotless life, which but to gods gives* place,
Naked simplicity, and modest grace.
I love but one, and her† I love change never:
If men have faith, I'll live with thee for ever;
The years that fatal Destiny shall give
I'll live with thee, and die, ere‡ thou shalt§ grieve.
Be thou the happy subject of my books,
That I may write things worthy thy fair looks:
By verses hȏrnèd‖ Io got her name;
And she to whom in shape of swan¶ Jove came;
And she that on a feign'd bull swam to land,
Griping his false horns with her virgin hand.
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be always sung.

## ELEGIA IV**.

Amicam, qua arte quibusve nutibus in cœna, presente viro, uti debeat, admonet.

THY husband to a banquet goes with me;
Pray God it may his latest supper be!
Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
While others touch the damsel I love best?
Wilt, lying under him, his bosom clip††?
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?

* *gives*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "giue."
† *her*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "he."
‡ *ere*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "or."
§ *shalt*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "shall."
‖ *horned*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C. "honored."
¶ *swan*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Bull."
** *Elegia* IV.] Not in ed. A.
†† *clip*] i. e. embrace.

Marvel not though the fair bride did incite
The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight:
I am no half-horse, nor in woods I dwell;
Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well.
But how thou shouldst behave thyself now know,
Nor let the winds away my warnings* blow.
Before thy husband, come; though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread
Upon the bed; but on my foot first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance;
Take and return† each secret amorous glance.
Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit;
Lines thou shalt read in wine, by my hand writ.
When our lascivious toys come in thy mind,
Thy rosy cheeks be to thy thumb‡ inclin'd.
If aught of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy ear be brought:
When I, my light, do or say aught that please thee,
Turn round thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.
Strike on the board, like them that pray for evil,
When thou dost wish thy husband at the devil.
What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drink§;
Ask thou the boy what‖ thou enough dost think.
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,

* *warnings*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "warning."

† *return*] Old eds. "receiue."—"Excipe furtivas, et *refer* ipsa, notas."

‡ *thumb*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "tombe."

§ *will him drink*] i. e. desire him to drink.

‖ *Ask thou the boy what*] i. e. Ask thou the boy *for* what, &c.

And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.
If he gives thee what first himself did taste,
Even in his face his offer'd gobbets* cast.
Let not thy neck by his vile arms be prest,
Nor lean† thy soft head on his boisterous breast.
Thy bosom's roseate buds let him not finger;
Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou giv'st kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this I'll see: but, if thy gown aught cover,
Suspicious fear in all my veins will hover.
Mingle not thighs, nor to his leg join thine;
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.
I have been wanton, therefore am‡ perplex'd,
And with mistrust of the like measure vex'd:
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurk,
When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so; but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence.
Entreat thy husband drink; but do not kiss;
And, while he drinks, to add more do not miss.
If he lies down, with wine and sleep opprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all along,
Have care to walk in middle of the throng.

* *gobbets*] i. e. morsels, bits. — Old eds. "goblets." — The absolute necessity of the alteration which I have made here, is proved by the original, — "Rejice libatos illius ore *cibos*." I need hardly add, that Marlowe mistakes the meaning of the line.

† *lean*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "leaue."

‡ *am*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "are."

There will I find thee, or be found by thee:
There touch whatever thou canst touch of me.
Aye me, I warn* what profits some few hours!
But we must part when heaven with black night lours.
At night thy husband clips† thee: I will weep,
And to the doors sight of thyself [will] keep‡.
Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stoln honey-bliss.
Constrain'd against thy will, give it the peasant;
Forbear sweet words, and be§ your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or, if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.
But, though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow‖ constantly deny it.

## ELEGIA V.

### Corinnæ concubitus.

IN summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay.
One window shut, the other open stood;
Which gave such light as twinkles in a wood,

* *warn*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "warme."

† *clips*] i. e. embraces (as frequently in these *Elegies*; see pp. 112, 132, &c.), our author (who seems to have read "includit") having here misunderstood the original,—"Nocte vir *includet* [i. e. will shut you up, like a wild beast]."

‡ *And to the doors sight of thyself* [*will*] *keep*] "Quâ licet, ad sævas prosequar usque fores."

§ *be*] So ed. B.—Ed. C. "in."

‖ *To me to-morrow, &c*] "Cras mihi constanti voce dedisse nega."

Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun,
Or night being past, and yet not day begun;
Such light to shamefac'd maidens must be shown,
Where they may sport, and seem to be unknown.
Then came Corinna in a long loose gown,
Her white neck hid with tresses* hanging down;
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,
Or Läis of a thousand lovers† sped‡.
I snatch'd her gown: being thin, the harm was small;
Yet striv'd she to be cover'd therewithal;
And striving thus, as one that would be cast,
Betray'd herself, and yielded at the last.
Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen§ in her body could I spy.
What arms and shoulders did I touch and see!
How apt her breasts were to be press'd by me!
How smooth a belly under her waist saw I,
How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh!
To leave the rest, all lik'd‖ me passing well:
I cling'd her naked body¶; down she fell.
Judge you the rest: being tir'd**, she bade me kiss:
Jove send me more such afternoons as this!

* *tresses*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "trells."

† *lovers*] So ed. A—Eds. B, C, "wooers."

‡ *sped*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "spread."

§ *wen*] "menda."

‖ *lik'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "pleasde."

¶ *her naked body*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*her* faire white *body*." "Et *nudam* pressi corpus ad usque meum."

** *tir'd*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "tride," "try'd."—At the end of this Elegy ed. A has "C. Marlow."

## Elegia VI*.

Ad janitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat.

Unworthy porter, bound in chains full sore,
On movèd hooks set ope the churlish door.
Little I ask: a little entrance make;
The gate half-ope my bent side in will take.
Long love my body to such use make[s] slender,
And to get out doth like apt members render.
He shews me how unheard to pass the watch,
And guides my feet, lest stumbling falls they catch.
But in times past I fear'd vain shades and night,
Wondering if any walkèd without light.
Love, hearing it†, laugh'd with his tender mother,
And smiling said, "Be thou as bold as other."
Forthwith love came: no dark night-flying spright,
Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
Thee fear I too much‡; only thee I flatter:
Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
Why enviest me? this hostile den§ unbar:
See, how the gates with my tears water'd are!
When thou stood'st naked, ready to be beat,
For thee I did thy mistress fair entreat.
But what entreats for thee sometimes took place,
(Oh, mischief!) now for me obtain small grace.

* *Elegia* VI.] Not in Ed. A.

† *hearing it*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "ut *audivit*."

‡ *Thee fear I too much*] Imperfectly rendered. "Te nimium lentum timeo."

§ *den*] Old eds. "dende."—"claustra."—Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Aspice, ut *invideas*," &c.

Gratis thou mayst be free*; give like for like
Night goes away; the door's bar backward strike:
Strike; so again hard chains shall bind thee never,
Nor servile water shalt thou drink for ever.
Hard-hearted porter, dost and wilt not hear?
With stiff oak propp'd the gate doth still appear.
Such rampir'd gates besiegèd cities aid;
In midst of peace why art of arms afraid?
Exclud'st a lover, how wouldst use a foe?
Strike back the bar; night fast away doth go.
With arms or armèd men I come not guarded;
I am alone, were furious Love discarded:
Although I would, I cannot him cashier,
Before I be divided from my gear†.
See, Love with me, wine moderate in my brain,
And on my hairs a crown of flowers remain.
Who fears these arms? who will not go to meet them?
Night runs away; with open entrance greet them.
Art careless? or is't sleep forbids thee hear,
Giving the winds my words running in thine ear?
Well I remember, when I first did hire thee,
Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.
But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest:
Ah, how thy lot is above my lot blest!
Though it be so, shut me not out therefore:
Night goes away; I pray thee, ope the door.

* *Gratis thou mayst be free*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid having had "Gratis licet esse quod opto." How the original should be read here, seems doubtful.

† *from my gear*] "A membris . . . meis."

Err we? or do the turnèd hinges sound,
And opening doors with creaking noise abound?
We err; a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:
Aye me, how high that gale did lift my hope!
If, Boreas, bears't* Orithyia's rape in mind,
Come break these deaf doors with thy boisterous wind.
Silent the city is; night's dewy host
March fast away: the bar strike from the post;
Or I more stern than fire or sword will turn,
And with my brand these† gorgeous houses burn.
Night, love, and wine to all extremes persuade;
Night, shameless wine, and love are fearless made.
All have I spent: no threats or prayers move thee;
Oh, harder than the doors thou guard'st I prove thee!
No pretty wench's keeper mayst thou be!
The careful prison is more meet for thee.
Now frosty night her flight begins to take,
And crowing cocks poor souls to work awake.
But thou, my crown, from sad hairs ta'en away,
On this hard threshold till the morning lay;
That when my mistress there beholds thee cast,
She may perceive how we the time did wast‡.
Whate'er thou art, farewell; be like me pain'd!
Careless, farewell, with my fault not distain'd§.
And farewell, cruel posts, rough threshold's block,
And doors conjoin'd with an hard iron lock.

* *If, Boreas, bears't*] i. e. If, Boreas, *thou* bearest.—Old eds. "*If Boreas* beares."

† *these*] So Ed. B.—Ed. C "the."

‡ *wast*] i. e. waste,—for the rhyme.

§ *with my fault not distain'd*] So ed. B.—Ed. C. "—disdaind." —"nec admisso turpis amante."

## Elegia VII*.

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaverat.

Bind fast my hands, they have deservèd chains,
While rage is absent, take some friend the pains;
For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arm;
My mistress weeps whom my mad hand did harm.
I might have then my parents dear misus'd,
Or holy gods with cruel strokes abus'd.
Why, Ajax, master of the seven-fold shield,
Butcher'd the flocks he found in spacious field;
And he, who on his mother veng'd his sire,
Against the Destinies durst sharp darts require†.
Could I therefore her comely tresses tear?
Yet was she gracèd with her ruffled hair.
So fair she was, Atalanta she resembled,
Before whose bow th' Arcadian wild beasts trembled.
Such Ariadne was, when she bewails
Her perjur'd Theseus' flying vows and sails.
So, chaste Minerva, did Cassandra fall,
Deflower'd except‡, within thy temple-wall.
That I was mad and barbarous all men cried:
She nothing said; pale fear her tongue had tied.
But secretly her looks with checks did trounce me;
Her tears, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine arms my shoulders had been scanted!

* *Elegia* VII.] Not in ed. A.

† *require*] "poscere."

‡ *Deflower'd except*] I know not how our poet read the original here.—"Sic, nisi vittatis quod erat, Cassandra, capillis," &c.

Better I could part of myself have wanted.
To mine own self have I had strength so furious,
And to myself could I be so injurious?
Slaughter and mischief's instruments, no better,
Deservèd chains these cursèd hands shall fetter.
Punish'd I am, if I a Roman beat;
Over my mistress is my right more great?
Tydides left worst* signs of villany;
He first a goddess strook; another, I.
Yet he harm'd less: whom I profess'd to love,
I harm'd; a foe did Diomede's anger move.
Go now, thou conqueror, glorious triumphs raise;
Pay vows to Jove; engirt thy hairs with bays;
And let the troops which shall thy chariot follow,
"Iö, a strong man conquer'd this wench," hollow.
Let the sad captive foremost, with locks spread
On her white neck, but for hurt cheeks†, be led.
Meeter it were her lips were blue with kissing,
And on her neck a wanton's‡ mark not missing.
But, though I like a swelling flood was driven,
And as a prey unto blind anger given,
Was't not enough the fearful wench to chide?
Nor thunder, in rough threatenings, haughty pride?
Nor shamefully her coat pull o'er her crown,
Which to her waist her girdle still kept down?
But cruelly, her tresses having rent,
My nails to scratch her lovely cheeks I bent.

* *worst*] "Pessima."
† *but for hurt cheeks*] "Si sinerent læsæ, candida tota, genæ."
‡ *wanton's*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "wanton."—"blandi dentis."

Sighing she stood: her bloodless white looks shew'd
Like marble from the Parian mountains hew'd;
Her half-dead joints and trembling limbs I saw,
Like poplar leaves blown with a stormy flaw*,
Or slender ears with gentle Zephyr shaken,
Or waters'† tops with the warm south-wind taken;
And down her cheeks the trickling tears did flow,
Like water gushing from consuming snow.
Then first I did perceive I had offended;
My blood the tears were that from her descended.
Before her feet thrice prostrate down I fell;
My fearèd hands thrice back she did repel‡.
But doubt thou not§ (revenge doth grief appease)
With thy sharp nails upon my face to seize;
Bescratch mine eyes; spare not my locks to break;—
Anger will help thy hands, though ne'er so weak;—
And, lest the sad signs of my crime remain,
Put in their place thy keembèd‖ hairs again.

## ELEGIA VIII¶.

Execratur lenam quæ puellam suam meretricis arte instituebat.

THERE is,—whoe'er will know a bawd aright,
Give ear,—there is an old trot, Dipsas hight**.
Her name comes from the thing: she, being wise††,

* *flaw*] i. e. gust.
† *waters'*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "water."
‡ *repel*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "expell."
§ *not*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "art."
‖ *keembèd*] i. e. combed,—arranged.
¶ *Elegia* VIII.] Not in ed. A.
** *hight*] i. e. called.
†† *wise*] A strange translation of "sobria."

Sees not the Morn on rosy horses rise.
She magic arts and Thessal charms doth know,
And makes large streams back to their fountains flow.
She knows with grass, with threads on wrung* wheels spun,
And what with mares' rank humour may be done.
When she will, clouds the darken'd heaven obscure;
When she will, day shines every where most pure.
If I have faith, I saw the stars drop blood;
The purple moon with sanguine visage stood.
Her I suspect among night's spirits to fly,
And her old body in birds' plumes to lie:
Fame saith as I suspect; and in her eyes
Two eye-balls shine, and double light thence flies.
Great-grandsires from their ancient graves she chides,
And with long charms the solid earth divides.
She draws chaste women to incontinence,
Nor doth her tongue want harmful eloquence.
By chance I heard her talk; these words she said,
While closely hid betwixt two doors I laid. [pleas'd:
"Mistress, thou know'st thou hast a blest youth
He stay'd, and on thy looks his gazes seiz'd.
And why shouldst not please? none thy face exceeds:
Aye me, thy body hath no worthy weeds!
As thou art fair, would thou wert fortunate!
Wert thou rich, poor† should not be my state.
Th' opposèd star of Mars hath done thee harm:

* *wrung*] "*torto* concita rhombo licia."—Old eds. "wrong" (and so perhaps our author may have spelt the word here).

† *poor*] Used here as a disyllable. If not, perhaps the author wrote "estate" at the end of the line.

Now Mars is gone, Venus thy side doth warm,
And brings good fortune; a rich lover plants
His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.
Such is his form as may with thine compare:
Would he not buy thee*, thou for him shouldst
care."—
She blush'd.—"Red shame becomes white cheeks:
but this,
If feign'd, doth well; if true, it doth amiss.
When on thy lap thine eyes thou dost deject,
Each one according to his gifts respect.
Perhaps the Sabines rude, when Tatius reign'd,
To yield their love to more than one disdain'd.
Now Mars doth rage abroad without all pity,
And Venus rules in her Æneas' city:
Fair women play†: she's chaste whom none will have,
Or, but for bashfulness, herself would crave.
Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault;
Wrinkles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bows her youths' strength tried;
Of horn the bow was that approv'd‡ their side.
Time flying slides hence closely§, and deceives us,
And with swift horses‖ the swift year soon leaves us.

* *Would he not buy thee, &c.*] "Si te non emtam vellet, emendus erat."

† *play*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "*Ludunt*" instead of "Ludite."

‡ *approv'd*] i. e. proved. "Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat."

§ *closely*] "occulte."

‖ *And with swift horses &c.*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Et* celer admissis labitur *annus equis.*"

Brass shines with use; good garments would be worn;
Houses, not dwelt in, are with filth forlorn.
Beauty, not exercis'd, with age is spent;
Nor one or two men are sufficient.
Many to rob is more sure, and less hateful; [ful.
From dog-kept flocks come preys to wolves most grate-
Behold, what gives the poet but new verses?
And thereof many thousand he rehearses.
The poet's god, array'd in robes of gold,
Of his gilt harp the well-tun'd strings doth hold.
Let Homer yield to such as presents bring:
Trust me, to give, it is a witty thing*.
Nor, so thou mayst obtain a wealthy prize,
The vain name † of inferior slaves despise.
Nor let the arms of ancient lives ‡ beguile thee:
Poor lover, with thy grandsires I exile thee.
Who seeks, for being fair, a night to have,
What he will give, with greater instance crave.
Make a small price, while thou thy nets dost lay,
Lest they should fly; being ta'en, the tyrant play.
Dissemble so, as lov'd he may be thought,
And take heed lest he gets that love for nought.
Deny him oft: feign now thy head doth ache;
And Isis now will shew what 'scuse to make.
Receive him soon, lest patient use he gain §,

* *it is a witty thing*] "res est ingeniosa."

† *name*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*nomen*" instead of "crimen."

‡ *lives*] Qy. "lines"? But here the original itself is hardly intelligible.

§ *lest patient use he gain*] "ut nullum patiendi colligat usum."

Or lest his love, oft beaten back, should wane.
To beggars shut, to bringers ope thy* gate;
Let him within hear barr'd-out lovers prate.
And, as first wrong'd, the wrongèd sometimes banish;
Thy fault, with his fault so repuls'd, will vanish.
But never give a spacious time to ire;
Anger delay'd doth oft to hate retire.
And let thine eyes constrainèd learn to weep,
That this or that man† may thy cheeks moist keep.
Nor, if thou cozenest one, dread to forswear;
Venus to mock'd men lends a senseless ear.
Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire,
To teach thy lover what thy thoughts desire.
Let them ask somewhat: many asking little,
Within a while great heaps grow of a tittle.
And sister‡, nurse, and mother spare him not:
By many hands great wealth is quickly got.
When causes fail thee to require a gift,
By keeping of thy birth make but a shift.
Beware lest he, unrivall'd, loves secure:
Take strife away, love doth not well endure.
On all the bed men's tumbling let him view§,
And thy neck with lascivious marks made blue.
Chiefly shew him the gifts which others send:
If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend.
When thou hast so much as he gives no more,

* *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "the."

† *That this or that man*] Our author read "*Ut ... ille* vel *illæ*."

‡ *And sister, &c.*] i. e. And *let* sister, &c.

§ *On all the bed men's tumbling let him view*] Old eds. "*On all the* beds men," &c.—"Ille viri toto videat vestigia lecto."

Pray him to lend what thou mayst ne'er restore.
Let thy tongue flatter, while thy mind harm works:
Under sweet honey deadly poison lurks.
If this thou dost*, to me by long use known,
(Nor let my words be with the winds hence blown,)
Oft thou wilt say, 'Live well†;' thou wilt pray oft,
That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft."
As thus she spake, my shadow me betray'd:
With much ado my hands I scarcely stay'd,
But her blear eyes, bald scalp's thin hoary fleeces,
And rivell'd cheeks, I would have pull'd a-pieces.
The gods send thee no house, a poor old age,
Perpetual thirst, and winter's lasting rage!

## ELEGIA IX‡.

Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum esse, sicuti nec militem.

ALL lovers war, and Cupid hath his tent:
Attic, all lovers are to war far sent.
What age fits Mars, with Venus doth agree:
'Tis shame for eld§ in war or love to be.
What years in soldiers captains do require,
Those in their lovers pretty maids desire.
Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeps;
His mistress' doors this, that his captain's keeps.

* *If this thou dost, &c.*] "Hæc si præstiteris, usu mihi cognita longo."

† '*Live well*'] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*vivas* bene."

‡ *Elegia* IX.] Not in ed. A.

§ *eld*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "old."

Soldiers must travel far: the wench forth send*,
Her valiant lover follows without end.
Mounts, and rain-doubled floods he passeth over,
And treads the deserts snowy heaps do† cover.
Going to sea, east winds he doth not chide,
Nor to hoist sail attends fit time and tide.
Who but a soldier or a lover's bold,
To suffer storm-mix'd snows with night's sharp cold?
One as a spy doth to his enemies go;
The other eyes his rival as his foe.
He cities great, this thresholds lies before;
This breaks town-gates, but he his mistress' door.
Oft to invade the sleeping foe 'tis good,
And arm'd to shed unarmèd people's blood.
So the fierce troops of Thracian Rhesus fell,
And captive horses bade their lord farewell.
Sooth‡, lovers watch till sleep the husband charms,
Who slumbering, they rise up in swelling arms.
The keepers' hands and corps-du-gard to pass,
The soldier's and poor lover's work e'er was.
Doubtful is war and love: the vanquish'd rise;
And who thou never think'st should fall down, lies.
Therefore whoe'er love slothfulness doth call,
Let him surcease§; love tries wit best of all.
Achilles burn'd, Briseis being ta'en away:
Trojans, destroy the Greek wealth, while you may.

* *the wench forth send*] "mitte puellam."

† *do*] Old eds. "to."

‡ *Sooth*] So ed. B. (Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Nempe* maritorum," &c.)—Ed. C "Such."

§ *Let him surcease*] "Desinat."

Hector to arms went from his wife's embraces,
And on Andromache his helmet laces.
Great Agamemnon was, men say, amaz'd,
On Priam's loose-tress'd daughter when he gaz'd.
Mars in the deed the blacksmith's net did stable;
In heaven was never more notorious fable.
Myself was dull and faint, to sloth inclin'd;
Pleasure and ease had mollified my mind.
A fair maid's care expell'd this sluggishness,
And to her tents will'd me myself address.
Since mayst thou see me watch, and night-wars move:
He that will not grow slothful, let him love.

## ELEGIA X*.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore præmia poscat.

SUCH as the cause was of two husbands' war,
Whom Trojan ships fetch'd from Europa† far;
Such as was Leda, whom the god deluded,
In snow-white plumes of a false swan included;
Such as Amymone through the dry fields stray'd,
When on her head a water-pitcher lay'd;
Such wert thou; and I fear'd the bull and eagle,
And whate'er Love made Jove, should thee inveigle.
Now all fear with my mind's hot love abates;
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask'st‡ why I change? because thou crav'st reward;

* *Elegia* X.] Not in ed. A.

† *Europa*] Our author's copy of Ovid having had wrongly "*Europa*," instead of "Eurotâ."

‡ *Ask'st*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "Ask't."

This cause hath thee from pleasing me debarr'd.
While thou wert plain, I lov'd thy mind and face:
Now inward faults thy outward form disgrace.
Love is a naked boy, his years saunce* stain,
And hath no clothes, but open doth remain.
Will you for gain have Cupid sell himself?
He hath no bosom, where to hide base pelf.
Love† and Love's son are with fierce arms at‡ odds;
To serve for pay beseems not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each man's money,
And seeks vild§ wealth by selling of her coney.
Yet greedy bawd's command she curseth still,
And doth, constrain'd, what you do of good will.
Take from irrational beasts a president‖:
'Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.
The mare asks not the horse, the cow the bull,
Nor the mild ewe gifts from the ram doth pull.
Only a woman gets spoils from a man,
Farms out herself on nights for what she can;
And lets¶ what both delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it,
Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?
Why should I lose, and thou gain by the pleasure
Which man and woman reap in equal measure?

* *saunce*] i. e. *sans*,—without.
† *Love*] i. e. Venus.
‡ *at*] Old eds. "to."
§ *vild*] i. e. vile.
‖ *president*] i. e. precedent.
¶ *lets*] i. e. lets out for money.

Knights of the post* of perjuries make sale,
The unjust judge for bribes becomes a stale.
'Tis shame sold tongues the guilty should defend,
Or great wealth from a judgment-seat ascend.
'Tis shame to grow rich by bed-merchandize†,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad price.
Thanks worthily are due for things unbought;
For beds ill-hir'd we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth all; his rent discharg'd,
From further duty he rests then enlarg'd.
Fair dames, forbear rewards for nights to crave:
Ill-gotten goods good end will never have.
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly won,
That unto death did press the holy nun.
The son slew her that forth to meet him went,
And a rich necklace caus'd that punishment.
Yet think no scorn to ask a wealthy churl;
He wants no gifts‡ into thy lap to hurl.
Take cluster'd grapes from an o'er-laden vine;
May§ bounteous love Alcinous' fruit resign.
Let poor men shew their service, faith, and care;
All for their mistress, what they have, prepare.
In verse to praise kind wenches, 'tis my part,
And whom I like eternize by mine‖ art.

* *Knights of the post, &c.*] "Non bene conducti vendunt perjuria testes."

† *bed-merchandize*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "bad *merchandise*."

‡ *He wants no gifts, &c.*] "Munera poscenti quod dare possit, habet."

§ *May, &c.*] Old eds. "Many," &c.—"Præbeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager."

‖ *mine*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "my."

Garments do wear, jewels and gold do wast*:
The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.
To give I love, but to be ask'd disdain:
Leave asking, and I'll give what I refrain.

## ELEGIA XI†.

Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad Corinnam perferat.

IN skillful gathering ruffled hairs in order,
Napè, free-born, whose cunning hath no border,
Thy service for night's 'scapes is known commodious,
And to give signs dull wit to thee is odious.
Corinna clips‡ me oft by thy persuasion:
Never to harm me made thy faith evasion.
Receive these lines; them to my mistress carry;
Be sedulous; let no stay cause thee tarry.
Nor flint nor iron are in thy soft breast,
But§ pure simplicity in thee doth rest.
And 'tis suppos'd Love's bow hath wounded thee:
Defend the ensigns of thy war in me.
If what I do, she asks, say "Hope for night;"
The rest my hand doth in my letters write.
Time passeth while I speak: give her my writ;
But see that forthwith she peruseth it.
I charge thee, mark her eyes and front in reading:
By speechless looks we guess at things succeeding.
Straight being read, will‖ her to write much back:

* *wast*] i. e. waste,—for the rhyme.
† *Elegia* XI.] Not in ed. A.
‡ *clips*] i. e. embraces.
§ *But*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Sed* tibi," &c.
‖ *will*] i. e. bid.

I hate fair paper should writ matter lack.
Let her make verses, and some blotted letter
On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
What need she tire* her hand to hold the quill?
Let this word, "*Come*," alone the tables fill.
Then with triumphant laurel will I grace them,
And in the midst of Venus' temple place them,
Subscribing, that to her I consecrate
My faithful tables, being vile maple late.

## Elegia XII†.

Tabellas quas miserat execratur quod amica noctem negabat.

Bewail my chance: the sad book is return'd;
This day denial hath my sport adjourn'd.
Presages are not vain: when she departed,
Napè, by stumbling on the threshold, started.
Going out again, pass forth the door more wisely,
And somewhat higher bear thy foot precisely.
Hence, luckless tables! funeral wood, be flying!
And thou, the wax, stuff'd full with notes denying!
Which I think gather'd from cold hemlock's flower,
Wherein bad honey Corsic bees did pour;
Yet, as if mix'd with red lead, thou wert ruddy:
That colour rightly did appear so bloody.
As evil wood, thrown in the highways, lie,
Be broke with wheels of chariots passing by!
And him that hew'd you out for needful uses,
I'll prove had hands impure with all abuses.

* *tire*] Old eds. "try."—"lassare."
† *Elegia* XII.] Not in ed. A.

Poor wretches on the tree themselves did strangle;
There sat the hangman for men's necks to angle;
To hoarse scrich-owls foul shadows it allows;
Vultures and Furies* nestled in the boughs.
To these my love I foolishly committed,
And then† with sweet words to my mistress fitted.
More fitly had they‡ wrangling bonds contain'd,
From barbarous lips of some attorney strain'd.
Among day-books and bills they had lain better,
In which the merchant wails his banquerout§ debtor.
Your name approves‖ you made for such like things:
The number two no good divining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wracks,
And sluttish white-mould overgrow the wax!

## Elegia XIII.

Ad Auroram, ne properet.

Now, o'er¶ the sea, from her old love comes she
That draws the day from heaven's cold axletree.
Aurora, whither slid'st thou? down again!
And birds for** Memnon yearly shall be slain.
Now in her tender arms I sweetly bide;
If ever, now well lies she by my side.
The air is cold, and sleep is sweetest now,
And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough.

* *Furies*] Not answering to "strigis" of the original.

† *then*] So, the original convinces me, our author wrote; not "them," as I at first supposed.

‡ *they*] Old eds. "thy."

§ *banquerout*] i. e. bankrupt.

‖ *approves*] i. e. proves.

¶ *o'er*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "on."

** *for*] Old eds. "from."

Whither runn'st thou, that men and women love not?
Hold in thy rosy horses, that they move not.
Ere thou rise, stars teach seamen where to sail;
But when thou com'st, they of their courses* fail.
Poor travellers, though tir'd, rise at thy sight,
And soldiers† make them ready to the fight.
The painful hind by thee to field is sent;
Slow oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and dost betray them
To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the surety to the lawyer run,
That with one word hath nigh himself undone.
The lawyer and the client hate‡ thy view,
Both whom thou raisest up to toil anew.
By thy means women of their rest are barr'd;
Thou sett'st§ their labouring hands to spin and card.
All‖ could I bear: but that the wench should rise,
Who can endure, save him with whom none lies?
How oft wish'd I night would not give thee place,
Nor morning stars shun thy uprising face!
How oft that either wind would break thy coach,
Or steeds might fall, forc'd with thick clouds' approach!
Whither go'st thou, hateful nymph? Memnon the elf
Receiv'd his coal-black colour from thyself.
Say that thy love with Cephalus were not known,

* *courses*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "course."
† *And soldiers, &c.*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A omits this line.
‡ *client hate*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*client* both do *hate*."
§ *sett'st*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "seest."
‖ *All*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "This."—"Omnia."

Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shown?
Would Tithon might but talk of thee a while!
Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
Thou leav'st his bed, because he's faint through age,
And early mount'st thy hateful carriage:
But, held'st* thou in thine arms some Cephalus,
Then wouldst thou cry, "Stay, night, and run not thus!"
Do'st punish† me, because years make him wane?
I did not bid thee wed an agèd swain.
The moon sleeps with‡ Endymion every day:
Thou art as fair as she; then kiss and play.
Jove, that thou shouldst not haste, but wait his leisure,
Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
I chid§ no more: she blush'd, and therefore heard me;
Yet linger'd not the day, but morning scar'd me.

## ELEGIA XIV‖.

Puellam consolatur cui præ nimia cura comæ deciderant.

LEAVE colouring thy tresses, I did cry;
Now hast thou left no hairs at all to dye.
But what had been more fair, had they been kept?
Beyond thy robes thy dangling locks had swept.
Fear'd'st thou to dress them, being fine and thin,
Like to the silk the curious Seres spin,

* *held'st*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "hadst."
† *Do'st punish*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Punish ye."
‡ *with*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and."
§ *chid*] Old eds. "chide."
‖ *Elegia* XIV.] Not in ed. A.

Or threads which spider's slender foot draws out,
Fastening her light web some old beam about?
Not black nor golden were they to our view;
Yet, although neither*, mix'd of either's hue;
Such as, in hilly Ida's watery plains,
The cedar tall, spoil'd of his bark, retains.
Add† they were apt to curl an hundred ways,
And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.
Nor hath the needle or the comb's teeth reft them;
The maid that kemb'd‡ them ever safely left them.
Oft was she dress'd before mine eyes, yet never,
Snatching the comb to beat the wench, out-drive her.
Oft in the morn, her hairs not yet digested,
Half-sleeping on a purple bed she rested;
Yet seemly, like a Thracian Bacchanal
That tir'd doth rashly§ on the green grass fall.
When they were slender, and like downy moss,
Thy‖ troubled hairs, alas, endur'd great loss!
How patiently hot irons they did take,
In crooked trannels¶ crispy curls to make!
I cried, "'Tis sin, 'tis sin, these hairs to burn:
They well become thee; then to spare them turn.

* *neither*] Old eds. "either."

† *Add*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "And."—"Adde."

‡ *kemb'd*] i. e. combed,—dressed.

§ *rashly*] "temere."

‖ *Thy*] Old eds. "They."

¶ *trannels*] See Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* and Richardson's *Dict.* in v.: but the explanation of the word there given does not suit the present passage.—"Ut fieret torto flexilis orbe sinus."—The Editor of Marlowe's *Works* printed "trammels."

Far off be* force! no fire to them may reach;
Thy very hairs will the hot bodkin teach."
Lost are the goodly locks, which from their crown
Phœbus and Bacchus wish'd were hanging down.
Such were they as Diana painted stands,
All naked, holding in her wave-moist hands.
Why dost thy ill-kemb'd tresses' loss lament?
Why in thy glass dost look, being discontent?
Be not to see with wonted eyes inclin'd;
To please thyself, thyself put out of mind.
No charmèd herbs of any harlot scath'd thee,
No faithless witch in Thessal waters bath'd thee.
No sickness harm'd thee (far be that away!);
No envious tongue wrought thy thick locks' decay.
By thine own hand and fault thy hurt doth grow;
Thou mad'st thy head with compound poison flow.
Now Germany shall captive hair-tires send thee,
And vanquish'd people curious dressings lend thee.
Which some admiring, oh, thou oft wilt blush!
And say, "He likes me for my borrow'd bush,
Praising for me some unknown Guelder dame;
But I remember when it was my fame."
Alas, she almost weeps! and her white cheeks,
Dy'd red with shame, to hide from shame she seeks.
She holds and views her old locks in her lap;
Aye me, rare gifts unworthy such a hap!
Cheer up thyself; thy loss thou mayst repair,
And be hereafter seen with native hair.

* *be*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "by."

## Elegia XV.

Ad invidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

Envy, why carp'st* thou my time 's spent so ill,
And term'st my† works fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung‡,
War's dusty§ honours are refus'd, being young?
Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
Nor set my voice to sale in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
That all the world may‖ ever chaunt my name.
Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or into¶ sea swift Simois doth** slide.
Ascræus lives, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crookèd sickles corn down fell.
The world shall of Callimachus ever speak;
His art excell'd††, although his wit was weak.
For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vein:
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.

* *carp'st*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "crapest."

† *term'st my*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "tearmes our."

‡ *sprung*] Old eds. "come." Compare the second version of this Elegy, p. 141.

§ *dusty*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C "rustie."—"pulverulenta."

‖ *may*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "might."

¶ *into*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "to the."

** *doth*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "shall" (but we have "stands" in the preceding line).

†† *The world shall, &c.* } So eds. B, C.—Ed. A omits these
*His art excell'd, &c.* } two lines.

While bondmen cheat, fathers [be] hard*, bawds whor-
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish. [ish,
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit†,
Are both in Fame's eternal legend writ.
What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
And Jason's Argo‡, and the fleece of gold?
Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour
That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.
Æneas' war and Tityrus shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquer'd§ world is head.
Till Cupid's bow and fiery shafts be broken,
Thy verses, sweet Tibullus, shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be known from east to west,
So shall Lycoris whom he lovèd best.
Therefore, when flint and iron wear away,
Verse is immortal and shall ne'er‖ decay.
To verse let kings give place¶, and kingly shows,
And** banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Let base-conceited wits admire vild†† things:
Fair Phœbus lead me to the Muses' springs;
About my head be‡‡ quivering myrtle wound,

* *hard*] Old eds. "hoord."—"*durus* pater." And compare the second version of this Elegy, p. 141.

† *and Plautus full of wit*] But the original is "animosique *Accius* oris."

‡ *Argo*] Old eds. "Argos."

§ *conquer'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "conquering."

‖ *ne'er*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.

¶ *To verse let kings give place*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Let kings giue place to verse."

** *And*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "The."

†† *vild*] i. e. vile.

‡‡ *be*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "the."

And in sad lovers' heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead, can envy bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then, though death rocks* my bones in funeral fire,
I'll live, and, as he pulls me down, mount higher.

The same by B. I.†.

Envy, why twitt'st thou me my time's spent ill,
And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
Wars dusty honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
Homer will live, whilst Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crookèd sickles crop the ripen'd ear.
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art‡ doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein:
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
Whilst slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawds be whorish,
Whilst harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.

* *rocks*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "rakes."

† *The same by B. I.*] Not in ed. A.—"*B. I.*" must mean Ben Jonson. This version is nothing more than an alteration of the preceding one.

‡ *in art*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "arte in."

Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-rear'd strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.
Of Varro's name what ear shall not be told?
Of Jason's Argo, and the fleece of gold?
Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die
When earth and seas in fire and flames shall fry.
Tityrus' tillage, Æney shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from east to west,
So shall Lycoris whom he now loves best.
The suffering ploughshare or the flint may wear;
But heavenly poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell
With cups full-flowing from the Muses' well.
The frost-drad * myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I'll be often read.
Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

* *frost-drad*] "metuentem frigora."

# P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM

## LIBER SECUNDUS.

### Elegia I*.

**Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere sit coactus.**

I, Ovid, poet, of my† wantonness,
Born at Peligny, to write more address.
So Cupid wills. Far hence be the severe!
You are unapt my looser lines to hear.
Let maids whom hot desire to husbands lead‡,
And rude boys, touch'd with unknown love, me read;
That some youth hurt, as I am, with Love's bow,
His own flame's best-acquainted signs may know,
And, long admiring, say, "By what means learn'd,
Hath this same poet my sad chance discern'd?
I durst the great celestial battles tell,
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well;
With Earth's revenge, and how Olympus' top
High Ossa bore, mount Pelion up to prop;
Jove and Jove's thunderbolts I had in hand,

* *Elegia* I.] Not in ed. A.

† *my*] Old eds. "thy."

‡ *whom hot desire to husbands lead*] The reader must not suppose that "desire" is a typographical error and that Marlowe wrote "desires": see note, p. 6, and note, vol. i. 306.

Which, for his heaven, fell on the giants' band.
My wench her door shut: Jove's affairs I left;
Even Jove himself out of my wit was reft.
Pardon me, Jove! thy weapons aid me nought;
Her shut gates greater lightning than thine brought.
Toys and light elegies, my darts, I took:
Quickly soft words hard doors wide-open strook.
Verses reduce the hornèd bloody moon,
And call the sun's white horses back* at noon.
Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains†,
And turnèd streams run backward to their fountains.
Verses ope doors; and locks put in the post,
Although of oak, to yield to verses boast.
What helps it me of fierce Achill to sing?
What good to me will either Ajax‡ bring?
Or he who warr'd and wander'd twenty year?
Or woeful Hector whom wild jades did tear?
But when I praise a pretty wench's face,
She in requital doth me oft embrace:
A great reward! Heroes of§ famous names,
Farewell! your favour nought my mind inflames.
Wenches, apply your fair looks to my verse,
Which golden Love doth unto me rehearse.

* *back*] Old eds. "blacke."

† *Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains*] A marvellous mis-translation of "Carmine dissiliunt, abruptis faucibus, angues."

‡ *either Ajax*] Our poet's copy of Ovid having had "*Ajaces* alter et alter." The approved reading is "Atrides," &c.

§ *of*] Old eds. "O."

## Elegia II *.

Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puellæ sibi commissæ laxiorem habeat.

Bagous, whose care doth thy† mistress bridle,
While I speak some few, yet fit words, be idle.
I saw the damsel walking yesterday,
There, where the porch doth Danaüs' fact display.
She pleas'd me soon: I sent, and did her woo;
Her trembling hand writ back she might not do;
And asking why, this answer she redoubled,
Because thy‡ care too much thy mistress troubled.
Keeper, if thou be wise, cease hate to cherish;
Believe me, whom we fear, we wish to perish.
Nor is her husband wise: what needs defence,
When unprotected§ there is no expence?
But furiously he follows‖ his love's fire,
And thinks her chaste whom many do desire.
Stoln liberty she may by thee obtain;
Which giving her, she may give thee again.
Wilt thou her fault learn? she may make thee tremble:
Fear to be guilty, then thou mayst dissemble.
Think, when she reads, her mother letters sent her:
Let him go forth known, that unknown did enter.
Let him go see her, though she do not languish;
And then report her sick and full of anguish.

* *Elegia* II.] Not in ed. A.

† *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "my."

‡ *thy*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "they."

§ *unprotected*] Old eds. "vn-protested."

‖ *follows*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "follow."—Here Marlowe must have read "Sed *gerit*"; and in the next line "*putat*."

If long she stays*, to think the time more short,
Lay down thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Inquire not what with Isis may be done,
Nor fear lest she to the theàtres run.
Knowing her scapes, thine honour shall increase;
And what less labour than to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly us'd,
Enjoy the wench; let all else be refus'd.
Vain causes feign of him, the true to hide,
And what she likes, let both hold ratified.
When most her husband bends the brows and frowns,
His fawning wench with her desire he crowns.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall,
Counterfeit tears, and thee lewd† hangman call.
Object thou then, what she may well excuse,
To stain all faith in truth by false crimes use.
Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heap;
Do this, and soon thou shalt thy freedom reap.
On tell-tales' necks thou seest the link-knit chains;
The filthy prison faithless breasts restrains.
Water in waters, and fruit flying touch,
Tantalus seeks; his long tongue's gain is such.
While Juno's watchman Iö too much ey'd,
Him timeless death took; she was deified.
I saw one's legs with fetters black and blue,
By whom the husband his wife's incest‡ knew:

* *she stays*] From Marlowe's version of the preceding line but one, we might have expected here "*he* stays."

† *lewd*] i. e. base.

‡ *incest*] i. e. adultery.

More he deserv'd; to both great harm he fram'd;
The man did grieve, the woman was defam'd.
Trust me, all husbands for such faults are sad,
Nor make they any man that hear[s] them glad.
If he loves not, deaf ears thou dost importune;
Or if he loves, thy tale breeds his misfortune.
Nor is it easily prov'd, though manifest;
She safe by favour of her judge doth rest.
Though himself see, he'll credit her denial,
Condemn his eyes, and say there is no trial.
Spying his mistress' tears, he will lament,
And say, "This blab shall suffer punishment."
Why fight'st 'gainst odds? to thee, being cast, do hap
Sharp stripes; she sitteth in the judge's lap.
To meet for poison or vild* facts we crave not;
My hands an unsheath'd shining weapon have not.
We seek that, through thee, safely love we may:
What can be easier than the thing we pray?

## Elegia III†.

Ad eunuchum servantem dominam.

Aye me, an eunuch keeps my mistress chaste,
That cannot Venus' mutual pleasure taste!
Who first depriv'd young boys of their best part,
With self-same wounds he gave, he ought to smart.
To kind requests thou wouldst more gentle prove,
If ever wench had made lukewarm thy love.

* *vild*] i. e. vile.

† *Elegia* III.] Not in ed. A.

Thou wert not born to ride, or arms to bear;
Thy hands agree not with the warlike spear.
Men handle those: all manly hopes resign;
Thy mistress' ensigns must be likewise thine.
Please her; her hate makes others thee abhor;
If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?
Good form there is, years apt to play together:
Unmeet is beauty without use to wither.
She may deceive thee, though thou her protect:
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

## ELEGIA IV.

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque formæ sint.

I MEAN not to defend the scapes* of any,
Or justify my vices, being many;
For I confess, if that might merit favour,
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe I run:
Oh, how the burden irks, that we should† shun!
I cannot rule myself; but where Love please
Am‡ driven, like a ship upon rough seas.
No one face likes§ me best; all faces move:
A hundred reasons make me ever love.
If any eye me‖ with a modest look,

* *the scapes*] "mendosos . . . mores."
† *should*] i. e. would.
‡ *Am*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "And."
§ *likes*] i. e. pleases.
‖ *eye me*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "in *me* dejecta."

I burn*, and by that blushful glance† am took:
And she that's coy I like, for being no clown;
Methinks she would be nimble‡ when she's down.
Though her sour looks a Sabine's brow resemble,
I think she'll do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learn'd, then for her skill I crave her;
If not, because she's simple I would have her.
Before Callimachus one prefers me far:
Seeing she likes my books, why should we jar?
Another rails at me and that I write;
Yet would I lie§ with her, if that I might.
Trips she,—it likes me well; plods she,—what than‖?
She would be nimbler, lying with a man.
And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long
To quaver on her lips even in her song;
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not love those hands¶ for their swift running?
And her** I like that with a majesty
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesy.
To leave myself††, that am in love with all,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,

* *burn*] Old eds. (by a manifest error) "blush."—"Uror."
† *glance*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "glas."
‡ *would be nimble*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "should *be* quick."
§ *lie*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "be."
‖ *than*] i. e. then.
¶ *those hands*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*those* nimble *handes*."
** *her*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "she."
†† *To leave myself*] "Ut taceam de me."

And therefore fills the bed she lies upon;
If short, she lies the rounder: to say* troth,
Both short and long please me, for I love both.
I think what one undeck'd† would be, being drest;
Is she attir'd? then shew her graces best.
A white wench thralls me; so doth golden yellow;
And nut-brown girls in doing have no fellow.
If her white neck be shadow'd with black hair,
Why, so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
Amber-tress'd‡ is she? then on the Morn think I;
My loves alludes to every history.
A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her womanhood.
Nay, what is she that any Roman loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approves?

## Elegia V§.

### Ad amicam corruptam.

No love is so dear—quiver'd Cupid, fly!—
That my chief wish should be so oft to die.
Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revel:
Alas, a wench is a perpetual evil!
No intercepted lines thy deeds display,
No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray.
Oh, would my proofs as vain might be withstood!

* *say*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "speak."

† *I think what one undeck'd, &c.*] So eds. B, C.—This line and the next three lines are omitted in ed. A.

‡ *Amber-tress'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Yellow *trest*."

§ *Elegia* V.] Not in ed. A.

Aye me, poor soul, why is my cause so good?
He's happy, that his love dares* boldly credit;
To whom his wench can say, "I never did it."
He's cruel, and too much his grief doth favour†,
That seeks the conquest by her loose behaviour.
Poor wretch, I saw‡ when thou didst think I slumber'd;
Not§ drunk, your faults on the spilt wine I number'd.
I saw your nodding eyebrows much to speak,
Even from your cheeks part of a voice did break.
Not silent were thine eyes; the board with wine
Was scribbled, and thy fingers writ a line.
I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?),
And words that seem'd for certain marks to be.
Now many guests were gone, the feast being done;
The youthful sort to divers pastimes run:
I saw you then unlawful kisses join
(Such with my tongue it likes me to purloin);
None such the sister gives her‖ brother grave,
But such kind wenches let their lovers have;
Phœbus gave not¶ Diana such, 'tis thought,
But Venus often to her Mars such brought.
"What dost?" I cried: "transport'st thou my delight?

* *dares*] So ed. B.—Ed C "dare."
† *favour*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "sauour."
‡ *Poor wretch, I saw, &c.*] Old eds. "*Poore* wench *I sawe*," &c. —"Ipse miser vidi."
§ *Not*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "Nor."
‖ *her*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "the."
¶ *not*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "to."

My lordly hands I'll throw upon my right.
Such bliss is only common to us two;
In this sweet good why hath a third to do?"
This, and what grief enforc'd me say, I said:
A scarlet blush her guilty face array'd;
Even such as by Aurora hath the sky,
Or maids that their betrothèd husbands spy;
Such as a rose mix'd with a lily breeds,
Or when the moon travails* with charmèd steeds:
Or such as, lest long years should turn the dye,
Arachne stains Assyrian ivory†:
To these, or some of these, like was her colour;
By chance her beauty never shinèd fuller.
She view'd the earth; the earth to view, beseem'd her:
She lookèd sad; sad, comely I esteem'd her.
Even kembèd‡ as they were, her locks to rend,
And scratch her fair soft cheeks, I did intend.
Seeing her face, mine uprear'd arms descended;
With her own armour was my wench defended.
I, that erewhile was fierce, now humbly sue,
Lest with worse kisses she should me indue.

* *travails*] "Aut ubi cantatis Luna laborat equis."

† *Arachne stains Assyrian ivory*] The original is "Mæonis Assyrium femina tinxit ebur." Marlowe, I presume, was induced to give this extraordinary version of the line by recollecting that in the Sixth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* Arachne is termed "*Mæonis*," while her father is mentioned as a dyer; "*Mæonis* [i. e. *Arachne Mæonia*] elusam designat imagine tauri Europen." v. 103.

"Pater huic Colophonius Idmon
Phocaico bibulas tingebat murice lanas." v. 8.

‡ *kembèd*] i. e. combed,—arranged.

She laugh'd, and kiss'd so sweetly as might make
Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.
I grieve lest others should such good perceive*,
And wish hereby them all unknown to leave.
Also much better were they than I tell,
And ever seem'd as some new sweet befel.
'Tis ill they pleas'd so much; for in my lips
Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
This grieves me not; no joinèd kisses spent
Bewail I only; though I them lament.
Nowhere can they be taught but in the bed;
I know no master of so great hire sped.

## Elegia VI†.

### In mortem psittaci.

The parrot, from East India to me sent‡,
Is dead: all fowls, her exequies frequent!
Go, godly birds§, striking your breasts, bewail,
And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail.
For woeful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound;
For long shrild‖ trumpets let your notes resound.
Why, Philomel, dost Tereus' lewdness mourn?
All-wasting years have that complaint now¶ worn:

* *perceive*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*senserit* alter."

† *Elegia* VI.] Not in ed. A.

‡ *from East India to me sent*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "Eois ales *mihi missus* ab Indis," instead of the approved reading, "Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis."

§ *godly birds*] Old eds. "goodly *birdes*."—"piæ volucres."

‖ *shrild*] i. e. shrill.

¶ *now*] Old eds. "not."

Thy tunes let this rare bird's sad funeral borrow,
Itys a great*, but ancient cause of sorrow.
All you whose pinions in the clear air soar,
But most, thou friendly turtle-dove, deplore:
Full concord all your lives was you betwixt,
And to the end your constant faith stood fixt;
What Pylades did to Orestes prove,
Such to the parrot was the turtle-dove.
But what avail'd this faith? her rarest hue?
Or voice that how to change the wild notes knew?
What helps it thou wert given to please my wench?
Birds' hapless glory, death thy life doth quench.
Thou with thy quills mightst make green emeralds dark,
And pass our scarlet of red saffron's mark†.
No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground;
Thou spok'st thy words so well with stammering sound.
Envy hath rapt thee: no fierce wars thou mov'd'st;
Vain-babbling speech and pleasant peace thou lov'd'st.
Behold, how quails among their battles live!
Which do perchance old age unto them give.
A little fill'd thee; and, for love of talk,
Thy mouth to taste of many meats did balk.
Nuts were thy food, and poppy caus'd thee sleep;

* *Itys a great, &c.*] i. e. Itys *being* a great, &c.—Old eds. "It is as *great*," &c.—"Magna, sed antiqui, [some eds. *antiqua est*] caussa doloris Itys."

† *And pass our scarlet of red saffron's mark*] "Tincta gerens rubro punica rostra croco."

Pure water's moisture thirst away did keep.
The ravenous vulture lives; the puttock* hovers
Around the air; the cadess† rain discovers;
And crow‡ survives arms-bearing Pallas' hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,
The parrot given me, the far world's§ best choice.
The greedy spirits‖ take the best things first,
Supplying their void places with the worst.
Thersites did Protesilaus survive;
And Hector died, his brothers yet alive.
My wench's vows for thee what should I show,
Which stormy south winds into sea did blow?
The seventh day came; none following mightst thou see;
And the Fate's distaff empty stood to thee.
Yet words in thy benummèd palate rung;
"Farewell, Corinna," cried thy dying tongue.
Elysium hath a wood of holm-trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack.
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden),
Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.
There harmless swans feed all abroad the river;
There lives the phœnix, one alone bird ever;
There Juno's bird displays his gorgeous feather,
And loving doves kiss eagerly together.

* *the puttock*] "milüus."
† *the cadess*] "graculus."
‡ *crow*] Old eds. "crowes."
§ *world's*] Old eds. "words."
‖ *The greedy spirits*] "manibus . . . avaris."

The parrot, into wood receiv'd with these,
Turns all the godly birds* to what she please.
A grave her bones hides: on her corps' great grave†,
The little stones these little verses have,—
*This tomb approves‡, I pleas'd my mistress well;*
*My mouth in speaking did all birds excel.*

## ELEGIA VII§.

Amicæ se purgat, quod ancillam non amet.

DOST me of new crimes always guilty frame?
To overcome, so oft to fight I shame.
If on the marble theatre I look,
One among many is, to grieve thee, took.
If some fair wench me secretly behold,
Thou argu'st she doth secret marks unfold.
If I praise any, thy poor hairs thou tearest;
If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
If I look well, thou think'st thou dost not move;
If ill, thou say'st I die for others' love.
Would I were culpable of some offence!
They that deserve pain, bear't with patience.
Now rash accusing, and thy vain belief,

* *godly birds*] Old eds. "goodly *birdes*." — "volucres .... pias."

† *on her corps' great grave*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "tumulus pro corpore *magnus*." The true reading is "—— parvus."

‡ *approves*] i. e. proves.

§ *Elegia* VII.] Not in ed. A.

Forbid thine anger to procure my grief.
Lo, how the miserable great-ear'd ass,
Dull'd with much beating, slowly forth doth pass!
Behold Cypassis, wont to dress thy head,
Is charg'd to violate her mistress' bed!
The gods from this sin rid me of suspicion,
To like a base wench of dispis'd condition!
With Venus' game who will a servant grace,
Or any back, made rough with stripes, embrace?
Add she was diligent thy locks to braid,
And, for her skill, to thee a grateful maid.
Should I solicit her that is so just;
To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust?
I swear by Venus, and the wing'd boy's bow,
Myself unguilty of this crime I know!

## ELEGIA VIII*.

### Ad Cypassim, ancillam Corinnæ.

CYPASSIS, that a thousand ways trimm'st hair,
Worthy to keemb† none but a goddess fair,
Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clown to be,
Apt to thy mistress, but more apt to me.
Who that our bodies were comprest bewray'd?
Whence knows Corinna that with thee I play'd?
Yet blush'd I not, nor‡ us'd I any saying
That might be urg'd to witness our false playing.

* *Elegia* VIII.] Not in ed. A.

† *keemb*] i. e. comb,—dress. So ed. B.—Ed. C "kembe."

‡ *Yet blush'd I not, nor, &c.*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Non* tamen erubui, *nec*," &c.

What, if a man with bondwomen offend,
To prove him foolish did I e'er contend?
Achilles burn'd with face of captive Brisëis,
Great Agamemnon lov'd his servant Chrysëis*.
Greater than these myself I not esteem:
What gracèd kings, in me no shame I deem.
But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both thy cheeks† she did perceive thee‡ blush.
But being present§, might that work the best,
By Venus' deity how did I protest!
Thou, goddess, dost command‖ a warm south blast,
My self oaths in Carpathian seas to cast.
For which good turn my sweet reward repay,
Let me lie with thee, brown Cypass, to-day.
Ungrate, why feign'st new fears, and dost refuse?
Well mayst thou one thing¶ for thy mistress use.
If thou deniest, fool, I'll our deeds express,
And, as a traitŏr, mine own fault confess;
Telling thy mistress, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what means, we did agree.

* *his servant Chrysëis*] But "Serva Phœbas" means Cassandra.

† *In both thy cheeks, &c.*] Old eds. "*In both* my *cheekes*," &c. —The approved reading of the original line is "Vidi te totis erubuisse genis"; but our author's copy had either "*Sensit* te," &c. or "*Vidit* te," &c.

‡ *thee*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "the."

§ *But being present, &c.*] Here Marlowe has ludicrously mistaken the meaning of "præsentior ipse."

‖ *Thou, goddess, dost command, &c.*] Can this mean—Do thou, goddess, command, &c?—"Tu dea, tu jubeas animi perjuria," &c.

¶ *Well mayst thou one thing, &c.*] Not intelligible.—"Unum est è dominis emeruisse [some eds. *promeruisse*] satis."

## Elegia IX*.

### Ad Cupidinem.

Oh, Cupid, that dost never cease my smart,
Oh, boy, that liest so slothful in my heart!
Why me, that always was thy soldier found,
Dost harm, and in thy† tents why dost me wound?
Why burns thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy
friends?
More glory by thy vanquish'd foes ascends.
Did not Pelides, whom his spear did grieve,
Being requir'd, with speedy help relieve?
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And than things found do ever further pace.
We people wholly given thee, feel thine arms;
Thy dull hand stays‡ thy striving enemies' harms.
Dost joy to have thy hooked arrows shaked
In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without love§,
Hence with great laud thou mayst a triumph move.
Rome, if her strength the huge world had not fill'd,
With strawy cabins now her courts should build.
The weary soldier hath the conquer'd fields,
His sword laid by, safe, though rude places yields‖;

* *Elegia* IX.] Not in ed. A.

† *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "my." — I follow the earlier ed.: but, in the line of the original, "meis" is a preferable reading to "tuis."

‡ *stays*] i. e. forbears from.

§ *without love*] i. e. *being* without love.

‖ *His sword laid by, safe, though rude places yields*] The Editor

The dock inharbours ships drawn from the floods;
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods:
And time it was for me to live in quiet,
That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches' diet.
Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,
"Live without love"; so sweet ill is a maid.
For when my loathing it of heat deprives me,
I know not whither my mind's whirlwind drives me.
Even as a headstrong courser bears away
His rider, vainly striving him to stay;
Or as a sudden gale thrusts into sea
The haven-touching* bark, now near the lea†;
So wavering Cupid brings me back amain,
And purple Love resumes his darts again.
Strike, boy; I offer thee my naked breast:
Here thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest;
Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot;
Better than I their quiver knows them not.
Hapless is he that all the night lies quiet,
And slumbering, thinks himself much blessèd by it.
Fool, what is sleep but image of cold death?
Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.
But me let crafty damsel's words deceive;
Great joys by hope I inly shall conceive.
Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard;

of Marlowe's Works printed ..... "to *rude places yields.*"—This is beyond my comprehension: but it is plain that here our translator utterly mistook the meaning of the original (which alludes to the gladiator, not to the soldier),—"Tutaque deposito [some eds. *sed posito*] poscitur ense rudis."

* *haven-touching*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "heauen *touching.*"

† *now near the lea*] "prope jam prensa tellure."

Let me enjoy her* oft, oft be debarr'd.
Cupid, by thee, Mars in great doubt doth trample,
And thy step-father fights by thy example.
Light art thou, and more windy than thy wings;
Joys with uncertain faith thou tak'st and brings.
Yet, Love, if thou with thy fair mother hear,
Within my breast no desert empire bear;
Subdue the wandering wenches to thy reign;
So of both people shalt thou homage gain.

## Elegia X.

Ad Græcinum, quod eodem tempore duas amet.

Græcinus, (well I wot,) thou told'st me once,
I could not be in love with two at once.
By thee deceiv'd, by thee surpris'd am I,
For now I love two women equally.
Both are well-favour'd, both rich in array;
Which is the loveliest, it is hard to say†:
This seems the fairest, so doth that to me;
And‡ this doth please me most, and so doth she.
Even as a boat toss'd by contrary wind,
So with this love and that wavers my mind.
Venus, why doublest thou my endless smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart?

* *me enjoy her, &c.*] Old eds. "her *enjoy* me," &c.—"Sæpe fruar domina, sæpe repulsus eam."

† *Which is the loveliest, it is hard to say*] "Artibus, in dubio est, hæc sit an illa prior." Did our author read "*Artubus*," &c.?

‡ *And*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.

Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green
woods,
And to the vast deep* sea fresh water-floods?
Yet this is better far than lie alone:
Let such as be mine enemies have none;
Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
And in the midst† their bodies largely spread.
But may soft love‡ rouse up my drowsy eyes,
And from my mistress' bosom let me rise.
Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight,
If one can do't; if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith;
Nor want I strength, but weight, to press her with.
Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire;
I pay them home with that they most desire.
Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless.
He's happy who§ Love's mutual skirmish slays‖;
And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
Let soldiers chase their¶ enemies amain,
And with their blood eternal honour gain;
Let merchants seek** wealth with perjurèd lips,

* *vast deep*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "deep vast."

† *midst*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "mids."

‡ *soft love*] Marlowe seems to have read "*suavis* amor."

§ *who*] i. e. whom.

‖ *slays*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "layes."

¶ *soldiers . . . . their*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "souldiour . . . his"; and in the next line "his *blood*."

** *Let merchants seek, &c.*] A very clumsy translation of—

"Quærat avarus opes; et quæ lassarit arando
Æquora, perjuro naufragus ore bibat."

I. M., in the *Gent. Mag.* for January, 1841, pronounced this

And, being wrack'd, carouse the sea tir'd by their ships:
But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
And, in the midst thereof, set* my soul going;
That at my funerals some may weeping cry,
"Even as he led his life, so did he die."

## ELEGIA XI†.

### Ad amicam navigantem.

THE lofty pine, from high mount Pelion raught,
Ill ways by rough seas wondering waves first taught;
Which rashly, 'twixt the sharp rocks in the deep,
Carried the famous golden-fleecèd sheep.
Oh, would that no oars might in seas have sunk!
The Argo‡ wrack'd had deadly waters drunk.
Lo, country gods and known§ bed to forsake
Corinna means, and dangerous ways to take!
For thee the east and west winds make me pale,
With icy Boreas and the southern gale.
Thou shalt admire no woods or cities there;
The unjust seas all blueish do appear.
The ocean hath no painted stones or shells;
The sucking shore‖ with their abundance swells.

distich of Marlowe to be wanting both in metre and sense: but I can perceive no fault in the metre (the second line is an Alexandrine); and as to the sense,—it becomes plain enough when we turn to the original.

* *midst . . . : set*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "mids . . . . let."

† *Elegia* XI.] Not in ed. A.

‡ *Argo*] Old eds. "Argos."

§ *known*] Old eds. "know."

‖ *The sucking shore*] "bibuli litoris."

Maids, on the shore, with marble-white feet, tread:
So far 'tis safe; but to go farther, dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battles wage,
How Scylla's and Charybdis' waters rage;
And with what rock[s] the fear'd Ceraunia threat,
In what gulf* either Syrtes have their seat.
Let others tell this; and what each one speaks
Believe; no tempest the believer wreaks†.
Too late you look back, when, with anchors weigh'd,
The crooked bark hath her swift sails display'd.
The careful shipman now fears angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death near him thrusts.
But if that‡ Triton toss the troubled flood,
In all thy face will be no crimson blood.
Then wilt thou Leda's noble twin-stars pray,
And, he is happy whom the earth holds, say.
It is more safe to sleep, to read a book,
The Thracian harp with cunning to have strook.
But, if my words with wingèd storms hence slip,
Yet, Galatea, favour thou her ship!
The loss of such a wench much blame will gather,
Both to the sea-nymphs and the sea-nymphs' father.
Go, minding to return with prosperous wind,
Whose blast may hither strongly be inclin'd.
Let Nereus bend the waves unto this shore,

* *In what gulf, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Syrtes *magna minorque* sinu."

† *wreaks*] i. e. *wracks*, wrecks (for the rhyme).

‡ *But if that, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Quod* si concussus," &c.

Hither the winds blow, here the spring-tide roar.
Request mild Zephyr's help for thy avail,
And with thy hand assist the* swelling sail.
I from the shore thy known ship first will see,
And say, it brings her that preserveth me.
I'll clip† and kiss thee with all contentation;
For thy return shall fall the vow'd oblation;
And in the form of beds we'll strow soft sand,
Each little hill shall for a table stand.
There, wine being fill'd, thou many things shalt tell,
How, almost wrack'd, thy ship in main seas fell;
And hasting to me, neither darksome night
Nor violent south-winds did thee aught affright.
I'll think all true, though it be feignèd matter:
Mine own desires why should myself not flatter?
Let the bright day-star cause in heaven this day be,
To bring that happy time so soon as may be.

## ELEGIA XII‡.

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.

ABOUT my temples go, triumphant bays!
Conquer'd Corinna in my bosom§ lays;
She whom her husband, guard, and gate, as foes,
Lest art should win her, firmly did enclose.
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,

* *the*] Old eds. "thy."
† *clip*] i. e. embrace.
‡ *Elegia* XII.] Not in ed. A.
§ *bosom*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "bosomes."

Which without bloodshed doth the prey inherit.
No little ditchèd towns, no lowly walls,
But to my share a captive damsel falls.
When Troy by ten years' battle tumbled down,
With the Atrides* many gain'd renown:
But I no partner of my glory brook,
Nor can another say his help I took;
I, guide and soldier, won the field and wear her;
I was both horseman, footman, standard-bearer.
Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance:
Oh, care-got triumph†, hitherwards advance!
Nor is my war's cause new; but for a queen,
Europe and Asia in firm peace had been;
The Lapiths and the Centaurs, for a woman,
To cruel arms their drunken selves did summon;
A woman forc'd the Trojans new to enter
Wars, just Latinus, in thy kingdom's centre;
A woman against late-built Rome did send
The Sabine fathers, who sharp wars intend.
I saw how bulls for a white heifer strive;
She looking on them did more courage give:
And me with many, but me without murther‡,
Cupid commands to move his ensigns further.

* *the Atrides*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "in *Atridis*."

† *Oh, care-got triumph, &c*] "Huc ades, ô curâ parte triumphe meâ."

‡ *but me without murther*] Ed. B "*but* yet *me without murther*."—Ed. C "*but* yet *without murther*." The original is "sed me sine cæde."

## ELEGIA XIII*.

Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam juvet.

WHILE rashly her womb's burden she casts out,
Weary Corinna hath her life in doubt.
She secretly with me† such harm attempted,
Angry I was, but fear my wrath exempted.
But she conceiv'd of me; or I am sure
I oft have done what might as much procure.
Thou‡ that frequents Canopus' pleasant fields,
Memphis, and Pharos that sweet date-trees yields,
And where swift Nile, in his large channel slipping,
By seven huge mouths into the sea is skipping§;
By fear'd Anubis' visage, I thee pray,—
So in thy temples shall Osiris stay,
And the dull snake about thy offerings creep,
And in thy pomp horn'd Apis with thee keep,—
Turn thy looks hither, and in one spare twain:
Thou giv'st my mistress life, she mine again.
She oft hath serv'd thee upon certain days,
Where the French rout engirt themselves with bays||.

* *Elegia* XIII.] Not in ed. A.

† *secretly with me*] Our author has mistaken the meaning of "clam me."

‡ *Thou*] i. e. Isis.

§ *skipping*] Old eds. "slipping."

|| *Where the French rout engirt themselves with bays*] "Qua cingit lauros Gallica turma [*some eds.* turba] tuos." Here Marlowe has confounded *Galli*, the priests of Isis, with *Galli*, Gauls, Frenchmen!

On labouring women thou dost* pity take,
Whose bodies with their heavy burdens ache,
My wench, Lucina, I entreat thee favour;
Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy save her.
In white, with incense I'll thine altars greet;
Myself will bring vow'd gifts before thy feet,
Subscribing *Naso with Corinna sav'd:*
Do but deserve gifts with this title grav'd.
But, if in so great fear I may advise thee,
To have this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

## ELEGIA XIV†.

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

WHAT helps it women‡ to be free§ from war,
Nor, being arm'd, fierce troops to follow far,
If, without battle, self-wrought wounds annoy them,
And their own privy-weapon'd hands destroy them?
Who unborn infants first to slay invented,
Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented.
Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lack,
Wilt thou thy womb-enclosèd offspring wrack?
Had ancient mothers this vile custom cherish'd,
All human kind by their default|| had perish'd;

* *thou dost*] i. e. thou *that* dost.
† *Elegia* XIV.] Not in ed. A.
‡ *women*] Old eds. "woman."
§ *free*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "freed."
|| *default*] "vitio."

Or stones*, our stock's original, should be hurl'd,
Again, by some, in this unpeopled world.
Who should have Priam's wealthy substance won,
If watery Thetis had her child fordone?
In swelling womb her twins had Ilia kill'd,
He had not been that conquering Rome did** build.
Had Venus spoil'd her belly's Trojan fruit,
The earth of Cæsars had been destitute.
Thou also, that wert born fair, hadst decay'd,
If such a work thy mother had assay'd.
Myself, that better die with loving may,
Had seen, my mother killing me, no day†.
Why tak'st increasing grapes from vine-trees full?
With cruel hand why dost green apples pull?
Fruits ripe will fall: let springing things increase:
Life is no light price of a small surcease‡.
Why with hid irons are your bowels torn?
And why dire poison give you babes unborn?
At§ Colchis‖, stain'd with children's blood, men rail,
And, mother-murder'd Itys, thee¶ bewail:
Both unkind parents; but, for causes sad,

* *Or stones, &c.*] Old eds. "On *stones*," &c.

** *did*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "bid."

† *no day*] Old eds. "to *day*."—"Vidissem nullos, matre necante, dies."

‡ *Life is no light price of a small surcease*] "Est pretium parvæ non leve vita moræ."

§ *At*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "And."

‖ *Colchis*] i. e. Meden.

¶ *thee*] As the line is now pointed, there is no objection to this reading; but the original leads me to suspect that Marlowe wrote "they."

Their wedlocks' pledges veng'd their husbands bad.
What Tereus, what Iäson you provokes
To plague your bodies with such harmful strokes?
Armenian tigers never did so ill,
Nor dares the lioness her young whelps kill.
But tender damsels do it, though with pain;
Oft dies she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slain:
She dies, and with loose hairs to grave is sent,
And whoe'er see her, worthily lament*.
But in the air let these words come to nought,
And my presages of no weight be thought.
Forgive her, gracious gods, this one delict,
And on the next fault punishment inflict!

## Elegia XV†.

Ad annulum, quem dono amicæ dedit.

Thou ring, that shalt my fair girl's finger bind,
Wherein is seen the giver's loving mind,
Be welcome to her; gladly let her take thee,
And, her small joints encircling, round hoop make thee;
Fit her so well, as she is fit for me,
And of just compass for her knuckles be.
Blest ring, thou in my mistress' hand shalt lie!
Myself, poor wretch, mine own gifts now envy.

* *And whoe'er see her, worthily lament*] Vilely rendered. "Et clamant, Merito, qui modo cumque vident."

† *Elegia* XV.] Not in ed. A.

Oh, would that suddenly into my gift
I could myself by secret magic shift!
Then would I wish thee touch my mistress' pap,
And hide thy left hand underneath her lap.
I would get off, though strait and sticking fast,
And in her bosom strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seal her privy leaves,
Lest to the wax the hold-fast dry gem cleaves,
Would first my beauteous wench's moist lips touch;
Only I'll sign nought that may grieve me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit,
But in less compass her small fingers knit.
My life, that I will shame thee never fear,
Or be* a load thou shouldst refuse to bear.
Wear me, when warmest showers thy† members wash,
And through the gem let thy lost waters pash.
But, seeing thee, I think my thing will swell,
And even the ring perform a man's part well.
Vain things why wish I? go, small gift, from hand;
Let her my faith, with thee given, understand.

## Elegia XVI‡.

Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat.

Sulmo, Peligny's third part, me contains,
A small, but wholesome soil with watery veins.

* *be*] Old eds. "by."
† *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "my."
‡ *Elegia* XVI.] Not in ed. A.

Although the sun to rive the earth incline,
And the Icarian froward dog-star shine,
Pelignian fields with* liquid rivers flow,
And on the soft ground fertile green grass grow;
With corn the earth abounds, with vines much more,
And some few pastures Pallas' olives bore;
And by the rising herbs, where clear springs slide,
A grassy turf the moisten'd earth doth hide.
But absent is my fire: lies I'll tell none;
My heat is here, what moves my heat is gone.
Pollux and Castor might I stand betwixt,
In heaven, without thee, would I not be fixt.
Upon the cold earth pensive let them lay,
That mean to travel some long irksome way;
Or else will† maidens young men's mates to go,
If they determine to persèver so.
Then on the rough Alps should I tread aloft,
My hard way with my mistress would seem soft.
With her I durst the Libyan Syrts break through,
And raging seas in boisterous south-winds plough.
No barking dogs, that Scylla's entrails bear,
Nor thy gulfs, crook'd Malea‡, would I fear;
No flowing waves with drownèd ships forth-pour'd
By cloy'd Charybdis, and again devour'd.

* *with*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "which."

† *will*] i. e. bid.

‡ *crook'd Malea*] Here, as the original has "Malēa," I have printed "crook'd": but, the penultima of the name being common, perhaps Marlowe meant us to read the words thus,—"crookèd Malĕa."

But if stern Neptune's* windy power prevail,
And water's force force helping gods to fail,
With thy white arms upon my shoulders seize:
So sweet a burden I will bear with ease.
The youth, oft swimming to his Hero kind,
Had then swum over, but the way was blind.
But without thee, although vine-planted ground
Contains me, though the streams the fields† surround,
Though hinds in brooks the running waters bring,
And cool gales shake the tall trees' leafy spring,
Healthful Peligny I esteem nought worth,
Nor do I like the country of my birth;
Scythia, Cilicia, Britain are as good,
And rocks dy'd crimson with Prometheus' blood.
Elms love the vines; the vines with elms abide;
Why doth my mistress from me oft divide?
Thou swear'd'st‡, division should not 'twixt us rise,
By me, and by my stars, thy radiant eyes;
Maids' words, more vain and light than falling leaves,
Which, as it seems§, hence wind and sea bereaves.
If any godly care of me thou hast,
Add deeds unto thy promises at last;
And, with‖ swift nags drawing thy little coach,

* *But if stern Neptune's, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Quod si *Neptuni*," &c.

† *the fields*] Ed. B "in *fields*."—Ed. C "in field."

‡ *swear'd'st*] Old eds. "swearest."

§ *Which, as it seems*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Irrita*que*, *ut* visum est."

‖ *with*] So ed. B.—Not in ed. C.

Their reins let loose, right soon my house approach.
But when* she comes, you† swelling mounts, sink down,
And falling valleys be the smooth ways' crown‡!

## Elegia XVII§.

Quod Corinnæ soli sit serviturus.

To serve a wench if any think it shame,
He being judge, I am convinc'd‖ of blame:
Let me be slander'd, while my fire she hides,
That Paphos and flood-beat¶ Cythera guides.
Would I had been my mistress' gentle prey**,
Since some fair one I should of force obey!
Beauty gives heart: Corinna's looks excel;
Aye me, why is it known to her so well?
But by her glass disdainful pride she learns,
Nor she herself, but first trimm'd up, discerns.
Not though thy face in all things make thee reign,
(Oh, face, most cunning mine eyes to detain!)
Thou ought'st therefore to scorn me for thy mate:

* *when*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*cum* veniet."

† *you*] Old eds. "your."

‡ *And falling valleys be the smooth ways' crown*] Very far from plain. "Et faciles curvis vallibus este viæ."

§ *Elegia* XVII.] Not in ed. A.

‖ *I am convinc'd*] Marlowe must have read "convincor."

¶ *and flood-beat*] Old eds. "*and* the *floud-beate*."

** *gentle prey*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*mitis* quoque præda."

Small things with greater may be copulate.
Love-sick'd Calypso is suppos'd to pray
A mortal nymph's* refusing lord to stay.
Who doubts, with Peleus Thetis did consort?
Egeria with just Numa had good sport;
Venus with Vulcan, though, smiths' tools laid by,
With his stump foot he halts ill-favouredly.
This kind of verse is not alike; yet fit
With shorter numbers the heroic sit.
And thou, my light, accept me howsoever;
Lay in the mid bed, there be my lawgiver.
My stay no crime, my flight no joy shall breed,
Nor of our love to be asham'd we need.
For great revenues I† good verses have,
And many by me to get glory crave.
I know a wench reports herself Corinne:
What would not she give that fair name to win?
But sundry floods in one bank never go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar-bearing Po;
Nor in my books shall one but thou be writ;
Thou dost alone give matter to my wit.

* *A mortal nymph's, &c*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*nymphæ* mortalis amore."

† *For great revenues I, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Sunt mihi* pro magno," &c.

## Elegia XVIII*.

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

To tragic verse while thou Achilles train'st,
And new-sworn soldiers' maiden arms retain'st,
We, Macer, sit in Venus' slothful shade†,
And tender love hath great things hateful made.
Often at length, my wench depart, I bid:
She in my lap sits still as erst she did.
I said, "It irks me": half to weeping fram'd,
"Aye me!" she cries, "to love why‡ art asham'd?"
Then wreathes about my neck her winding arms,
And thousand kisses gives, that work my harms.
I yield, and back my wit from battles bring,
Domestic acts and mine own wars to sing.
Yet tragedies and sceptres fill'd my lines;
But, though I apt were for such high designs,
Love laughèd at my cloak and buskins painted,
And rule so soon§ with private hands acquainted.
My mistress' deity also drew me fro‖ it,
And Love triumpheth o'er his buskin'd poet.
What lawful is, or we profess love's art,
(Alas, my precepts turn myself to smart!)
We write, or what Penelope sends Ulysses,
Or Phillis' tears that her Demophoon misses;

* *Elegia* XVIII.] Not in ed. A.
† *slothful shade*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "ignava."
‡ *why*] His copy had "*cur* te, dixit," &c.
§ *so soon*] His copy had "tam *cito*."
‖ *fro*] i. e. from.

What thankless Jason, Macareus, and Paris,
Phœdra, and Hippolyte may read, my care is;
And what poor Dido, with her drawn sword sharp,
Doth say*, with her that lov'd the Aonian† harp.
As soon as‡ from strange lands Sabinus came,
And writings did from divers places frame,
White-cheek'd Penelope knew Ulysses' sign,
The step-dame read Hippolytus' lustless line;
Æneas to Elisa answer gives,
And Phillis hath to read, if now she lives;
Jason's sad letter doth Hypsipyle greet;
Sappho her vow'd harp lays§ at Phœbus' feet.
Nor of thee, Macer, that resound'st forth arms,
Is golden Love hid in Mars' mid alarms.
There Paris is, and Helen's crime's record,
With Laodamia, mate to her dead lord.
Unless I err, to these thou more incline
Than wars, and from thy tents wilt‖ come to mine.

## ELEGIA XIX¶.

Ad rivalem, cui uxor curæ non erat.

FOOL, if to keep thy wife thou hast no need,
Keep her for me, my more desire to breed.

* *Doth say*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Dictat."

† *Aonian*] His copy had "*Aoniæ*," instead of the right reading "Æoliæ."

‡ *As soon as, &c.*] Far from the meaning of "Quam celer e [*some eds.* cito de] toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus," &c.

§ *lays*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Dat* votam," &c.

‖ *wilt*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "will."

¶ *Elegia* XIX.] Not in ed. A.

We scorn things lawful; stoln sweets we affect;
Cruel is he that loves whom none protect.
Let us, both lovers, hope and fear alike;
And may repulse, place, for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that ne'er fails me?
Nothing I love that at all times avails me.
Wily Corinna saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knows* by what means to win me.
Ah, often, that her hale† head ach'd, she lying,
Will'd me, whose slow feet sought delay, be‡ flying!
Ah, oft, how much she might§, she feign'd offence,
And, doing wrong, made shew of innocence!
So, having vex'd, she nourish'd my warm fire,
And was again most apt to my desire.
To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has she!
Great gods, what kisses and how many ga' she‖!
Thou also, that late took'st mine eyes away,
Oft cozen me¶, oft, being woo'd, say nay;
And on thy threshold let me lie dispread,

* *knows*] Qy. "knew"?—"norat."

† *hale*] Spelt in old eds. "haole."—Here we have a most awkward version of,—

"Ah, quoties sani capitis mentita dolores,
Cunctantem tardo jussit abire pede!"

‡ *be*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "by."

§ *how much she might*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "quantumque *licebat*."

‖ *ga' she*] Old eds. "gaue *she*."

¶ *Oft cozen me*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Sæpe *face* insidias."

Suffering much cold by hoary night's frost bred.
So shall my love continue many years;
This doth delight me, this my courage cheers.
Fat love, and too much fulsome*, me annoys,
Even as sweet meat a glutted stomach cloys.
In brazen tower had not Danäe dwelt,
A mother's joy by Jove she had not felt.
While Juno Iö keeps, when horns she wore,
Jove lik'd her better† than he did before.
Who covets lawful things, takes leaves from woods,
And drinks stoln waters in surrounding floods.
Her lover let her mock, that long will reign:
Aye me, let not my warnings cause my pain!
Whatever haps‡, by sufferance harm is done:
What flies I follow, what follows me I shun.
But thou, of thy fair damsel too secure,
Begin to shut thy house, at evening, sure.
Search at the door who knocks oft in the dark,
In night's deep silence why the ban-dogs bark;
Whither§ the subtle maid lines brings and carries;
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.
Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward prick.

* *Fat love, and too much fulsome*] "Pinguis amor, nimiumque patens" [our poet's copy most probably having *potens*].

† *While Juno Iö keeps* } Rendered according to the tenses in
*Jove lik'd her better* } the original.

‡ *Whatever haps, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Quodlibet* eveniat, nocet indulgentia nobis."

§ *Whither*] Old eds. "Whether."—"Quo."

To steal sands from the shore he loves a-life*,
That can affect† a foolish wittol's wife.
Now I forewarn, unless to keep her stronger
Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
Long have I borne much, hoping time would beat thee
To guard her well, that well I might entreat thee‡.
Thou suffer'st what no husband can endure;
But of my love it will an end procure.
Shall I, poor soul, be never interdicted?
Nor never with night's sharp revenge afflicted?
In sleeping shall I fearless draw my breath?
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loathe a husband grown a bawd?
By thy default thou dost our joys defraud.
Some other seek§ that may in patience strive with thee,
To pleasure‖ me, forbid me to corrive¶ with thee.

* *a-life*] i. e. as his life, excessively.

† *affect*] Old eds. "effect."—"amare."

‡ *that well I might entreat thee*] Was supposed by our poet to convey the meaning of "ut bene verba darem."

§ *seek*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "quæras" (without an interrogation-point at the end of the line).

‖ *pleasure*] So ed B.—Ed. C "please."

¶ *to corrive*] "rivalem . . . esse."

# P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM

## LIBER TERTIUS.

### Elegia I*.

**Deliberatio poetæ, utrum elegos pergat scribere an potius tragœdias.**

An old wood stands, uncut of long years' space:
'Tis credible some god-head† haunts the place;
In midst thereof a stone-pav'd sacred spring,
Where round about small birds most sweetly sing.
Here while I walk, hid close in shady grove,
To find what work my Muse might move, I strove‡.
Elegia came with hairs perfumèd sweet,
And one, I think, was longer, of her feet:
A decent form, thin robe, a lover's look§;
By her foot's blemish greater grace she‖ took.
Then with huge steps came violent Tragedy:

* *Elegia* I.] Not in ed. A.

† *god-head*] Old eds. "good *head*."

‡ *while I walk* . . . . } "dum spatior . . . . quærebam."
. . . . . *I strove* }

§ *a lover's look*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*vultus* amantis."

‖ *she*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "we."

Stern was her front, her cloak on ground did lie*;
Her left hand held abroad a regal sceptre;
The Lydian buskin in fit paces† kept her.
And first she‡ said, "When will thy love be spent,
Oh, poet careless of thy argument?
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtiness,
Each cross-way's corner doth as much express.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And 'This is he whom fierce love burns', they cry.
A laughing-stock thou art to all the city,
While without shame thou sing'st thy lewdness' ditty.
'Tis time to move grave things in lofty style;
Long hast thou loiter'd; greater works compile.
The subject hides thy wit§: men's acts resound;
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.
Thy Muse hath play'd what may mild girls content,
And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.
Now give the Roman Tragedy a name;
To fill my laws thy wanton spirit frame."
This said, she mov'd her buskins gaily varnish'd,
And seven times‖ shook her head with thick locks garnish'd.
The other smil'd, (I wot) with wanton eyes:

* *her cloak on ground did lie*] Old eds. "*her* looke *on ground did lie*,"—an obvious error.—"palla jacebat humi."

† *buskin in fit paces*] Old eds. "*buskin fit* places." Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Lydius *apta* pedum," &c.

‡ *she*] Old eds. "he."

§ *The subject hides thy wit*] "Materiâ premis ingenium."

‖ *times*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "time."

Err I, or myrtle in her right hand lies?
" With lofty words, stout Tragedy," she said,
Why tread'st me down? art thou aye gravely play'd?
Thou deign'st unequal lines should thee rehearse;
Thou fight'st against me, using mine own verse.
Thy lofty style with mine I not compare:
Small doors unfitting for large houses* are.
Light am I, and with me, my care, light Love;
Not stronger am I than the thing I move.
Venus without me should be rustical;
This goddess' company doth to me befal.
What gate thy stately words cannot unlock,
My flattering speeches soon wide-open knock.
And I deserve more than thou canst in verity,
By suffering much not borne by thy severity.
By me Corinna learns, cozening her guard,
To get the door with little noise unbarr'd;
And slipp'd from bed, cloth'd in a loose night-gown,
To move her feet unheard in setting† down.
Ah, how oft‡ on hard doors hung I engrav'd,
From no man's reading fearing to be sav'd!
But, till the keeper§ went forth, I forget not‖,
The maid to hide me in her bosom let not¶.
What gift with me was on her birth-day sent,

* *large houses*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had " regia *vasta*."
† *setting*] Old eds. " sitting."
‡ *Ah, how oft*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had " *Ah*, quoties."
§ *keeper*] Ed. B " keepes." — Ed C " keepers." — " custos."
‖ *I forget not*] " memini."
¶ *let not*] i. e. forbore not.

But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent?
First of thy mind the happy seeds I knew*;
Thou hast† my gift, which she would from thee sue."
She left‡. I said, "You both I must beseech,
To empty air§ may go my fearful speech.
With sceptres and high buskins th' one would dress
me; [me.
So through the world‖ should bright renown express.
The other gives my love a conquering name;
Come, therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
Grant, Tragedy, thy poet time's least tittle¶:
Thy labour ever lasts; she asks but little."
She gave me leave. Soft loves, in time make hast**;
Some greater work will urge me on at last.

## Elegia II††.

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I sit not here the noble horse to see;
Yet, whom thou favour'st, pray may conqueror be.

* *I knew*] Marlowe must have read "Prima tuæ *novi*," &c.

† *Thou hast*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Munus *habes*," &c.

‡ *She left*] i. e. She ceased.—Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Desierat*" (instead of "Desierant").

§ *To empty air*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "In vacuas *auras*."

‖ *So through the world, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "magnus in *orbe*."

¶ *tittle*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "title."

** *hast*] i. e. haste,—for the rhyme.

†† *Elegia* II.] Not in Ed. A.

To sit and talk with thee I hither came,
That thou mayst know with love thou mak'st me
flame.
Thou view'st the course; I thee: let either heed
What please them, and their eyes let either feed.
What horse-driver thou favour'st most, is best,
Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
Such chance let me have: I would bravely run,
On swift steeds mounted, till the race were done:
Now would I slack the reins, now lash their hide,
With wheels bent inward now the ring-turn ride.
In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
And from my hands the reins will slip away.
Ah, Pelops from his coach * was almost fell'd,
Hippodamia's looks while he beheld!
Yet he attain'd, by her support, to have her:
Let us all conquer by our mistress' favour.
In vain why fliest back? force conjoins us now:
The place's laws this benefit allow.
But spare my wench, thou at her right hand seated;
By thy side's touching, ill she is entreated †.
And sit thou rounder ‡, that behind us see;
For shame, press not her back with thy hard knee.
But on the ground thy clothes too loosely lie;
Gather them up, or lift them, lo, will I!
Envious garments, so good legs to hide!

* *his coach*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "concidit *axe*."
† *ill she is entreated*] "læditur."
‡ *sit thou rounder*] "tua contrahe crura."

The more thou look'st, the more the gown envied*.
Swift Atalanta's flying legs, like these,
Wish in his hands grasp'd did Hippomenes.
Coat-tuck'd Diana's legs are painted like them,
When strong wild beasts, she, stronger, hunts to
strike them.
Ere these were seen, I burnt: what will these do?
Flames into flame, floods thou pour'st seas into.
By these I judge, delight me may the rest,
Which lie hid, under her thin veil suppressed.
Yet in the meantime wilt small winds bestow,
That from thy fan, mov'd by my hand, may blow?
Or is my heat of mind, not of the sky?
Is't women's love my captive breast doth fry?
While thus I speak, black dust her white robes ray†:
Foul dust, from her fair body go away!
Now comes the pomp; themselves let all men cheer‡:
The shout is nigh; the golden pomp comes here.
First, Victory is brought with large-spread wing:
Goddess, come here; make my love conquering.
Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his wave:
The sea I use not; me my earth must have.
Soldier, applaud thy Mars: no wars we move;
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love.

* *The more thou look'st, &c.*] Wrongly translated. "Quoque magis spectes, invida vestis eras."

† *ray*] i. e. defile.

‡ *themselves let all men cheer*] Our translator did not understand "linguis animisque favete."

With augurs Phœbus, Phœbe with hunters stands;
To thee, Minerva, turn the craftsmen's hands.
Ceres and Bacchus countrymen adore;
Champions please * Pollux, Castor loves horsemen more.
Thee, gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,
We praise: great goddess, aid my enterprize;
Let my new mistress grant to be belov'd!
She beck'd, and prosperous signs gave as she mov'd.
What Venus promis'd, promise thou we pray:
Greater than her, by her leave, thou'rt, I'll say.
The gods and their rich pomp witness with me,
For evermore thou shalt my mistress be!
Thy legs hang down: thou mayst, if that be best,
A† while thy tiptoes on the foot-stool ‡ rest.
Now greatest spectacles the Prætor sends,
Four-chariot horses from the lists' even ends.
I see whom thou affect'st: he shall subdue;
The horses seem, as thy § desire they knew.
Alas, he runs too far about the ring!
What dost? thy waggon || in less compass bring.
What dost, unhappy? her good wishes fade:
Let with strong hand the rein to bend be made.
One slow we favour: Romans, him revoke;

* *please*] Ed. B "pleace."—Ed. C "place."

† *A*] Old eds. "Or."

‡ *foot-stool*] But the original has "Cancellis."

§ *thy*] Old eds. "they."

|| *thy waggon, &c.*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "axe *subi.*"

And each give signs by casting up his cloak.
They call him back: lest their gowns toss thy hair,
To hide thee in my bosom straight repair.
But now again the barriers open lie,
And forth the gay troops on swift horses fly.
At least now conquer, and out-run the rest:
My mistress' wish confirm with my request.
My mistress hath her wish; my wish remain*:
He holds the palm; my palm is yet to gain.
She smil'd, and with quick eyes behight† some grace:
Pay it not here, but in another place.

## Elegia III‡.

### De amica quæ perjuraverat.

What, are there gods? herself she hath forswore,
And yet remains the face she had before.
How long her locks were ere her oath she took,
So long they be since she her faith forsook.
Fair white with rose-red was before commixt;
Now shine her looks pure white and red betwixt.
Her foot was small; her foot's form is most fit:
Comely tall was she; comely tall she's yet.
Sharp eyes she had; radiant like stars they be,

* *my wish remain*] Here "wish" is used for *wishes*. — "mea vota supersunt."

† *behight*] "promisit."

‡ *Elegia* III.] Not in ed. A.

By which she perjur'd oft hath lied to* me.
In sooth, th' eternal † powers grant maids' society
Falsely to swear; their beauty hath some deity.
By her eyes, I remember, late she swore,
And by mine eyes; and mine were painèd sore.
Say, gods, if she unpunish'd you deceive,
For other's ‡ faults why do I loss receive?
But did you not § so envy Cepheus' daughter,
For her ill-beauteous mother judg'd to slaughter.
'Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,
And, unreveng'd, mock'd gods with me doth scoff;
But by my pain to purge her perjuries,
Cozen'd, I am the cozener's sacrifice.
God is a name, no substance, fear'd in vain,
And doth the world in fond belief detain:
Or if there be a god, he loves fine wenches,
And all things too much in their sole power drenches.
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harm;
Pallas' lance strikes me with unconquer'd arm;
At me Apollo bends his pliant bow;
At me Jove's right hand lightning hath to throw.
The wrongèd gods dread fair ones to offend,

* *to*] Old eds. "by."

† *In sooth, th' eternal, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Scilicet *æterni*," &c.

‡ *other's*] "Alterius."

§ *But did you not, &c.*] i. e. But you did not, &c. This is wrongly rendered. "At non invidiæ vobis Cephëia virgo est" means (the poet speaking ironically)—But forsooth the daughter of Cepheus does not bring odium upon you.

And fear those, that to fear them least intend.
Who now will care the altars to perfume?
Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
Jove throws down woods and castles with his fire,
But bids his darts from perjur'd girls retire.
Poor Semele, among so many, burn'd;
Her own request to her own torment turn'd *:
But when her lover came, had she drawn back,
The father's thigh should unborn Bacchus lack.
Why grieve I, and of heaven reproaches pen?
The gods have eyes and breasts as well as men.
Were I a god, I should give women leave,
With lying lips my godhead to deceive;
Myself would swear the wenches true did swear,
And I would be none of the gods severe.
But yet their gift more moderately use,
Or in mine eyes, good wench, no pain transfuse.

## ELEGIA IV †.

Ad virum servantem conjugem.

RUDE man, 'tis vain thy damsel to commend
To keeper's trust: their wits should them defend.
Who, without fear, is chaste, is chaste in sooth:
Who, because means want, doeth not, she doth.
Though thou her body guard, her mind is stain'd;

* *Her own request to her own torment turn'd*] A wrong version of "Officio est illi pœna reperta suo."

† *Elegia* IV.] Not in ed. A.

Nor, 'less she will*, can any be restrain'd.
Nor canst by watching keep her mind from sin;
All being shut out, th' adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sins least; power to do ill,
The fainting seeds of naughtiness doth kill.
Forbear to kindle vice by prohibition;
Sooner shall kindness gain thy will's fruition.
I saw a horse against the bit stiff-neck'd,
Like lightning go, his struggling mouth being check'd:
When he perceiv'd the reins let slack, he stay'd,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle lay'd.
How to attain what is denied we think,
Even as the sick desire forbidden drink.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
Yet by deceit Love did them all surprise.
In stone and iron walls Danäe shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maid there put.
Penelope, though no watch look'd unto her,
Was not defil'd by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we covet more; the care makes theft:
Few love what others have unguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husband's love:
I know not what men think should thee so move†.

* *'less she will*] i. e. unless, &c.—Old eds. "least *she will*."—Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "ni velit, *ulla*," &c.

† *I know not what men think should thee so move*] One would hardly imagine that the original has "Nescio quid, quod te ceperit, esse putant."

She is not chaste that's kept, but a dear whore*;
Thy fear is than her body valu'd more.
Although thou chafe, stolen pleasure is sweet play:
She pleaseth best, "I fear," if any say.
A free-born wench no right 'tis up to lock;
So use we women of strange nations' stock.
Because the keeper may come say, "I did it,"
She must be honest to thy servant's credit.
He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,
And this town's well-known customs not believes;
Where Mars his sons not without fault did breed,
Remus and Romulus, Ilia's twin-born seed.
Cannot a fair one, if not chaste, please thee?
Never can these by any means agree.
Kindly thy mistress use, if thou be wise;
Look gently, and rough husbands' laws despise.
Honour what friends thy wife gives,—she'll give many;
Least labour so shall win great grace of any.
So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
And see at home much that thou ne'er brought'st thither†.

* *She is not chaste that's kept, but a dear whore*] Perhaps faulty pointing in Marlowe's copy of Ovid occasioned this erroneous version of "Non proba sit, quam vir servat, sed adultera; cara est."

† *thou ne'er brought'st thither*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "quæ non *tuleris*."

## ELEGIA VI*.

Ad amnem, dum iter faceret ad amicam.

FLOOD with reed-grown† slime-banks, till I be past,
Thy waters stay; I to my mistress hast‡.
Thou hast no bridge, nor boat with ropes to throw,
That may transport me, without oars to row.
Thee I have pass'd, and knew thy stream none such,
When thy wave's brim did scarce my ankles touch.
With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou gushest§,

* *Elegia* VI.] Not in ed. A.—"This, which is the sixth elegy of Ovid, is numbered V. in the edition from which we print,—an error caused by the omission of a translation of the fifth elegy, and running throughout the remainder of the Book. The same mistake occurs in the 'Certaine Elegies', although it only contains two from the third Book. This circumstance furnishes a strong reason for concluding that the 'Certaine Elegies' was a selection from the present edition." *Editor of* 1826,—who here writes very ignorantly and rashly. In numbering the Elegies of this Book, Marlowe followed his copy of the original. The poem, which in the more recent editions of Ovid stands as *Elegia* V. of *Liber* iii ("Nox erat; et somnus lassos submisit ocellos," &c.), does not occupy that place (nor, indeed, any place among the Elegies) in the earlier editions, where, consequently, the present Elegy forms the Fifth of Book Three. With respect to *Certaine of Ovid's Elegies*, &c. (see list of editions, p. 106), the type and spelling of that little volume would alone be sufficient to prove its priority in publication to *All Ovid's Elegies*.

† *reed-grown*] Old eds. "redde-growne."

‡ *hast*] i. e. haste,—for the rhyme.

§ *gushest*] Old eds. "rushest."

And in thy foul deep waters thick* thou rushest.
What helps my haste? what to have ta'en small rest?
What day and night to travel in her quest?
If, standing here, I can by no means get
My foot upon the further bank to set.
Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had,
Bearing the head with dreadful adders† clad;
Now wish the chariot, whence corn fields were found
First to be thrown upon the untill'd ground:
I speak old poets' wonderful inventions;
Ne'er was, nor [e'er] shall be, what my verse mentions.
Rather, thou large bank-overflowing river,
Slide in thy bounds; so shalt thou run for ever.
Trust me, land-stream, thou shalt no envy lack,
If I a lover be by thee held back.
Great floods ought to assist young men in love;
Great floods the force of it do often prove.
In mid Bithynia‡, 'tis said, Inachus
Grew pale, and, in cold fords, hot lecherous.
Troy had not yet been ten years' siege' out-stander,
When nymph Neæra rapt thy looks, Scamander.
What, not Alpheus in strange lands to run,

* *thick*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "new."

† *dreadful adders*] Old eds. "*dreadfull* Arrowes."—Terribili . . . . angue."

‡ *In mid Bithynia, &c.*] Marlowe,—who here blunders lamentably,—found in his copy of Ovid,—

"Inachus in *media* Bithynide pallidus isse
Dicitur", &c.

(instead of the right reading, "Melie Bith.").

Th' Arcadian virgin's constant love hath won?
And Crusa* unto Xanthus first affied,
They say, Peneus near Phthia's town did hide.
What should I name Asop†, that Thebe lov'd,
Thebe who mother of five daughters prov'd?
If, Achelöus, I ask where thy horns stand,
Thou say'st, broke with Alcides' angry hand.
Not Calydon nor Ætolia did please;
One Deïanira was more worth than these.
Rich Nile, by seven mouths to the vast sea flowing,
Who so well keeps his water's head from knowing,
Is by Evadne thought to take such flame,
As his deep whirlpools could not quench the same.
Dry Enipeus‡, Tyro to embrace,
Fly back his stream charg'd§; the stream charg'd, gave place.
Nor pass I thee, who hollow rocks down tumbling,
In Tibur's field with watery foam art rumbling;
Whom Ilia pleas'd, though in her looks grief revell'd,
Her cheeks were scratch'd, her goodly hairs dishevell'd.
She, wailing Mars' sin and her uncle's crime,
Stray'd bare-foot through sole places‖ on a time.

* *Crusa*] So written here perhaps for the metre, instead of *Creusa*.

† *Asop*] Old eds. "Æsope."

‡ *Enipeus*] Wrongly used here as a quadrisyllable.

§ *his stream charg'd*, &c.] Old eds. "*his* shame *chargd*," &c. —"Cedere jussit aquam; jussa recessit aqua."

‖ *sole places*] "loca sola."

Her, from his swift waves, the bold flood perceiv'd,
And from the mid ford his hoarse voice upheav'd,
Saying, " Why sadly tread'st my banks upon,
Ilia, sprung from Idæan Laomedon?
Where's thy attire? why wander'st here alone?
To stay thy tresses white veil hast thou none?
Why weep'st, and spoil'st with tears thy watery eyes?
And fiercely knock'st thy breast that open lies?
His heart consists of flint and hardest steel,
That, seeing thy tears, can any joy then feel*.
Fear not: to thee our court stands open wide;
There shalt be lov'd: Ilia, lay fear aside.
Thou o'er a hundred nymphs or more shalt reign,
For five-score nymphs or more our floods contain.
Nor, Roman stock, scorn me so much, I crave:
Gifts than my promise greater thou shalt have."
This said he. She her modest eyes held down;
Her woeful bosom a warm shower did drown.
Thrice she prepar'd to fly, thrice she did stay,
By fear depriv'd of strength to run away.
Yet, rending with enragèd thumb her tresses,
Her trembling mouth these unmeet sounds expresses;
" Oh, would in my forefathers' tomb deep laid
My bones had been, while yet I was a maid!
Why, being a vestal, am I woo'd to wed,
Deflower'd and stainèd in unlawful bed?
Why stay I? men point at me for a whore;

* *can any joy then feel*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had " *lætus* in ore videt."

Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more*."
This said, her coat hoodwink'd her fearful eyes†,
And into water desperately she flies.
'Tis said the slippery stream held up her breast,
And kindly gave her what she likèd best.
And I believe some wench thou hast affected;
But woods and groves keep your faults undetected.
While thus I speak, the waters more abounded‡,
And from the channel all abroad surrounded.
Mad stream, why dost our mutual joys defer?
Clown, from my journey why dost me deter?
How wouldst thou flow, wert thou a noble flood?
If thy great fame in every region stood?
Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountains§;
No certain house thou hast, nor any fountains;
Thy springs are nought but rain and melted snow,
Which wealth cold winter doth on thee bestow.
Either thou'rt muddy in mid-winter tide,
Or, full of dust, dost on the dry earth slide.
What thirsty traveller ever drunk of thee?

* *Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more*] This, Marlowe thought, was the meaning of what he found in his copy of Ovid,—"Desit *famosus*, qui notet ora, pudor."

† *her fearful eyes*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*timidis* . . . ocellis."

‡ *speak . . . abounded*] According to the tenses in the original.

§ *but com'st from snowy mountains*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "*nivibus* collecte caducis."

Who said with grateful voice "Perpetual be"?
Harmful to beasts and to the fields thou proves:
Perchance these others, me mine own loss moves.
To this I fondly* loves of floods† told plainly;
I shame so great names to have us'd so vainly.
I know not what expecting, I erewhile
Nam'd Achelöus, Inachus, and Nile‡.
But for thy merits I wish thee, white stream§,
Dry winters aye, and suns in heat extreme.

## ELEGIA VII.

Quod, ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.

EITHER‖ she was foul¶, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wish'd t'have had.
Idly I lay with her, as if I lov'd not**,
And, like a burden, griev'd the bed that mov'd not.
Though both of us perform'd our true intent,
Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant.
She on my neck her ivory arms did throw,
Her arms far whiter†† than the Scythian snow;

* *fondly*] "demens."

† *floods*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "floude."

‡ *Nile*] Old eds. "Ile."

§ *white stream*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*nunc* candide torrens."

‖ *Either*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Aut* non" in this line; and, in the next, "*Aut*, puto."

¶ *foul*] "non formosa."

** *lov'd not*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*louede* her *not*."

†† *Her arms far whiter, &c.*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "That

And eagerly she kiss'd me with her tongue,
And under mine her wanton thigh she flung;
Yea, and she sooth'd me up, and call'd me "Sir"*,
And us'd all speech that might provoke and stir.
Yet, like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
It mockèd me, hung down the head, and sunk.
Like a dull cypher or rude block I lay;
Or shade or body was I†, who can say?
What will my age do,—age I cannot shun‡,—
When§ in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that‖ being youthful, hot, and lusty,
I prove neither¶ youth nor man, but old and rusty.
Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies.
Yet boarded I the golden Chie** twice,
And Libas and the white-cheek'd Pitho thrice.
Corinna crav'd it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts we had†† before day-light.
What, waste my limbs through some Thessalian charms?

were as white as is *the Scithian snow*."—But "*Sithonid* nivê" means—*Thracian* snow.

* "*Sir*"] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "sire."—"Dominum."

† *I*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Io."

‡ *age I cannot shun*] Does not answer to "siquidem ventura."

§ *When*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Seeing."

‖ *that*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and."

¶ *neither*] Qy. "nor"?

** *Chie*] So our poet's copy of Ovid read (instead of "Chlide").

†† *we had*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "had we."

May* spells and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast† my joints?
And pierc'd my liver with sharp needles'‡ points?
Charms change corn to grass, and make it die;
By charms are running springs and fountains dry;
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees when there's no wind at all.
Why might not, then, my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint, as with some spirit haunted?
To this, add§ shame: shame to perform it quail'd me,
And was the second cause why vigour‖ fail'd me.
My idle thoughts delighted her no more
Than did the robe or garment which she wore¶.
Yet might her touch make youthful Pylius fire,
And Tithon livelier than his years require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vain:
What might I crave more, if I ask again?
I think the great gods griev'd they had bestow'd
The** benefit which lewdly I foreslow'd††.

* *May*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "Nay."

† *imbast*] Is this to be understood as *embasted*, or as *embased*, impaired, relaxed? The original has "Sagave pœniceâ defixit nomina cerâ?"

‡ *And . . . . . needles'*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Had . . . . . needle."

§ *add*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and."

‖ *vigour*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "rigor."

¶ *wore*] So eds. A, C.—Ed. B "more."

** *The*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "This."

†† *which lewdly I foreslow'd*] i. e. which basely I neglected to make use of. "Quo sum tam turpiter usus."

I wish'd to be receiv'd in,—in I get me*;
To kiss,—I kiss'd†; to lie with her,—she let me.
Why was I blest? why made king, to refuse‡ it?
Chuff-like, had I not gold, and could not use it?
So in a spring thrives he that told so much§,
And looks upon the fruits‖ he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so from a fresh young maid,
As she might straight have gone to church and pray'd?
Well I believe, she kiss'd not as she should,
Nor us'd the sleight and¶ cunning which she could.
Huge oaks, hard adamants might she have mov'd,
And with sweet words caus'[d] deaf rocks to have lov'd**.
Worthy she was to move both gods and men††,
But neither was I man nor‡‡ livèd then.
Can deaf ears§§ take delight when Phemius sings,
Or Thamyris‖‖ in curious-painted things?

* *receiv'd in,—in I get me*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "restored *in*, and *in I* got *me*."

† *kiss'd*] Old eds. "kisse."

‡ *to refuse*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and refusde."

§ *he that told so much*] i. e. Tantalus.—"taciti vulgator."

‖ *fruits*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "fruite."

¶ *and*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "nor."

** *lov'd*] So ed. A.—Ed. B "moned."—Ed. C "moved."

†† *both gods and men*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*divo*sque virosque."

‡‡ *nor*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "ne."

§§ *ears*] Ed. A "yeres."—Eds. B, C, "eare."

‖‖ *Thamyris*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "Thamyri*n*,"

What sweet thought is there but I had the same?
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
Drooping more than a rose pull'd yesterday.
Now, when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight.
Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
Seeing thou* wouldst deceive me as before.
Thou cozen'st me†: by thee surpris'd am I,
And bide sore loss‡ with endless infamy.
Nay, more, the wench did not disdain a whit
To take it in her hand, and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no means stand,
But still droop'd§ down, regarding not her hand,
"Why mock'st thou me?" she cried, "or, being ill,
Who bade thee lie down here against thy will?
Either thou'rt witch'd with blood of frogs‖ new-dead,
Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed."
With that, her loose gown on, from me she cast her;
In skipping out her naked feet much grac'd her;
And, lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
To cover it, spilt water on¶ the place.

instead of what we now find in the passage, "Thamyran." Either form is right.

* *Seeing thou*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*Seeing* now *thou*."

† *Thou cozen'st me*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Tu dominum fallis.

‡ *sore loss*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "great hurt."

§ *droop'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "dropt."

‖ *blood of frogs*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "venefica ranis."

¶ *on*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "in."

## ELEGIA VIII*.

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

WHAT man will now take liberal arts in hand†,
Or think soft verse in any stead to stand?
Wit was sometimes more precious than gold;
Now poverty great barbarism we hold.
When our books did my mistress fair content,
I might not go whither my papers went.
She prais'd me, yet the gate shut fast upon her;
I here and there go, witty with dishonour.
See, a rich chuff, whose wounds great wealth inferr'd,
For bloodshed knighted, before me preferr'd!
Fool‡, canst thou him in thy white arms embrace?
Fool, canst thou lie in his enfolding space?
Know'st not this§ head a helm was wont to bear?
This side, that serves thee, a sharp sword did wear.
His left hand, whereon gold doth ill alight,
A target bore; blood-sprinkled was his right.
Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lie[s] dead?
Ah, whither is thy breast's soft nature fled?
Behold the signs of ancient fight, his scars!

* *Elegia* VIII.] Not in ed. A.

† *take . . in hand*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*suscipit artes.*"

‡ *Fool*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had here "*stulta*, lacertis"; and, in the next line, "*amplexu, stulta, jacere* potes."

§ *this*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "his."—"caput hoc."

Whate'er he hath, his body gain'd in wars.
Perhaps he'll tell how oft he slew a man:
Confessing this, why dost thou touch him than*?
I, the pure priest of Phœbus and the Muses,
At thy deaf doors in verse sing my abuses.
Not what we slothful know†, let wise men learn,
But follow trembling camps and battles stern,
And, for a good verse, draw the first dart‡ forth:
Homer, without this, shall be nothing worth.
Jove; being admonish'd gold had sovereign power,
To win the maid came in a golden shower.
Till then, rough was her father, she severe,
The posts of brass, the walls of iron were.
But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
She held her lap ope to receive the same.
Yet when old Saturn heaven's rule possess'd,
All gain in darkness the deep earth suppress'd:
Gold, silver, iron's heavy weight, and brass,
In hell were harbour'd; here was found no mass.
But better things it gave, corn without ploughs,
Apples, and honey in oaks' hollow boughs:
With strong ploughshares no man the earth did cleave,
The ditcher no marks on the ground did leave;
Nor hanging oars the troubled seas did sweep,
Men kept the shore and sail'd not into deep.

* *than*] i. e. then.

† *know*] Old eds. "knew."

‡ *dart*] So ed. B. — Ed. C "darts." — Here our translator quite mistakes the meaning of "Proque bono versu primum deducite pilum."

Against thyself, man's nature, thou wert cunning,
And to thine own* loss was thy wit swift running.
Why gird'st thy cities with a towerèd wall,
Why lett'st discordant hands to armour fall?
What dost with seas? with th' earth thou wert content;
Why seek'st not heaven, the third realm, to frequent?
Heaven thou affects: with Romulus, temples brave,
Bacchus, Alcides, and now Cæsar have.
Gold from the earth, instead of fruits, we pluck;
Soldiers by blood to be enrich'd have luck.
Courts shut the poor out; wealth gives estimation;
Thence grows the judge and knight of reputation.
All they possess†; they govern fields, and laws;
They manage peace, and raw war's bloody jaws.
Only our loves let not such rich churls gain:
'Tis well, if some wench for the poor remain.
Now, Sabine-like, though chaste she seems to live,
One her‡ commands, who many things can give.
For me, she doth keeper and husband fear§:
If I should give, both would the house forbear.
If of scorn'd lovers god be venger just,
Oh, let him change goods so ill-got to dust!

* *thine own*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "thy one."

† *All they possess, &c.*] Very incorrectly rendered.

"Omnia possideant: illis Campusque Forumque
Serviat; hi pacem crudaque bella gerant."

‡ *her*] Old eds. "she."—Imperat ut captæ, qui dare multa potest."

§ *For me, she doth keeper and husband fear*] But the original is, "Me prohibet custos: in me timet illa maritum."

## Elegia IX*.

Tibulli mortem deflet.

If Thetis and the Morn their sons did wail,
And envious Fates great goddesses assail,
Sad Elegy†, thy woeful hairs unbind:
Ah, now a name too true thou hast I find!
Tibullus, thy work's poet, and thy fame,
Burns his dead body in the funeral flame.
Lo, Cupid brings his quiver spoilèd quite,
His broken bow, his firebrand without light!
How piteously with drooping wings he stands,
And knocks his bare breast with self-angry hands!,
The locks spread on his neck receive his tears,
And shaking sobs his mouth for speeches bears:
So at Æneas' burial, men report,
Fair-fac'd Iülus, he‡ went forth thy court:
And Venus grieves, Tibullus' life being spent,
As when the wild boar Adon's§ groin had rent.
The gods' care we are call'd, and men of piety,
And some there be that think we have a deity.
Outrageous death profanes all holy things,
And on all creatures obscure darkness brings.
To Thracian Orpheus what did parents good,

* *Elegia* IX.] Not in ed. A.
† *Elegy*] Ed. B "Eeliga."—Ed. C "Elegia."
‡ *he*] i. e. Cupid.
§ *Adon's*] So ed. B,—Ed. C "Adonis."

Or songs amazing wild beasts of the wood?
Where Linus*, by his father Phœbus laid,
To sing with his unequall'd harp is said.
See†, Homer, from whose fountain ever fill'd,
Pierian dew to poets is distill'd!
Him the last day in black Avern hath drown'd:
Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.
The work of poets lasts; Troy's labour's fame,
And that slow web night's falsehood did unframe.
So Nemesis, so Delia famous are;
The one his first love, th'other his new care.
What profit to us‡ hath our pure life bred?
What to have lain alone§ in empty bed?
When bad Fates take good men, I am forbod
By secret thoughts to think there is a god.
Live godly, thou shalt die; though honour heaven,
Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven:
Trust in good verse, Tibullus feels death's pains;
Scarce rests of all‖ what a small urn contains.
Thee¶, sacred poet, could sad flames destroy?

* *Where Linus, &c.*] Marlowe must have read "*Et Linus* in silvis"; but I know not what reading he followed in the remainder of the line. In the next line, his copy of Ovid had "Dicitur *invictâ* concinuisse lyrâ."

† *See*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Aspice* Mæonidem."

‡ *What profit to us, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Quid *nos* sacra juvant?"

§ *alone*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "above."

‖ *Scarce rests of all*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Vix manet e *toto*."

¶ *Thee*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "The."

Nor fearèd they thy body to annoy?
The holy gods' gilt temples they might fire,
That durst to so great wickedness aspire.
Eryx' bright empress turn'd her looks aside,
And some, that she refrain'd tears, have denied.
Yet better is't, than if Corcyra's isle
Had thee unknown interr'd in ground most vile.
Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose.
Part of her sorrow here thy sister bearing,
Comes forth, her unkeemb'd* locks asunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench join their kisses
With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.
Delia departing, "Happier lov'd," she saith,
"Was I: thou liv'd'st, while thou esteem'd'st my faith."
Nemesis answers, "What's my loss to thee?
His fainting hand in death engraspèd me."
If aught remains of us but name and spirit,
Tibullus doth Elysium's joy inherit.
Their youthful brows with ivy girt, to meet him,
With Calvus, learn'd Catullus comes and greet[s] him†;
And thou, if falsely charg'd to wrong thy friend,
Gallus, that car'd'st‡ not blood and life to spend.

* *unkeemb'd*] "inornatas."

† *comes and greet*[*s*] *him*] The original has "Obvius huic venias . . . cum Calvo, docte Catulle": but that here our translator did not write "learn'd Catullus, *come* and *greet* him," is proved by "*Their* youthful brows" in the preceding line.

‡ *car'd'st*] Old eds. "carst."

With these thy soul walks, souls if death release:
The godly sweet Tibullus doth increase*.
Thy bones, I pray, may in the urn safe rest,
And may th' earth's weight thy ashes nought molest!

## ELEGIA X†.

Ad Cererem, conquerens quod ejus sacris cum amica concumbere non permittatur.

COME were the times of Ceres' sacrifice;
In empty bed alone my mistress lies.
Golden-hair'd Ceres, crown'd with ears of corn,
Why are our pleasures by thy means forborne?
Thee, goddess, bountiful all nations judge,
Nor less at man's prosperity any grudge.
Rude husbandmen bak'd not their corn before,
Nor on the earth was known the name of floor‡.
On mast of oaks, first oracles, men fed;
This was their meat; the soft grass was their bed§.
First Ceres taught the seed in fields to swell,
And ripe-ear'd corn with sharp-edg'd scythes to fell;

* *The godly sweet Tibullus doth increase*] No one could possibly find out the meaning of this line without the assistance of the original: "Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios."

† *Elegia* X.] Not in ed A.

‡ *Nor on the earth was known the name of floor*] "Nec notum terris area nomen erat."

§ *This was their meat; the soft grass was their bed*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Hæc cibus; et teneri cespitis herba *torus*."

She first constrain'd bulls' necks to bear the yoke,
And untill'd ground with crookèd ploughshares broke,
Who thinks her to be glad at lovers' smart,
And worshipp'd by their pain and lying apart?
Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields,
A clown, nor no love from her warm breast yields:
Be witness Crete (nor Crete doth all things feign),
Crete proud that Jove her nursery maintain.*
There, he who rules the world's star-spangled towers,
A little boy, drunk teat-distilling showers.
Faith to the witness Jove's praise doth apply;
Ceres, I think, no known fault will deny.
The goddess saw Iasion*, on Candian Ide,
With strong hand striking wild beasts' bristled hide:
She saw, and, as her marrow took the flame,
Was divers ways distract with love and shame.
Love conquer'd shame: the furrows dry were burn'd,
And corn with least part of itself return'd;
When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,
Being fit-broken with the crookèd share,
And seeds were equally in large fields cast,
The ploughman's hopes were frustrate at the last.
The grain-rich goddess in high woods did stray†;
Her long hair's ear-wrought garland fell away.
Only was Crete fruitful that plenteous year;
Where Ceres went, each place was harvest there:

* *Iasion*] Marlowe must have intended this name (which is properly "Iäsion" or "Iäsius") to be pronounced "Jasion."

† *in high woods did stray*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "silvis *errabat* in altis."

Ida, the seat of groves, did sing with corn*,
Which by the wild boar in the woods was shorn.
Law-giving Minos did such years desire,
And wish'd the goddess long might feel love's fire.
Ceres, what sports to thee† so grievous were,
As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?
Why am I sad, when Proserpine is found,
And, Juno-like, with‡ Dis reigns under-ground?
Festival days ask Venus, songs, and wine;
These gifts are meet to please the powers divine.

## ELEGIA XI§.

Ad amicam, a cujus amore discedere non potest.

LONG have I borne much‖; mad thy faults me¶ make;
Dishonest Love, my wearied breast forsake!

* *did sing with corn*] Of all our translator's mistakes this is perhaps the oddest. "Ipse locus nemorum *canebat* frugibus Ide."

† *Ceres, what sports to thee, &c.*]
"Quod tibi secubitus tristes, Dea flava, fuissent;
Hoc cogor sacris nunc ego ferre tuis."
Here Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Qui* tibi," &c: and he seems to have thought that "secubitus" meant the same as "concubitus."

‡ *with*] So ed. B.—Not in ed. C.

§ *Elegia* XI.] Not in ed. A.

‖ *Long have I borne much*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Multa diu tuli" (against the metre: the right lection is "diuque").

¶ *me*] So ed. B.—Ed C. "we."

Now* have I freed myself, and fled the chain†,
And what I have borne, shame to bear again.
We vanquish, and tread tam'd Love under feet;
Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet‡.
Suffer, and harden: good grows by this grief;
Oft bitter juice brings to the sick relief.
I have sustain'd, so oft thrust from the door,
To lay my body on the hard moist floor.
I know not whom thou lewdly didst embrace,
When I to watch supplied a servant's place.
I saw when forth a tired lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is less than if he had seen me:
May that shame fall mine enemies' chance to be!
When have not I, fix'd to thy side, close lay'd?
I have thy husband, guard, and fellow play'd.
The people by my company she pleas'd§;
My love was cause that more men's‖ love she seiz'd.
What should I tell her vain tongue's filthy lies,
And, to my loss, god-wronging perjuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,

* *Now*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "Nor."

† *and fled the chain*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*fugique catenas.*"

‡ *Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet*] The original (which, I suspect, Marlowe did not understand here) has "Venerunt capiti cornua sera meo."

§ *by my company she pleas'd*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "per me *comitata placebat.*"

‖ *men's*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "men."

With privy signs, and talk dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sick, I thither ran;
But with my rival sick she was not than*.
These harden'd me, with what I keep obscure†:
Some other seek, who will these things endure.
Now my ship in the wishèd haven crown'd,
With joy‡ hears Neptune's swelling waters sound.
Leave thy once-powerful words, and flatteries;
I am not as I was before, unwise.
Now love and hate my light breast each way move;
But victory, I think, will hap to love.
I'll hate, if I can; if not, love 'gainst my will:
Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature;
I loathe her manners, love her body's feature.
Nor with thee, nor without thee, can I live,
And doubt to which desire the palm to give.
Or less fair, or less lewd, would thou mightst be!
Beauty with lewdness doth right ill agree.
Her deeds gain hate; her face entreateth love:
Ah, she doth more worth than her vices prove!
Spare me, oh, by our fellow bed, by all
The gods (who by thee to be perjur'd fall)§,

* *than*] i. e. then.

† *with what I keep obscure*] "et quæ taceo."

‡ *With joy, &c.*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Læta* tumescentes", &c.

§ (*who by thee to be perjur'd fall*)] "Qui *dant* fallendos se tibi sæpe" was the reading in the copy of Ovid used by Marlowe,—who mistranslates "fallendos."

And by thy face, to me a power divine,
And by thine eyes whose radiance burns out mine!
Whate'er thou art, mine art thou: choose this course,—
Wilt have me willing, or to love by force?
Rather I'll hoist up sail, and use the wind,
That I may love yet, though against my mind.

## ELEGIA XII*.

Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse ut rivales multos sibi pararit.

WHAT day was that†, which, all sad haps to bring,
White birds to lovers did not always sing?
Or is, I think, my wish against the stars‡?
Or shall I plain§ some god against me wars?
Who mine was call'd, whom I lov'd more than any,
I fear with me is common now to many.
Err I? or by my books‖ is she so known?

* *Elegia* XII.] Not in ed. A.

† *What day was that, &c*] Nothing can be worse than this translation of—

"Quis fuit ille dies, quo tristia semper amanti
Omina non albæ concinuistis aves?"

‡ *stars*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "starre."—An awkward version of a line, which stood thus in Marlowe's copy of Ovid,—"Quodve putem sidus nostris occurrere *votis*?"

§ *plain*] i. e. complain.

‖ *books*] Old eds. "lookes."—"an nostris innotuit illa libellis?"

'Tis so*; by my wit her abuse is grown.
And justly; for her praise why did I tell?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawd I play; lovers to her I guide;
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtful whether verse avail or harm:
Against my good they were an envious charm.
When Thebes, when Troy, when Cæsar should be writ,
Alone Corinna moves my wanton wit.
With Muse oppos'd, would I my lines had done,
And Phœbus had forsook my work begun!
Nor, as use will not poets' record hear,
Would I my words would any credit bear.
Scylla by us her father's rich hair steals,
And Scylla's womb mad raging dogs conceals.
We cause feet fly; we mingle hairs with snakes;
Victorious Perseus† a wing'd steed's back takes.
Our verse great Tityus a huge space out-spreads,
And gives the viper-curled dog three heads.
We make Enceladus use a thousand arms,
And men enthrall'd by mermaid's singing charms‡.
The east winds in Ulysses' bags we shut,

* *'Tis so*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Sic *est*."

† *Victorious Perseus*] "Victor Abantiades"; which has been explained to mean Bellerophon: but the probability is that Ovid alludes to Perseus; see Burm. ad l.

‡ *And men enthrall'd by mermaid's singing charms*] "Ambiguæ captos virginis ore viros." Here, perhaps, Ovid alludes to the Sphinx; see Burm. ad l.

And blabbing Tantalus in mid-waters put.
Niobe flint, Callist we make a bear;
Bird-changèd Progne doth her Itys tear*.
Jove turns himself into a swan, or gold,
Or his bull's horns Europa's hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, Thebes' first seed?
Oxen in whose mouths burning flames did breed?
Heaven-star, Electra, that bewail'd her sisters†?
The ships, whose god-head in the sea now glisters?
The sun turn'd back from Atreus' cursèd table?
And sweet-touch'd harp that to move stones was able?
Poets' large power is boundless and immense,
Nor have their words true history's pretence.
And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely prais'd,
Now your credulity harm to me hath rais'd.

## Elegia XIII‡.

### De Junonis festo.

When fruit-fill'd Tuscia should a wife give me,
We touch'd the walls, Camillus, won by thee.

* *Bird-changèd Progne doth her Itys tear*] Very unlike the original :—"Concinit Odrysium Cecropis ales Ityn."

† *Heaven-star, Electra, that bewail'd her sisters*] Whatever text our translator may have followed here, he has mistaken "electra" for a proper name, and made nonsense of the whole line. (The approved reading is, "Flere genis electra tuas, auriga, sorores?")

‡ *Elegia* XIII.] Not in ed. A.

The priests to Juno did prepare chaste feasts,
With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
To know their rites, well recompenc'd my* stay,
Though thither leads a rough steep hilly way.
There stands an old wood, with thick trees dark-clouded:
Who sees it, grants some deity there is shrowded.
An altar takes men's incense and oblation,
An altar made after the ancient fashion.
Here, when the pipe† with solemn tunes doth sound,
The annual pomp goes on the cover'd ground‡.
White heifers by glad people forth are led,
Which with the grass of Tuscan fields are fed,
And calves from whose fear'd front no threatening flies,
And little pigs, base hog-sties' sacrifice,
And rams with horns their hard heads wreathèd back;
Only the goddess hated goat did lack;.
By whom disclos'd, she in the high woods took,
Is said to have attempted flight forsook.
Now is the goat brought through the boys with darts§,
And give[n] to him that the first wound imparts.
Where Juno comes, each youth and pretty maid

* *my*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "may."

† *Here, when the pipe, &c*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Hic* ubi *personuit*", &c.

‡ *the cover'd ground*] "velatas . . . vias."

§ *Now is the goat brought through the boys with darts*] A very faulty translation of "Nunc quoque per pueros jaculis incessitur index."

Shew* large ways, with their garments there display'd.
Jewels and gold their virgin tresses crown,
And stately robes to their gilt feet hang down.
As is the use, the nuns in white† veils clad,
Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.
When the chief pomp comes, loud the people hollow;
And she her vestal virgin priests doth follow.
Such was the Greek pomp, Agamemnon dead;
Which fact‡ and country wealth Halesus fled;
And, having wander'd now through sea and land,
Built walls high-towerèd with a prosperous hand.
He to th' Hetrurians Juno's feast commended:
Let me and them by it be aye befriended.

## Elegia XIV.

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet.

Seeing thou art fair, I bar not thy false playing;
But let not me, poor soul, know§ of thy straying:
Nor do I give thee counsel to live chaste,
But that thou wouldst dissemble, when 'tis past.
She hath not trod‖ awry, that doth deny it:
Such as confess have lost their good names by it.

* *Shew*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Prætuerant* latas", &c.

† *in white*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "*in* their *white*."

‡ *fact*] "scelus" (the murder of Agamemnon).

§ *know*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "wit."

‖ *trod*] So eds. A, C.—Ed. B "tred."

What madness is't to tell night-pranks* by day,
And† hidden secrets openly to bewray?
The strumpet with the stranger‡ will not do,
Before the room be clear, and door put to.
Will you make shipwrack of your honest name,
And let the world be witness of the same?
Be more advis'd, walk as a puritan,
And I shall think you chaste, do what you can.
Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
And, before folk§, immodest speeches shun.
The bed is for lascivious toyings meet;
There use all tricks‖, and tread shame under feet.
When you are up and dress'd, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not asham'd to strip you, being there,
And mingle thighs, yours ever mine¶ to bear;
There in your rosy lips my tongue entomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come;
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime let the bed-stead creak.
But with your robes put on an honest face,
And blush, and seem as you were full of grace;
Deceive all; let me err, and think I'm right,
And, like a wittol, think thee void of slight.

* *night-pranks*] Ed. A "*night*-sports."—Eds. B, C, "*night*'s *prancks*."

† *And*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Or."

‡ *stranger*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "stanger."

§ *folk*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "people."

‖ *tricks*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "toyes."

¶ *yours ever mine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "mine euer yours."

Why see I lines so oft receiv'd and given?
This* bed and that by tumbling made uneven?
Like one start up, your hair toss'd and displac'd,
And with a wanton's tooth your neck new-ras'd?
Grant this, that what you do I may not see†;
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh me.
My soul fleets when I think what you have done,
And thorough‡ every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I must love, I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but, dead§, with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excus'd,
Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd.
Though, while the deed‖ be doing, you be took,
And I see when you ope the two-leav'd book,
Swear I was blind; deny¶, if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more than mine eyes.
From him that yields, the palm** is quickly got:
Teach but your tongue to say, "I did it not;"
And being justified by two words, think
The cause acquits†† you not, but I that‡‡ wink.

* *This, &c.*] So eds. A, B. — Ed. C "And *this*," &c. — But the original has "Cur pressus prior est interiorque torus?"

† *Grant this, that what you do I may not see*] Is not equivalent to "Tantum non oculos crimen deducis ad ipsos."

‡ *thorough*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "through."

§ *dead*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "dying."

‖ *deed*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "deedes."

¶ *deny*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "yeeld not."

** *palm*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "garland."

†† *acquits*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "acquites."

‡‡ *I that*] So eds. A, B. — Ed. C "that I." — At the end of this elegy ed. A has "C. Marlow."

## Elegia XV*.

Ad Venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.

Tender Loves' mother†, a new poet get;
This last end to my Elegies is set‡,
Which I, Peligny's foster-child, have fram'd,
Nor am I by such wanton toys defam'd;
Heir of an ancient house, if help that can,
Not only by war's rage made gentleman.
In Virgil Mantua joys; in Catull Verone;
Of me Peligny's nation boasts alone;
Whom liberty to honest arms compell'd,
When careful Rome in doubt their prowess held:
And some guest viewing watery Sulmo's walls,
Where little ground to be inclos'd befalls,
"How§ such a poet could you bring forth?" says;
"How small soe'er‖, I'll you for greatest praise."
Both Loves, to whom my heart long time did yield¶,
Your golden ensigns pluck** out of my field.

* *Elegia* XV.] Not in ed. A.

† *Tender Loves' mother*] "tenerorum mater Amorum."

‡ *This last end to my Elegies is set*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Traditur hæc* Elegis ultima *charta* meis."

§ *How*] Marlowe seems to have read here "*Qui*, tantum," &c.

‖ *soe'er*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "to erre."

¶ *Both Loves, to whom my heart long time did yield*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Culte puer, puerique parens *mihi tempore longo*" (instead of what we now read, "Amathusia culti").

** *pluck*] Old eds. "pluckt."

Horn'd Bacchus graver fury doth distil;
A greater ground with great horse is to till.
Weak Elegies, delightful Muse*, farewell;
A work that, after my death, here shall dwell.

* *Weak Elegies, delightful Muse*] "Imbelles Elegi, genialis Musa."

# EPIGRAMS

BY

J. D.

Three editions of the volume, of which these *Epigrams* form a portion, have been already described at p. 106. There, however, I have given a somewhat inaccurate description of the earliest of those editions,—the only copy which I had seen having been wrongly done up by the binder. The true description of that very rare edition (as I find from a recent examination of Bindley's copy, now in the British Museum) should run thus:

*Epigrammes and Elegies. By J. D. and C. M. At Middleborugh.* This title-page is followed by the "Epigrammata" and some verses headed "Ignoto." Next comes a second title-page, *Certaine of Ovids Elegies. By C. Marlow. At Midleborugh,—n. d. 12mo.*

The first of these title-pages (which is a *general* one) certainly does not mean that the *Epigrammes and Elegies* were joint-compositions of *J. D. and C. M.*; but that the *Epigrammes* were written *by J. D.* and the *Elegies* translated *by C. M.* (In the later editions their respective contributions to the volume are distinctly stated.)

*J. D.* are the initials of John (afterwards Sir John) Davies, author of the well known and excellent poem, *Nosce Teipsum*, &c. For more on this subject, see the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*

# EPIGRAMS BY J. D.*

## Ad Musam. I.

Fly, merry Muse**, unto that merry town,
Where thou mayst plays, revels, and triumphs see;
The house of fame, and† theatre of renown,
Where all good wits and spirits love*** to be.
Fall in between their hands that praise and love thee‡,
And be to them a laughter and a jest:
But as for them which§ scorning shall reprove‖ thee,
Disdain their wits, and think thine¶ own the best.

* *Epigrams by J. D.*] *MS. Harleian* 1836 contains a collection of Epigrams, among which are found all the present *Epigrams*, with the exception of the 8th, 12th, 14th, 20th, 46th, 47th, and 48th. That MS. has helped me to several important corrections of the text, and in the 40th *Epigram* has supplied two lines which were necessary to complete a stanza. Though it is of a date considerably posterior to the first appearance in print of *Epigrams by J. D.*, perhaps all the pieces which it exhibits are from the pen of Davies.

** *Muse*] So eds.—MS. "newes."

† *and*] So eds.—MS. "the."

*** *love*] So eds.—MS. "loues."

‡ *praise and love thee*] Eds. (against the rhyme) "loue and praise thee."—MS. "seeme to *loue thee.*"

§ *them which*] So eds.—MS. "those that."

‖ *reprove*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "approue."

¶ *thine*] So eds.—MS. "thy."

But if thou find any so gross and dull,
That thinks* I do to private taxing† lean,
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
And knows not what an epigram doth‡ mean,
Which taxeth**, under a particular§ name,
A general vice which merits public blame.

## Of a Gull. II.

Oft in my laughing rhymes I name a gull;
But this new term will‖ many questions breed;
Therefore at first I will express¶ at full,
Who is a true and perfect gull indeed.
A gull is he who*** fears a velvet gown,
And, when a wench is brave††, dares not speak to her;
A gull is he which‡‡ traverseth the town,
And is for marriage known a common wooer;

* *thinks*] So MS.—Eds. "thinke."

† *private taxing*] i. e. censuring of individuals. So eds.—MS. "*priuate* talkinge."—Compare the Induction to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*;

"Fly far from hence
All *private taxes!*", &c.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, ii, 136, ed. Dyce.

‡ *doth*] So MS.—Eds. "does."

** *taxeth*] So eds.—MS. "carrieth."

§ *particular*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. A "peculiar."

‖ *will*] So eds.—MS. "may."

¶ *Therefore . . . . express*] So eds.—MS. "Wherefore . . . . disclose."

*** *who*] So eds.—MS. "that."

†† *brave*] i. e. fine, richly dressed.

‡‡ *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

A gull is he which*, when† he proudly wears
A silver-hilted rapier by his side,
Endures the lie‡ and knocks about the ears,
Whilst§ in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide;
A gull is he which‖ wears good handsome clothes,
And stands in presence stroking up his hair¶,
And fills** up his unperfect speech with oaths,
But speaks not one wise word throughout the year:
But, to define a gull in terms†† precise,—
A gull is he which‡‡ seems and is not wise§§.

* *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

† *when*] So MS.—Eds. "while" (but we have "Whilst" in the closing line of this stanza).

‡ *lie*] So MS.—Eds. "lies."

§ *Whilst*] So eds.—MS. "While."

‖ *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

¶ *hair*] So eds.—MS. "heade."

** *fills*] So eds.—MS. "filleth."

†† *terms*] So eds.—MS. "words."

‡‡ *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

§§ *is not wise*] To this epigram there is an evident allusion in the following one;

"To Candidus.

"Friend Candidus, thou often doost demaund
What humours men by gulling understand.
Our English Martiall hath full pleasantly
In his close nips describde a gull to thee:
I'le follow him, and set downe my conceit
What a gull is—oh, word of much receit!
He is a gull whose indiscretion
Cracks his purse-strings to be in fashion;
He is a gull who is long in taking roote,
In barraine soyle where can be but small fruite;

## In Rufum. III.

Rufus the courtier, at the theatre,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage* himself transfer,
Or through a grate† doth shew his double‡ face,
For that the clamorous fry of§ Inns of Court
Fills up the private rooms of greater‖ price,
And such a place where all may have¶ resort
He in his singularity doth despise.
Yet doth not his particular humour shun
The common stews and brothels of the town,

> He is a gull who runnes himselfe in debt
> For twelue dayes' wonder, hoping so to get;
> He is a gull whose conscience is a block
> Not to take interest, but wastes his stock;
> He is a gull who cannot haue a whore,
> But brags how much he spends upon her score;
> He is a gull that for commoditie
> Payes tenne times ten, and sells the same for three;
> He is a gull who, passing finicall,
> Peiseth each word to be rhetoricall;
> And, to conclude, who selfe-conceitedly
> Thinks al men guls, ther's none more gull then he."
>
> Guilpin's *Skialetheia, &c*, 1598, *Epig.* 20.

* *either to the stage*] See note on *Epigram* xxviii.

† *through a grate*] Malone has cited this passage (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, iii. 81), and, if he explains it rightly, the allusion is to one of the two boxes (sometimes called *private boxes*), which were situated on each side of the balcony or upper stage.

‡ *double*] So eds.—MS. "doubtfull."

§ *fry of*] So eds.—MS. "cry *of* the."

‖ *greater*] So eds.—MS. "greatest."

¶ *may have*] So eds.—MS. "men *may*."

Though all the world in troops do* thither run,
Clean and unclean, the gentle and the clown:
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhor
A common seat, that loves a common whore?

## In Quintum. IV.

Quintus the dancer useth evermore
His feet in measure and in rule to move:
Yet on a time he call'd his mistress *whore*,
And thought† with that sweet word to win her love.
Oh, had his tongue like to his feet been taught,
It‡ never would have utter'd such a thought!

## In Plurimos §. V.

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus‖,
With Gella, Lesbia¶, Thais, Rhodope**,
Rode all to Stains††, for no cause serious,
But for their mirth and for their lechery.
Scarce were they settled in their lodging‡‡, when

* *do*] So eds.—MS. "did."

† *And thought*] So eds.—MS. "Thinkinge."

‡ *It*] So eds.—MS. "Hee."

§ *In Plurimos*] So eds.—MS. "*In* meritriculas [sic] Londinensis."

‖ *Faustinus . . . Cinna, Ponticus*] So eds.—MS. "Fautinus .... Cuma, Pontinus."

¶ *Lesbia*] So eds.—MS. "Lisba."

** *Rhodope*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "Rodpe."

†† *Stains*] So eds.—MS. "Ware."

‡‡ *their lodging*] So eds.—MS. "3 lodgings."

Wenches with wenches, men with men fell* out,
Men with their wenches, wenches with their† men;
Which straight dissolv'd** this ill-assembled rout‡.
But since the devil brought them thus§ together,
To my discoursing‖ thoughts it is a wonder,
Why presently as¶ soon as they came thither,
The self-same devil did them part asunder.
Doubtless, it seems, it was a foolish devil,
That thus did*** part them ere they did some evil.

## In Titum. VI.

Titus, the brave and valorous†† young gallant,
Three years together in this‡‡ town hath been;
Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb he hath not seen,
Nor the new water-work, nor the elephant.
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,—
He hath been in the Counter all this|||| while.

* *fell*] So eds.—MS. "falle."
† *their . . . . . their*] So eds.—Not in MS.
** *dissolv'd*] So MS.—Eds. "dissolues."
‡ *rout*] i. e. rabble, set.
§ *thus*] So eds.—MS. "first."
‖ *discoursing*] So eds.—MS. "discerninge."
¶ *as*] So eds.—MS. "so."
*** *thus did*] So eds.—MS. "straight would."
†† *valorous*] So eds.—MS. "valient."
‡‡ *this*] So eds.—MS. "the."
|||| *this*] So eds.—MS. "the."

## In Faustum. VII.

Faustus, nor* lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
To every place about the town doth ride;
He rides into the fields plays to behold,
He rides to take boat at the water-side,
He rides to Paul's†, he rides to th' ordinary,
He rides unto the house of bawdry too:
Thither his horse so often doth him‡ carry,
That shortly he will quite§ forget to go.

## In Katam‖ VIII.

Kate, being pleas'd, wish'd that her pleasure could
Endure as long as a buff-jerkin would.
Content thee, Kate; although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasure's place like a buff-jerkin lasteth,
For no buff-jerkin hath been oftener worn,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

## In Librum. IX.

Liber doth vaunt how chastely he hath liv'd
Since he hath been in town, seven years¶ and more,

* *nor*] So MS.—Eds. "not."

† *Paul's*] Eds. A, B, "Powles."—Ed. C "Paules."—MS. "Powels." (But in *Ep.* xx. ed. A has "Paules").

‡ *so often doth him*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "doth him so often."—MS. "so often him doth."

§ *quite*] So eds.—Not in MS.

‖ *In Katam*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.

¶ *been in town seven years*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "bin seauen yeare in towne."—MS. "knowen this *towne* 7 *yeares*."

For that he swears he hath four only swiv'd,
A maid, a wife*, a widow, and a whore:
Then, Liber, thou hast swiv'd all womenkind,
For a fifth sort, I know, thou canst not find.

## In Medontem. X.

Great Captain Medon wears a chain of gold
Which at five hundred crowns is valuèd,
For that it was his grandsire's** chain of old,
When great King Henry Boulogne conquerèd.
And wear it, Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou, by virtue of this† massy chain,
A stronger town than Boulogne mayst subdue,
If wise men's saws be not reputed‡ vain;
For what said Philip king of Macedon?
"There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an ass laden with gold come§ on,
The guard will stoop, and gates fly open wide."

## In Gellam. XI.

Gella, if thou dost love thyself, take heed
Lest thou my rhymes‖ unto thy lover read;
For straight thou grinn'st¶, and then thy lover seeth
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

* *A maid, a wife*] So eds.—MS. "A wife, a made."
** *grandsire's*] So eds.—MS. "fathers."
† *virtue of this*] So eds.—MS. "wearing *of* that."
‡ *reputed*] So eds.—MS. "accounted."
§ *come*] So MS.—Eds. "comes."
‖ *rhymes*] So eds.—MS. "lynes."
¶ *grinn'st*] So eds.—MS. "laughest."

## In Quintum*. XII.

Quintus his wit† infus'd into his brain,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feet;
And there it wanders up and down the street‡,
Dabbled in the dirt, and soakèd in the rain.
Doubtless his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head, to travel in the mire.

## In Severum. XIII.

The puritan Severus oft doth read
This§ text, that doth pronounce vain speech‖ a sin,—
"That thing defiles a man, that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters¶ in."
Hence is it** that we seldom hear him swear;
And thereof††, like‡‡ a Pharisee, he vaunts:
But he devours more capons in a§§ year,
Than would suffice an‖‖ hundred protestants.

* *In Quintum*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.
† *Quintus his wit*] i. e. Quintus's wit.
‡ *street*] Eds. "streetes."
§ *This*] So eds.—MS. "His."
‖ *speech*] So eds.—MS. "wordes."
¶ *enters*] So eds.—MS. "entereth."
** *is it*] So eds.—MS. "it is."
†† *thereof*] So eds.—MS. "therefore."
‡‡ *like*] So Ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "as."
§§ *a*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "one."
‖‖ *an*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "a."—MS. "one."

And, sooth, those sectaries* are gluttons all,
As well the thread-bare cobbler as the knight;
For those poor slaves which have not wherewithal,
Feed† on the rich, till they devour them quite;
And so, like‡ Pharaoh's kine, they eat up clean
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be§ lean.

## In Leucam‖. XIV.

Leuca in presence once a fart did let;
Some laugh'd a little; she forsook¶ the place;
And, mad with shame, did eke** her glove forget,
Which she return'd to fetch with bashful grace;
And when she would have said "my glove,"††
"My fart," quod‡‡ she; which did more laughter move.

## In Macrum. XV.

Thou canst not speak yet***, Macer; for to speak,
Is to distinguish sounds significant:

* *those sectaries*] So eds.—MS. "these scituaries."
† *Feed*] So eds.—MS. "Eate."
‡ *like*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "as."
§ *be fat, yet still themselves be*] So eds.—MS. "are *fatt, yett* they *themselues* are."
‖ *In Leucam*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.
¶ *forsook*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "refus'd."
** *eke*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "then."
†† "*my glove*"] Something has dropt out of this line.
‡‡ *quod*] i. e. quoth.
*** *yet*] So eds.—MS. "of."

Thou with harsh noise the air dost* rudely break;
But what thou utter'st common sense doth want,—
Half-English words†, with fustian terms among,
Much like the burden of a northern song.

## In Faustum. XVI.

"That youth," saith Faustus, "hath a lion‡ seen,
Who from a§ dicing-house comes moneyless."
But when he lost his hair, where had he been?
I doubt‖ me, he¶ had seen a lioness.

## In Cosmum. XVII.

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head
Than Jove when Pallas issu'd from his brain;
And still he strives to be deliverèd
Of all his thoughts at once; but all in vain;
For, as we see at all the** playhouse-doors,
When ended is the play, the dance, and song,
A thousand townsmen, gentlemen, and whores,
Porters, and serving-men, together throng,—

* *harsh noise the air dost*] So eds.—MS. (nonsensically) "horse nor sea *the ayre* doth."

† *words*] So eds.—MS. "termes."

‡ *a lion*] So eds.—MS. "the lions."

§ *Who from a*] So eds.—MS. "Which *from* the."

‖ *doubt*] So eds.—MS. "feare."

¶ *he*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Not in ed. A.

** *at all the*] So eds.—MS. "that *att the*."

So thoughts of drinking, thriving*, wenching, war†,
And borrowing money, ranging‡ in his mind,
To issue all at§ once so forward are,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

## In Flaccum. XVIII.

The false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gave;
The more fool I‖ to bribe so false a knave:
But he gave back my¶ bribe; the more fool he,
That for my folly did not cozen me.

## In Cineam. XIX.

Thou‖‖, doggèd Cineas, hated like a dog,
For still thou grumblest like a masty** dog,
Compar'st thyself to nothing but a dog;
Thou say'st thou art as weary as a dog,
As angry, sick, and hungry as a dog,
As dull and melancholy as a dog,
As lazy, sleepy, idle†† as a dog.
But why dost thou compare thee to a dog

* *drinking, thriving*] So eds.—MS. "thrivinge, drinckinge."

† *wenching, war*] So eds.—MS. "*wenchinge* ware" (qy. if rightly?).

‡ *ranging*] So MS.—Eds. "raging."

§ *at*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "a."

‖ *The more fool I*] So eds.—MS. "*I* was a *foole*."

¶ *my*] So eds.—MS. "the."

‖‖ *Thou*] So eds.—MS. "Thous."

** *masty*] i. e. mastiff.

†† *sleepy, idle*] So MS.—Eds. "*sleepie* and as *idle*."

In that for which all men despise a dog?
I will compare thee better to a dog;
Thou art as fair and* comely as a dog,
Thou art as true and honest as a dog,
Thou art as kind and liberal as a dog,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dog.
But, Cineas, I have often† heard thee tell,
Thou art as like‡ thy father as may be:
'Tis like enough; and, faith, I like it§ well;
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

## In Gerontem‖. XX.

Geron his¶ mouldy memory corrects
Old Holinshed our famous chronicler
With moral rules, and policy collects
Out of all actions done these fourscore year**;
Accounts the time of every old event,
Not from Christ's birth, nor from the prince's reign,
But from some other famous accident,
Which in men's general notice doth remain,—
The siege of Boulogne, and the plaguy sweat,
The going to Saint Quintin's and New-haven,

* *and*] So eds.—MS. "as."

† *often*] So MS.—Eds. A, B, "oft."—Ed. C omits the word.

‡ *Thou art as like*] So eds.—MS. "That *thou art like.*"

§ *'Tis . . . . it*] So eds.—MS. "Its . . . thee."

‖ *In Gerontem*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.

¶ *Geron his*] i. e. Geron's (compare the first line of *Epigram* xii).—Ed. A "Geron."—Eds. B, C, "Gerons."

** *year*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "yeares."

The rising in the north, the frost so great,
That cart-wheel prints on Thamis' * face were seen,
The fall of money, and burning of Paul's† steeple,
The blazing star, and Spaniards' overthrow;
By these events, notorious to the people,
He measures times, and things forepast doth show:
But most of all, he chiefly reckons by
A private chance,—the death of his curst‡ wife;
This is to him the dearest memory,
And th' happiest accident of all his life.

## In Marcum. XXI.

When Marcus comes from Mins'§, he still doth swear,
By "come on seven||", that¶ all is lost and gone:
But that's not true**; for he hath lost his hair,
Only for that he came too much on one††.

* *Thamis'*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A, "Thames."

† *Paul's*] So eds. A, C.—Ed. B "Powles."

‡ *curst*] i. e. ill-natured.

§ *from Mins'*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "*from* Minnes."—MS. "for newes."—*Mins'* (which perhaps should be written *Min's*) is, I presume, the name of some person who kept an ordinary where gaming was practised.

|| *on seven*] So eds. B, C; and MS. (which has the not unusual spelling, "one" for "*on*").—Ed. A "a *seauen*."

¶ *that*] So eds.—Not in MS.

** *true*] So eds.—MS. "so."

†† *came too much on one*] Eds. "*came too much* at *one*" (nor wrongly, if in the second line we read "at *seven*," for which "a *seauen*" of ed. A is most probably a misprint).—MS. "comes *to much one* [i. e. *on*] *one*."

## In Cyprium. XXII.

The fine youth Cyprius is more terse and neat
Than the new garden of the Old Temple is;
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this;
He wears a hat now of the flat-crown block*,
The treble ruff†, long cloak, and doublet French;
He takes tobacco, and doth wear a lock,
And wastes more time in dressing than a wench.
Yet this new-fangled youth, made for these‡ times,
Doth, above all, praise old George§ Gascoigne's rhymes.

## In Cineam. XXIII.

When Cineas comes amongst his friends in morning,
He slyly looks‖ who first his cap doth move:
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for ever they¶ had lost his love.
I, knowing** how it doth the humour fit
Of this fond†† gull to be saluted first,

* *block*] i. e. form, fashion (properly, the wood on which the crown of the hat is moulded).

† *ruff*] So MS.—Eds. "ruffes."

‡ *these*] So eds.—MS. "this."

§ *George*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Not in ed. A.

‖ *looks*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "spies."—MS. "notes."

¶ *they*] So eds.—MS. "hee."

** *knowing*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "seeing."

†† *fond*] i. e. foolish.

Catch at my cap, but move it not* a whit:
Which he perceiving†, seems for** spite to burst.
But, Cineas, why expect*** you more of me
Than I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality,
For vault, and dance, and fence‡, and rhyme I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tell me;
Indeed, friend Cineas, therein you excel me§.

## In Gallum. XXIV.

Gallus hath been this summer-time‖ in Friesland,
And now, return'd, he speaks such warlike words,
As, if I could their English understand,
I fear me they would cut my throat like swords;
He talks of counter-scarfs¶, and casamates‖‖‖,
Of parapets, curtains, and palisadoes††;

* *not*] So eds.—MS. "never."

† *Which he perceiving*] So MS.—Ed. A "*Which perceiuing he.*"—Eds. B, C, "*Which* to *perceiuing he.*"

** *for*] So eds.—MS. "with."

*** *expect*] So eds.—MS. "respect."

‡ *vault, and dance, and fence*] So eds.—MS. "vaute and fence and daunce."

§ *excel me*] MS. adds, unnecessarily,—

"You keepe a whore att your [own] charge in towne;
Indeede, frend Ceneas, there you put me downe."

‖ *summer-time*] So eds.—MS. "sommer."

¶ *counter-scarfs*] i. e. counter-scarps,—a spelling frequent in old writers. So eds.—MS. "counterscapes."

‖‖‖ *casamates*] Eds. "casomates."—MS. "cassamates."

†† *Of parapets, curtains, and palisadoes*] Eds. "*Of parapets,* of curteneys, *and pallisadois.*"—MS. "*Of* parapelets, *curtens, and* passadoes."

Of flankers, ravelins, gabions* he prates,
And of false-brays†, and ‡ sallies, and scaladoes.
But§, to requite such gulling terms as these,
With words of my profession I‖ reply;
I tell of fourching, vouchers, and¶ counterpleas,
Of withernams**, essoins, and champarty.
So, neither of us understanding either††,
We part as wise as when‡‡ we came together.

* *Of flankers, ravelins, gabions*] So eds.—MS. "*Of* ffranckers, *ravelinges*, and *gabions*."

† *false-brays*] i. e. counter-breast-works, mounds raised to mask some part of the works. So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "*false* baits."

‡ *and*] So eds.—MS. " of."—With this passage compare the following lines;

" See Captaine Martio, he i'th' ' Renounce me ' band,
That in the middle region doth stand
Wo' th' reputation steele! Faith, lets remoue
Into his ranke (if such discourse you loue):
Hee'l tell of basilisks, trenches, retires,
Of pallizadoes, parepets, frontires,
Of caluerins, and baricadoes too,
What to bee harquebazerd, to lye in perdue," &c.

Fitzgeoffrey's *Notes from Black-Fryers*, Sig. E 7, — a portion of the vol. entitled *Certain Elegies*, &c., ed. 1620.

§ *But*] So eds.—MS. " And."

‖ *I*] So eds.—MS. " to."

¶ *fourching . . . . and*] So eds.—MS. " forginge . . . . . of."

** *withernams*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. C " withermans."

†† *either*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, " one an other."—MS. " other."

‡‡ *wise as when*] So eds.—MS. " wisely *as*."

## In Decium*. XXV.

Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made;
But poet Decius, more audacious far,
Making his mistress march with men of war,
With title of "Tenth Worthy"† doth her lade.
Methinks that gull did use his terms as fit,
Which‡ term'd his love "a giant for her wit."

* *In Decium*] Jonson told Drummond "That S. J. Davies played in ane Epigrame on Draton's, who, in a sonnet, concluded his mistriss might been the Ninth [Tenth] Worthy; and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in [Sir P. Sidney's] Arcadia, who said, For wit his Mistresse might be a gyant." *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 15, ed. Shakespeare Soc. The sonnet by Drayton, which our author here ridicules, is as follows;

"*To the Celestiall Numbers.*

"Vnto the World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three Nines there are, to euery one a Nine,
One Number of the Earth, the other both Diuine;
One Woman now makes three odde Numbers euen:
Nine Orders first of Angels be in Heauen,
Nine Muses doe with Learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer Resident;
Nine Worthy Ones vnto the World were giuen:
My Worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse one Muse vnto the Nine,
And my good Angell (in my soule Diuine)
With one more Order these Nine Orders gladdeth;
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angell, then,
Makes euery one of these three Nines a Ten."

*Idea, Sonnet* 18, ed. 8vo, n. d.

† *Tenth Worthy*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*tenth* worthlie."—MS. "ten worthies."

‡ *Which*] So eds.—MS. "That."

## In Gellam. XXVI.

If Gella's beauty be examinèd,
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
An* ill-shap'd face, with morphew overspread,
And rotten teeth, which she in laughing shows;
Briefly, she is the filthiest wench in town,
Of all that do the art of whoring use:
But when she hath put on her satin gown,
Her cut† lawn apron, and her velvet shoes,
Her green silk stockings, and her petticoat
Of taffaty, with golden fringe around,
And is withal perfum'd‡ with civet hot§,
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound,—
Yet she with these additions is no more
Than a sweet, filthy, fine, ill-favour'd whore.

## In Syllam. XXVII.

Sylla is often challeng'd to the field,
To answer, like‖ a gentleman, his foes:
But then he doth this¶ only answer yield**,—
That he hath livings and fair lands to lose.
Sylla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The king of Spain would put us all in fear.

* *An*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. C "And."
† *cut*] So MS.—Eds. "out."
‡ *perfum'd*] So eds. A, C; and MS.—Ed. B "perfund."
§ *hot*] So eds.—MS. "sweete."
‖ *like*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "as."
¶ *then he doth this*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "when *doth he* his."—MS. "*he doth* all *this*."
** *yield*] So eds.—MS. "make."

## In Syllam. XXVIII.

Who dares affirm that Sylla dares* not fight?
When I dare swear† he dares adventure more
Than the most valiant and all-daring‡ wight§
That ever arms with resolution bore;
He that dares‖ touch the most unwholesome whore
That ever was retir'd into the spittle,
And dares court¶ wenches standing at a door
(The portion of his wit being passing little);
He that dares give his dearest friends offences,
Which other valiant fools do fear to do,
And, when a fever doth confound his senses,
Dares** eat raw beef, and drink strong wine thereto;
He that dares take tobacco on the stage††,
Dares man a whore at noon-day through the street,
Dares dance in Paul's‡‡, and in this formal age

* *dares*] So MS.—Eds. "dare" (but compare the last line of this *Ep.*).

† *swear*] So eds.—MS. "say."

‡ *valiant and all-daring*] So MS.—Ed. A "braue, most *all daring.*"—Eds. B, C, "braue *and all-daring.*"

§ *wight*] So eds.—MS. "knight."

‖ *dares*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "dare."

¶ *And dares court, &c.*] MS. omits this and the next line.

** *Dares*] So MS.—Eds. "Dare."

†† *He that dares take tobacco on the stage*] Probably most readers are aware that it was formerly the custom of gallants to smoke tobacco on the stage, during the performance, either lying on the rushes, or sitting upon hired stools.

‡‡ *Paul's*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A, and MS. "Powles."

Dares say and do* whatever is unmeet;
Whom fear of shame could never yet affright,
Who dares affirm that Sylla dares not fight?

## In Heywodum. XXIX.

Heywood, that did in epigrams† excel,
Is now put down since my light Muse arose;

* *say and do*] So eds.—MS. "doe and say."

† *that did in epigrams*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "which *in epigrams did*."—The *Epigrams* of John Heywood are well known.—An allusion to this epigram of Davies occurs in Sir John Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596; "This Haywood for his proverbs and epigrams is not yet put down by any of our country, though one [*Marginal note*, M. Davies] doth indeed come near him, that graces him the more in saying he puts him down." p. 41, ed. 1814. (In the same work we find, "But, as my good friend M. Davies said of his epigrams, that they were made, like doublets in Birchin-lane, for every one whom they will serve," &c., p. 133.) So too in Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, &c., 1598;

"Heywood goes downe, saith Dauis, sikerly;
And downe he goes, I can it not deny:
But were I happy, did not fortune frowne,
Were I in heart, I would sing Dauy downe."

*Lib.* ii. *Ep.* 15.

*Ad Johannem Dauis.*

"If witt may make a poet, as I gesse,
Heywood with auncient poets may I [*sic*] compare.
But thou in word and deed hast made him lesse
In his owne wit: hauing yet learning spare.
The goate doth hunt the grasse, the wolfe the goat,
The lyon hunts the wolfe, by proofe we see.
Heywood sang others downe, but thy sweete note,
Dauis, hath sang him downe, and I would thee.

As buckets are put down into a well,
Or as a school-boy putteth down his hose*.

## In Dacum†. XXX.

Amongst the poets Dacus number'd is,
Yet could he never‡ make an English rhyme:
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,
Which have been spoken many an hundred§ time;
The man that keeps the elephant hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders‖ of the beast;
Another Banks pronouncèd long agone¶,
When he his curtal's** qualities express'd:

> Then be not mou'de, nor count it such a sinn,
> To will in thee what thou hast donn in him."
> *Id. Lib.* iii. *Ep.* 3.

Compare also Freeman's *Rubbe and a great Cast*, 1614;

> " Heywood wrote Epigrams, so did Dauis;
> Reader, thou doubst [*sic*] *vtrum horum mauis*:
> But vnto mine, whose vaine is no better,
> Thou wilt not subscribe *Religetur, ametur*."
> *Sec. Part, Ep.* 100.

* *hose*] i. e. breeches.

† *In Dacum*] See note on *Epigram* XLV.

‡ *could he never*] So eds.—MS. " never could hee,"

§ *many an hundred*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A " *many* a," &c. —MS. " *many* thousand."

‖ *wonders*] So eds.—MS. " wonder."

¶ *agone*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A " agoe."

** *curtal's*] i. e. horse's (the word means properly—a docked horse). So much may be found in various books concerning Banks and his wonderful horse, that any account of them is unnecessary here.

He first taught him that keeps the monuments
At Westminster, his formal tale to say,
And also him which* puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play.
Though all his poetry be like to this,
Amongst† the poets Dacus‡ number'd is.

## In Priscum. XXXI.

When Priscus, rais'd from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in§ pompous jollity,
Caius, his poor familiar friend‖ of late,
Bespake¶ him thus, "Sir, now you know not me."
"Tis** likely, friend," quoth Priscus, "to be so,
For at this time myself I do not know."

## In Brunum. XXXII.

Brunus, which deems†† himself a fair‡‡ sweet youth,
Is nine and thirty§§ years of age at least;

* *which*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "with."
† *Amongst*] So eds.—MS. "Amonge."
‡ *Dacus*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Not in ed. A.
§ *street in*] So eds.—MS. "streetes with."
‖ *Caius, his poor familiar friend*] So eds.—MS. "Leaues *his poore familier* frends."
¶ *Bespake*] So eds.—MS. "Bespeakes."
** *'Tis*] So eds.—MS. "Its."
†† *deems*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A, and MS. "thinkes."
‡‡ *fair*] So eds.—MS. "fine."
§§ *nine and thirty*] So MS., except that it has "thirtith."—Eds. "thirtie nine."

Yet was he never, to confess the truth,
But a dry starveling when he was at best.
This gull was sick to shew his nightcap fine,
And his wrought pillow overspread with lawn;
But hath* been well since his grief's cause hath line†
At Trollop's, by Saint Clement's Church, in‡ pawn.

## In Francum. XXXIII.

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods, and strips himself stark naked;
For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before,
By whipping of the wench, it be awakèd §.
I envy him not, but wish I‖ had the power
To make myself his wench but one half-hour.

## In Castorem. XXXIV.

Of speaking well why do we learn the skill,
Hoping thereby honour and wealth to gain?
Sith¶ railing Castor doth, by speaking ill,
Opinion of much wit, and gold obtain.

* *But hath*] So eds.—MS. "*But* he *hath*."
† *line*] i. e. lien, lain.
‡ *in*] So eds.—MS. "at."
§ *the wench, it be awakèd*] So eds. —MS. "his *wench, it* may *be* waked."
‖ *I*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "he."
¶ *Sith*] i. e. Since.

## In Septimium. XXXV.

Septimius* lives, and is like garlic seen,
For though his head be white, his† blade is green.
This old mad colt deserves a martyr's praise,
For he was burnèd in Queen Mary's days.

## Of Tobacco. XXXVI.

Homer of Moly and Nepenthe‡ sings;
Moly, the gods' most sovereign herb divine,
Nepenthe, Helen's§ drink, which‖ gladness brings,
Heart's grief expels, and doth the wit¶ refine.
But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an herb of heavenly power is brought;
Moly is not so sovereign for a wound,
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought.
It is tobacco, whose sweet subtle** fume

* *Septimius*] So ed. B.—Ed. A, and MS. "Septimus."—Ed. C "Septinius."

† *his*] So eds.—MS. "the."

‡ *Nepenthe*] So eds.—MS. (both here and afterwards in this *Ep.*) "Nepenthen."

§ *Helen's*] Ed. A "Hekens."—Eds. B, C, "Heauens."—MS. "helevs."—

"Not that *Nepenthes*, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born *Helena*," &c.
Milton's *Comus*, *v.* 675.

‖ *which*] Ed. A "with" (a manifest mistake for "which").—Eds. B, C, "most."—MS. "that."

¶ *wit*] So MS.—Eds. "wits."

** *subtle*] So MS.—Eds. "substantiall."

The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing down* and drying up the rheum,
The mother and the nurse of each disease;
It is tobacco, which† doth cold expel,
And clears th' obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threatening death digesteth‡ well,
Decocting all the stomach's crudities;
It is tobacco, which§ hath power to clarify
The cloudy mists‖ before dim eyes appearing;
It is tobacco, which hath power to rarify¶
The thick gross humour which** doth stop the hearing;
The wasting hectic††, and the quartan fever,
Which doth of physic make a mockery,
The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for ever,
Whether the cause in teeth or stomach be;
And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
Yet that vild‡‡ medicine it doth far excel,
Which by Sir Thomas More§§ hath been propounded,

* *down*] So eds.—MS. "up."

† *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

‡ *digesteth*] So eds.—MS. "resisteth."

§ *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

‖ *mists*] So eds.—MS. "mist."

¶ *which . . . . rarify*] So eds.—MS. "that . . . . ratiffie."

** *humour which*] So eds.—MS. "humors that."

†† *The wasting hectic, &c.*] In MS. this quatrain stands as the last but two of the epigram.

‡‡ *vild*] i. e. vile. So MS.—Not in eds.

§§ *Which by Sir Thomas More, &c.*] The allusion is to the following *Epigramma* of Sir T. More;

For this is thought a gentleman-like smell.
Oh, that I were one of these* mountebanks
Which praise their oils and powders which they sell!
My customers would† give me coin with thanks;
I for this ware, forsooth‡, a tale would tell:
Yet would I use none of these terms before;
I would but say, that it the pox will§ cure;
This‖ were enough, without discoursing more,
All our brave gallants in the town t' allure¶.

## In Crassum. XXXVII.

Crassus his lies** are no†† pernicious lies,
But pleasant fictions, hurtful unto none
But to himself; for no man counts him wise,
To tell for truth that which for false is known.

"*Medicinæ ad tollendos fœtores anhelitus, provenientes a cibis quibusdam.*"

"Sectile ne tetros porrum tibi spiret odores,
Protenus a porro fac mihi cepe vores.
Denuo fœtorem si vis depellere cepæ,
Hoc facile efficient allia mansa tibi.
Spiritus at si post etiam gravis allia restat,
Aut nihil, aut tantum tollere *merda* potest."
*T. Mori Lucubrationes*, &c., p. 261, ed. 1563.

* *that . . . these*] So eds.—MS. "if . . . . the."
† *would*] So eds.—MS. "should."
‡ *forsooth*] So eds.—MS. "so faire."
§ *will*] So eds.—MS. "would."
‖ *This*] So eds.—MS. "It."
¶ *All our brave gallants in the town t' allure*] So eds. —MS. "*All our* English *gallants to alure.*"
** *Crassus his lies*] i. e. Crassus's lies.
†† *no*] So MS.—Eds. "not."

He swears that Gaunt* is threescore miles about,
And that the bridge at Paris on† the Seine
Is of such thickness, length, and breadth, throughout,
That six-score arches can it scarce sustain;
He swears he saw so great a dead man's scull
At Canterbury digg'd out of the ground,
As‡ would contain of wheat three bushels full;
And that in Kent are twenty yeomen found,
Of which the poorest every year§ dispends
Five thousand pound: these‖ and five thousand mo¶
So oft he hath recited** to his friends,
That†† now himself persuades himself 'tis§§ so.
But why doth Crassus tell his‡‡ lies so rife,
Of bridges, towns, and things that have no life?
He is a lawyer, and doth well espy
That for such lies an action will not lie.

* *Gaunt*] i. e. Ghent. So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "Caunt."

† *at Paris on*] So eds.—MS. "in *Paris* ouer."

‡ *As*] So MS.—Eds. "That."

§ *year*] So eds.—MS. "day."

‖ *pound: these*] So eds.—MS. "pounds, yea."

¶ *mo*] i. e. more.

** *recited*] So eds.—MS. "reported."

†† *That*] So eds.—MS. "As."

§§ *'tis*] So eds.—MS. "its."

‡‡ *his*] So eds.—MS. "those."

## In Philonem. XXXVIII.

Philo, the lawyer, and the* fortune-teller,
The school-master, the midwife†, and the bawd,
The conjurer, the buyer and the seller
Of painting which with breathing will be thaw'd,
Doth practise physic; and his credit grows,
As doth the ballad-singer's auditory,
Which hath at Temple-Bar his standing chose‡,
And to the vulgar sings an ale-house story:
First stands§ a porter; then an oyster-wife
Doth stint her cry, and stay‖ her steps to hear him;
Then comes a cutpurse ready with a¶ knife,
And then a country client presses** near him;
There stands the constable, there stands the whore,
And, listening to the song, heed†† not each other;
There by the serjeant stands the debitor‡‡,
And doth no more mistrust him than§§ his brother:

* *the lawyer, and the*] So eds.—MS. "*the* gentleman, *the*."
† *midwife*] So eds.—MS. "widdow."
‡ *chose*] So eds.—MS. "close."
§ *stands*] So eds.—MS. "comes."
‖ *stay*] So eds.—MS. "stayes."
¶ *a*] So eds.—MS. "his."
** *presses*] So MS.—Eds. "passeth."
†† *listening . . . heed*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "harkning . . . mark"; and so MS., except that it has "markes."
‡‡ *debitor*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A, and MS. "debtor poore."
§§ *than*] So eds.—Not in MS.

This * Orpheus to such hearers † giveth music,
And Philo to such patients giveth physic.

## In Fuscum. XXXIX.

Fuscus is free, and ‡ hath the world at will;
Yet, in the course of life that he doth lead,
He's like a horse which, turning § round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread:
First, he doth rise at ten; and at eleven
He goes || to Gill's ¶, where he doth eat till one;
Then sees a ** play till six; and sups at seven;
And, after supper, straight to bed is gone;
And there till ten next day he doth remain;
And then he dines; then sees †† a comedy;
And then he sups, and goes ‡‡ to bed again:
Thus round he runs §§ without variety,
Save |||| that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a whore-house by the way.

* *This*] So MS.—Eds. "Thus."

† *hearers*] So eds.—MS. "eares."

‡ *Fuscus is free, and*] So eds.—MS. "Fustus in *free* aide."

§ *which, turning*] So eds.—MS. "that turneth."

|| *goes*] So eds.—MS. "goeth."

¶ *Gill's*] Some ordinary. Ed. A, and MS. "Gilles."—Eds. B, C., "Gyls."

** *Then sees a*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*Then sees* he *a*."—MS. "*Hee* seeth."

†† *dines; then sees*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "*dines*, and *sees*."—MS. "dyneth and seeth."

‡‡ *sups, and goes*] So eds.—MS. "suppeth *and* goeth."

§§ *Thus . . . . runs*] So eds.—MS. "So . . . runneth."

|||| *Save*] So eds.—MS. "But."

## In Afrum. XL.

The smell-feast Afer* travels to the Burse
Twice every day, the flying† news to hear;
Which, when he hath no money in his purse,
To rich men's tables he doth ever‡ bear.
He tells how Groningen§ is taken in‖
By the brave conduct of illustrious Vere,
And how the Spanish forces Brest would win,
But that they do victorious Norris fear.
No sooner is a ship at sea surpris'd,
But straight he learns the news, and doth disclose it;
No sooner hath the Turk a plot devis'd
To conquer Christendom, but straight he knows it¶.
Fair-written in a scroll he hath the** names
Of all the widows which†† the plague hath made;
And persons, times, and places, still he frames
To every tale, the better to persuade.
We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slave
Will eat as fast as he will utter lies;
For Fame is said an hundred mouths to have,
And he eats more than would five-score suffice.

* *Afer*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "after."

† *flying*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "newest."

‡ *ever*] So MS.—Eds. "often."

§ *how Groningen*] Eds. "*how* Gronigen."—MS. "that Groyninge."

‖ *taken in*] i. e. taken (conquered).

¶ *No sooner hath the Turk a plot devis'd*
*To conquer Christendom, but straight he knows it*] So MS.—These two lines are omitted in eds.

** *the*] So ed. A, and MS.—Not in eds. B, C.

†† *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

## In Paulum. XLI.

By lawful mart, and by unlawful stealth,
Paulus*, in spite† of envy, fortunate,
Derives out of the ocean so much§ wealth,
As he may well maintain a lord's estate:
But on the land a little gulf there is,
Wherein he drowneth all that§ wealth of his.

## In Lycum. XLII.

Lycus, which lately‖ is to Venice gone,
Shall, if he do¶ return, gain three for one**:
But, ten to one, his knowledge and†† his wit
Will not be better'd or increas'd a whit.

* *Paulus*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Paules."—MS. "Palus."

† *spite*] So eds.—MS. "fight."

‡ *ocean so much*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "oceans *so much*."—MS. "*ocean much*."

§ *that*] Eds. "the."—MS. "ye."—The original manuscript, in all probability, had "yt" (that).

‖ *which lately*] So eds.—MS. "that is of late."

¶ *do*] So eds.—MS. "doth."

** *gain three for one*] In our author's days, it was a common practice for persons, before setting out on their travels, to deposit a sum of money, on condition of receiving large interest for it at their return: if they never returned, the deposit was forfeited. Innumerable allusions to "putters out" occur in the works published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

†† *and*] So eds.—MS. "or."

## In Publium. XLIII.

Publius, a* student at the Common-Law,
Oft leaves his books†, and, for his‡ recreation,
To Paris-garden§ doth himself withdraw;
Where he is ravish'd with such delectation,
As‖ down amongst the bears and dogs he goes;
Where¶, whilst he skipping cries, "To head**, to head,"
His satin doublet and his velvet hose††
Are all with spittle from above be-spread:
Then is he‡‡ like his§§ father's country hall‖‖,
Stinking of¶¶ dogs, and muted*** all with hawks;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall†††,

* *a*] So MS.—Not in eds.

† *books*] So eds.—MS. "booke."

‡ *his*] So eds.—Not in MS.

§ *To Paris-garden*] i. e. to the bear-garden on the Bankside, Southwark.—So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "*To* Parish-*garden*."—MS. "The Parish *garden*."

‖ *As*] So eds.—MS. "That."

¶ *Where*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "were."

** *To head*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. C "head."

†† *hose*] i. e. breeches.

‡‡ *Then is he*] So MS.—Eds. "When *he is*."

§§ *his*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "a."

‖‖ *hall*] So ed. A; and MS.—Eds. B, C, "shall."

¶¶ *of*] So MS.—Eds. "with."

*** *muted*] i. e. dunged.

††† *too on him this filth doth fall*] So eds.—MS. "*doth* such *filth* vpon *him fall*."

Which* for such filthy sports† his books‡ forsakes§,
Leaving‖ old Ployden¶, Dyer, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson**.

## In Syllam. XLIV.

When I this proposition had defended,
" A coward cannot be an honest man,"
Thou, Sylla, seem'st forthwith†† to be offended,
And hold'st‡‡ the contrary, and swear'st§§ he can.
But, when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend in peril of his life,
Thou then art chang'd, and say'st thou didst mistake;
And so we end our argument and strife:
Yet I think oft, and think |||| I think aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

* *Which*] So eds.—MS. "That."

† *sports*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "spots."

‡ *books*] So eds.—MS. "booke."

§ *forsakes*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "forsake."

‖ *Leaving*] So eds.—MS. "And leaues."

¶ *Ployden*] i. e. Plowden.

** *Sacarson*] So eds.—MS. "Sakerstone."—Harry Hunkes and Sacarson were two bears at Paris-Garden: the latter was the more famous, and is mentioned by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act 1. sc. 1.

†† *Sylla, seem'st forthwith*] So eds.—MS. "seemst forthwith, Sella."

‡‡ *hold'st*] So MS.—Eds. "holdes" (and "holds").

§§ *swear'st*] So MS.—Eds. "sweres."

|||| *oft, and think*] So eds.—MS. "and I *thinke*."

## In Dacum. XLV.

Dacus*, with some good colour and pretence,
Terms his love's beauty "silent eloquence";
For she doth lay more colours on her face
Than ever Tully us'd his† speech to grace.

## In Marcum. XLVI.

Why dost thou, Marcus, in thy misery
Rail and blaspheme, and call the heavens unkind?
The heavens do owe§ no kindness unto thee,
Thou hast the heavens so little in thy mind;
For in thy life thou never usest prayer
But at primero, to encounter fair.

## Meditations of a Gull. XLVII.

See, yonder melancholy gentleman,
Which, hood-wink'd with his hat, alone doth sit!

* *Dacus, &c.*] I am sorry to believe that by *Dacus* (who is spoken of with great contempt in *Epigram* xxx) our author means Samuel Daniel; but the following lines in that very pleasing writer's *Complaint of Rosamond* (which was first printed in 1592) certainly would seem to be alluded to here;

"Ah, *beauty*, syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweet *silent rhetorique* of perswading eyes,
*Dumb eloquence*, whose power doth moue the blood
More then the words or wisedome of the wise," &c.
P. 39,—Daniel's *Certaine Small Workes*, &c. 1611.

This (which I have omitted to mention in the note, p. 225) and the three next *Epigrams* are not in MS.

† *his*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "hig."

§ *do owe*] So eds. B. C.—Ed. A "draw."

Think what he thinks, and tell me, if you can,
What great affairs trouble* his little wit.
He thinks not of the war 'twixt France and Spain,
Whether it be for Europe's good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can itself maintain
Against the Turkish power encroaching still;
Nor what great town in all the Netherlands
The States† determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish policy now stands,
Not what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethink him whether
Of the gull'd people he be more esteem'd
For his long cloak or [for] his great black feather
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd;
Or of a journey he deliberates
To Paris-garden‡, cock-pit, or the play;
Or how to steal a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistress say.
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himself most fit
To be of counsel with a king for wit.

## Ad Musam. XLVIII.

Peace, idle Muse, have done! for it is time,
Since lousy Ponticus envies§ my fame,
And swears the better sort are much to blame

* *trouble*] Eds. "troubles."
† *States*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "starres."
‡ *Paris-garden*] See note, p. 257.
§ *envies*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "ensues."

To make me so well known for my* ill rhyme.
Yet Banks his horse† is better known than he;
So are the camels and the western hog,
And so is Lepidus his printed dog‡:
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envy?
Besides, this Muse of mine and the black feather
Grew both together fresh§ in estimation;
And both, grown stale, were cast away together:
What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion?
Only this last in credit doth remain,
That from henceforth each bastard cast-forth rhyme,
Which doth but savour of a libel vein,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime;
So dull, and with so little sense endu'd,
Is my gross-headed judge, the multitude‖.

* *my*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.

† *Banks his horse*] i. e. Banks's horse: see note, p. 246.

‡ *Lepidus his printed dog*] i. e. Lepidus's printed dog. So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*Lepidus*, hie *printed dogge*." Of this piece I know nothing. Perhaps, as Mr. Collier observes to me, both *The Mastiff Whelp* by Goddard, and *The Mastive, or Young Whelp of the Olde Dog* by Parrot, may have reference to the publication here mentioned by Davies.

§ *fresh*] So eds. A, B.—Not in ed. C.

‖ *the multitude*] After these words eds. have "J. D."

# IGNOTO*.

I LOVE thee not for sacred chastity,—
Who loves for that?—nor for thy sprightly wit;
I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit;
I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
Thy beauty['s] ravishing perfection;
I love thee not for unchaste luxury†,
Nor for thy body's fair proportion;
I love thee not for that my soul doth dance
And leap with pleasure, when those lips of thine
Give musical and graceful utterance
To some (by thee made happy) poet's line;
I love thee not for voice or slender small‡:
But wilt thou know wherefore? fair sweet, for all.

Faith, wench, I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the base-viol plac'd between my thighs;
I cannot lisp, nor to some fiddle sing,
Nor run upon a high-stretch'd minikin§;

* *Ignoto*] This copy of verses is found only in ed. A.
† *luxury*] i. e. lust.
‡ *small*] i. e. I suppose, either of the waist or of the leg.
§ *minikin*] i. e. treble-string.

I cannot whine in puling elegies,
Entombing Cupid with sad obsequies;
I am not fashion'd for these amorous times,
To court thy beauty with lascivious rhymes;
I cannot dally, caper, dance, and sing,
Oiling my saint with supple sonnetting;
I cannot cross my arms, or sigh "Aye me,
Aye me, forlorn!" egregious foppery!
I cannot buss* thy fill, play with thy hair,
Swearing by Jove, "thou art most debonair!"
Not I, by cock†! but [I] shall tell thee roundly,—
Hark in thine ear,—zounds, I can ( ) thee
soundly.

Sweet wench, I love thee: yet I will not sue,
Or shew my love as musky courtiers do;
I'll not carouse a health to honour thee,
In this same bezzling‡ drunken courtesy,
And, when all's quaff'd, eat up my bousing-glass,§
In glory that I am thy servile ass;
Nor will I wear a rotten Bourbon lock,
As some sworn peasant to a female smock.
Well-featur'd lass, thou know'st I love thee dear:
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,
To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tires there;

* *buss*] i. e. kiss.

† *cock*] A very old corruption of the sacred name. This is proved by the equally common expressions, "Cock's passion," "Cock's body," &c.

‡ *bezzling*] i. e. tippling, sotting.

§ *bousing-glass*] i. e. drinking-glass.

Nor for thy love will I once gnash a brick,
Or some pied colours in my bonnet stick:
But, by the chaps of hell, to do thee good,
I'll freely spend my thrice-decocted blood.

# THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

*Lvcans First Booke Translated Line for Line, By Chr. Marlow. At London, Printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by Walter Burre at the Signe of the Flower de Luce in Paules Churchyard,* 1600, *4to.*

According to the title-page of the second edition of *Hero and Leander* (see p. 2 of the present volume), this translation ought to have accompanied it: but, I believe, the two pieces are never found in conjunction. ...

TO HIS KIND AND TRUE FRIEND,

## EDWARD BLUNT.*

BLUNT, I purpose to be blunt with you, and, out of my dulness, to encounter you with a Dedication in the memory of that pure elemental wit, Chr. Marlowe, whose ghost or genius is to be seen walk the Church-yard† in, at the least, three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently look wild now, and grow humorously frantic upon the taste of it. Well, lest you should, let me tell you, this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, *Lucan's First Book translated;* which, in regard of your old right in it, I have raised in the circle of your patronage. But stay now, Edward: if I mistake not, you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of; and to study them for your better grace, as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud, and think you have merit enough in you, though you are ne'er so empty; then, when I bring you the book, take physic, and keep state; assign

* *Edward Blunt*] The bookseller.—So old ed. here (and see Dedication prefixed to *Hero and Leander* p. 4); but, immediately after, it has "Blount, *I purpose,*" &c., to the injury of a valuable pun.

† *the Church-yard*] i. e. Paul's church-yard, which abounded in booksellers' shops.

me a time by your man to come again; and, afore the day, be sure to have changed your lodging; in the mean time sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two, which you may happen to utter, with some little, or not at all, marking of your friends, when you have found a place for them to come in at; or, if by chance something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it; censure* scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller; commend nothing, lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned, I make no question but they will not become you. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is, to give nothing; yes, thy love I will challenge as my peculiar object, both in this, and, I hope, many more succeeding offices. Farewell: I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature: leave to think good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship,

THOMAS THORPE.†

* *censure*] i. e. judge.

† *Thomas Thorpe*] The bookseller.

THE

# FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

WARS worse than civil on Thessalian plains,
And outrage strangling law, and people strong,
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts launch'd*,
Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted,
Th' affrighted world's force bent on public spoil,
Trumpets and drums, like† deadly, threatening other,
Eagles alike display'd, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madness, what huge lust of war,
Hath made barbarians drunk with Latin blood?
Now Babylon, proud through our spoil, should stoop,
While slaughter'd Crassus' ghost walks unreveng'd,
Will ye wage war, for which you shall not triumph?
Aye me! oh, what a world of land and sea
Might they have won whom civil broils have slain!
As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven,
Ay, to the torrid zone where mid-day burns,
And where stiff winter, whom no spring resolves

* *launch'd*] i. e. lanced.
† *like*] i. e. alike.

Fetters the Euxine Sea with chains of ice;
Scythia* and wild Armenia had been yok'd,
And they of Nilus' mouth, if there live any.
Rome, if thou take delight in impious war,
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy force
Against thyself: as yet thou wants not foes.
That now the walls of houses half-rear'd totter,
That rampires fallen down, huge heaps of stone
Lie in our towns, that houses are abandon'd,
And few live that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many years hath lien untill'd
And chok'd with thorns; that greedy earth wants hinds;—
Fierce Pyrrhus, neither thou nor Hannibal
Art cause; no foreign foe could so afflict us:
These plagues arise from wreak of civil power†.
But if for Nero, then unborn, the Fates
Would find no other means, and gods not slightly
Purchase immortal thrones, nor Jove joy'd heaven
Until the cruel giants' war was done;
We plain not, Heavens‡, but gladly bear these evils
For Nero's sake: Pharsalia groan with slaughter,
And Carthage' souls§ be glutted with our bloods!
At Munda let the dreadful battles join;
Add, Cæsar, to these ills, Perusian famine,

* *Scythia, &c.*] But Lucan has "Sub juga jam *Seres*," &c.

† *These plagues arise from wreak of civil power*] "alta sedent civilis vulnera dextræ."

‡ *We plain not, Heavens*] "Jam nihil, O Superi, querimur."

§ *Carthage' souls*] "Pœni . . . manes."

The Mutin toils, the fleet at Leuca* sunk,
And cruel field near burning Ætna fought!
Yet Rome is much bound to these civil arms,
Which made thee emperor. Thee (seeing thou, being old,
Must shine a star) shall heaven (whom thou lovest)
Receive with shouts; where thou wilt reign as king,
Or mount the Sun's flame-bearing chariot,
And with bright restless fire compass the earth,
Undaunted though her former guide be chang'd;
Nature and every power shall give thee place,
What god it please thee be, or where to sway.
But neither choose the north t'erect thy seat,
Nor yet the adverse reeking† southern pole,
Whence thou shouldst view thy Rome with squinting beams.
If any one part of vast heaven thou swayest,
The burden'd axes‡ with thy force will bend:
The midst is best; that place is pure and bright;
There, Cæsar, mayst thou shine, and no cloud dim thee.
Then men from war shall bide in league and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus' fane shall fly,
And bolt the brazen gates with bars of iron.
Thou, Cæsar, at this instant art my god;
Thee if I invocate, I shall not need
To crave Apollo's aid or Bacchus' help;

* *Leuca*] Should be "Leucas."
† *reeking*] "calidus."
‡ *axes*] i. e. axis.

Thy power inspires the Muse that sings this war.
The causes first I purpose to unfold
Of these garboils*, whence springs a long discourse;
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The Fates are envious, high seats quickly perish,
Under great burdens falls are ever grievous;
Rome was so great it could not bear itself.
So when this world's compounded union breaks,
Time ends, and to old Chaos all things turn,
Confusèd stars shall meet, celestial fire
Fleet on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and Phœbe's wain
Chase Phœbus, and enrag'd affect his place,
And strive to shine by day, and full of strife
Dissolve the engines of the broken world.
All great things crush themselves; such end the gods
Allot the height of honour; men so strong
By land and sea, no foreign force could ruin.
Oh, Rome, thyself art cause of all these evils,
Thyself thus shiver'd out to three men's shares!
Dire league of partners in a kingdom last† not.
Oh, faintly-join'd friends, with ambition blind,
Why join you force to share the world betwixt you?
While th' earth the sea, and air the earth sustains,
While Titan strives against the world's swift course,

* *garboils*] i. e. commotions. (The original "tantarum . . . rerum").

† *league . . . . last*] See notes, p.p. 6, 143, of the present vol., and note, vol. I. 306.

Or Cynthia, night's queen, waits upon the day,
Shall never faith be found in fellow kings:
Dominion cannot suffer partnership.
This need[s] no foreign proof nor far-fet* story:
Rome's infant walls were steep'd in brother's blood;
Nor then was land or sea, to breed such hate;
A town with one poor church set them at odds†.
Cæsar's and Pompey's jarring love soon ended,
'Twas peace against their wills; betwixt them both
Stepp'd Crassus in. Even as the slender isthmus
Betwixt the Ægæan‡ and the Ionian sea
Keeps each from other, but being worn away,
They both burst out, and each encounter other;
So whenas§ Crassus' wretched death, who stay'd them,
Had fill'd Assyrian Carra's‖ walls with blood,
His loss made way for Roman outrages.
Parthians, y'afflict us more than ye suppose;
Being conquer'd, we are plagu'd with civil war.
Swords share our empire: Fortune, that made Rome
Govern the earth, the sea, the world itself,
Would not admit two lords; for Julia,
Snatch'd hence by cruel Fates, with ominous howls
Bare down to hell her son, the pledge of peace,

* *far-fet*] i. e. far-fetched.

† *A town with one poor church set them at odds*] "exiguum dominos commisit asylum."

‡ *Ægæan*] So old ed. in some copies which had been corrected at press; other copies "Aezean."

§ *whenas*] i. e. when.

‖ *Carra's*] Should be "Carræ's" or "Carrhæ's."

And all bands of that death-presaging alliance.
Julia, had heaven given thee longer life,
Thou hadst restrain'd thy headstrong husband's rage,
Yea, and thy father too, and, swords thrown down,
Made all shake hands, as once the Sabines did:
Thy death broke amity, and train'd to war
These captains emulous of each others glory.
Thou fear'd'st, great Pompey, that late deeds would dim
Old triumphs, and that Cæsar's conquering France
Would dash the wreath thou war'st for pirates' wrack:
Thee war's use stirr'd, and thoughts that always scorn'd
A second place. Pompey could bide no equal,
Nor Cæsar no superior: which of both
Had justest cause, unlawful 'tis to judge:
Each side had great partakers*; Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted, Cato lik'd the other.
Both differ'd much. Pompey was strook in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And, being popular, sought by liberal gifts.
To gain the light unstable commons' love,
And joy'd to hear his theatre's applause:
He liv'd secure, boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him:
Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,

* *Each side had great partakers*] "magno se judice quisque tuetur."

Bearing old spoils and conquerors' monuments,
Who, though his root be weak, and his own weight
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body, not his boughs, send forth a shade;
Though every blast it nod*, and seem to fall†,
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.
Cæsar's renown for war was less; he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue;
When ire or hope provok'd, heady, and bold;
At all times charging home, and making havoc;
Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way:
So thunder, which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound
Filling the world, leaps out and throws forth fire,
Affrights poor fearful men, and blasts their eyes
With overthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the air, and, not resisting it,
Falls, and returns, and shivers where it lights.
Such humours stirr'd them up: but this war's seed
Was even the same that wracks all great dominions.
When Fortune made us lords of all, wealth flow'd,
And then we grew licentious and rude;
The soldiers' prey and rapine brought in riot;
Men took delight in jewels, houses, plate,

* *it nod*] i. e. make it nod.
† *to fall*] i. e. to make it fall.

And scorn'd old sparing diet, and ware robes
Too light for women; Poverty, who hatch'd
Rome's greatest wits, was loath'd, and all the world
Ransack'd for gold, which breeds the world['s] decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands;
The ground, which Curius and Camillus till'd,
Was stretch'd unto the fields of hinds unknown.
Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
Them freedom without war might not suffice:
Quarrels were rife; greedy desire, still poor,
Did vild* deeds; then 'twas worth the price of blood,
And deem'd renown, to spoil their native town;
Force master'd right, the strongest govern'd all;
Hence came it that th' edicts were over-rul'd,
That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
Sale made of offices, and people's voices
Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
Frauds and corruption in the Field of Mars†;
Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
Faith's breach, and hence came war, to most men welcome.

Now Cæsar overpass'd the snowy Alps:
His mind was troubled, and he aim'd at war:
And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearful‡ Rome
Mourning appear'd, whose hoary hairs were torn,

* *vild*] i. e. vile.
† *the Field of Mars*] i. e. the Campus Martius.
‡ *fearful*] "trepidantis."

And on her turret-bearing head dispers'd,
And arms all naked; who, with broken sighs,
And staring, thus bespoke: "What mean'st thou, Cæsar?
Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be,
And bear true hearts, stay here!" This spectacle
Stroke* Cæsar's heart with fear; his hair stood up,
And faintness numb'd his steps there on the brink.
He thus cried out: "Thou thunderer that guard'st
Rome's mighty walls, built on Tarpeian rock!
Ye gods of Phrygia and Iülus' line,
Quirinus' rites, and Latian Jove advanc'd
On Alba hill! Oh, vestal flames! Oh, Rome,
My thought's sole goddess, aid mine enterprise!
I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoop:
Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier.
He, he afflicts Rome that made me Rome's foe."
This said, he, laying aside all lets of war,
Approach'd the swelling stream with drum and ensign:
Like to a lion of scorch'd desert Afric,
Who, seeing hunters, pauseth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increase, then having whisk'd
His tail athwart his back, and crest heav'd up,
With jaws wide-open ghastly roaring out,
Albeit the Moor's light javelin or his spear
Sticks in his side, yet runs upon the hunter.
In summer-time the purple Rubicon,
Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,

* *Stroke*] i. e. Struck.

And creeps along the vales, dividing just
The bounds of Italy from Cisalpine France.
But now the winter's wrath, and watery moon
Being three days old, enforc'd the flood to swell,
And frozen Alps thaw'd with resolving winds.
The thunder-hoof'd horse*, in a crookèd line,
To scape the violence of the stream, first waded;
Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
As soon as Cæsar got unto the bank
And bounds of Italy, "Here, here," saith he,
"An end of peace; here end polluted laws!
Hence, leagues and covenants! Fortune, thee I follow!
War and the Destinies shall try my cause."
This said, the restless general through the dark,
Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,
Or darts which Parthians backward shoot, march'd on;
And then, when Lucifer did shine alone,
And some dim stars, he Ariminum enter'd.
Day rose, and view'd these tumults of the war:
Whether the gods or blustering south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy air did frown.
The soldiers having won the market-place,
There spread the colours, with confusèd noise
Of trumpets' clang, shrill cornets, whistling fifes.
The people started; young men left their beds,
And snatch'd arms near their household-gods hung up,

* *The thunder-hoof'd horse*] "Sonipes."

Such as peace yields; worm-eaten leathern targets,
Through which the wood peer'd, headless darts, old swords
With ugly teeth of black rust foully scarr'd.
But seeing white eagles, and Rome's flags well known,
And lofty Cæsar in the thickest throng,
They shook for fear, and cold benumb'd their limbs,
And muttering much, thus to themselves complain'd:
" Oh walls unfortunate, too near to France!
Predestinate to ruin! all lands else
Have stable peace: here war's rage first begins;
We bide the first brunt. Safer might we dwell
Under the frosty bear, or parching east,
Waggons or tents, than in this frontier town.
We first sustain'd the uproars of the Gauls
And furious Cimbrians, and of Carthage Moors:
As oft as Rome was sack'd, here 'gan the spoil."
Thus sighing whisper'd they, and none durst speak,
And shew their fear or grief: but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winter's rage,
Or sea far from the land, so all were whist.
Now light had quite dissolv'd the misty night,
And Cæsar's mind unsettled musing stood;
But gods and fortune prick'd him to this war,
Infringing all excuse of modest shame,
And labouring to approve* his quarrel good.
The angry senate, urging Gracchus'† deeds,
From doubtful Rome wrongly expell'd the tribunes

* *approve*] i. e. prove.

† *Gracchus*] Should be " Gracchi's."

That cross'd them: both which now approach'd the camp,
And with them Curio, sometime tribune too,
One that was fee'd for Cæsar, and whose tongue
Could tune the people to the nobles' mind.
" Cæsar," said he*, " while eloquence prevail'd,
And I might plead, and draw the commons' minds
To favour thee, against the senate's will,
Five years I lengthen'd thy command in France;
But law being put to silence by the wars,
We, from our houses driven, most willingly
Suffer'd exile: let thy sword bring us home†.
Now, while their part is weak and fears, march hence:
Where men are ready, lingering ever hurts.
In ten years wonn'st thou France: Rome may be won
With far less toil, and yet the honour's more;
Few battles fought with prosperous success
May bring her down, and with her all the world.
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou com'st to Rome,
Nor Capitol be adorn'd with sacred bays;
Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou
Aby thy conquest past‡: the son decrees

* " *Cæsar," said he, &c.*] Here, though this translation professes to be "line for line," there is nothing which answers to,—

" Utque ducem varias volventem pectore curas
Conspexit."

† *let thy sword bring us home*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had " tua nos *faciat* victoria cives."

*with thy blood must thou*
*Aby thy conquest past*] A very violent way of rendering—

" gentesque subactas
Vix inpune feres."

To expel the father: share the world thou canst not;
Enjoy it all thou mayst." Thus Curio spake;
And therewith Cæsar, prone enough to war,
Was so incens'd as are Eleus' steeds*
With clamours, who, though lock'd and chain'd in stalls†,
Souse down the walls, and make a passage forth.
Straight summon'd he his several companies
Unto the standard: his grave look appeas'd
The wrestling tumult, and right hand made silence;
And thus he spake: "You that with me have borne
A thousand brunts, and tried me full ten years,
See how they quit** our bloodshed in the north,
Our friends' death, and our wounds, our wintering
Under the Alps! Rome rageth now in arms
As if the Carthage Hannibal were near;
Cornets of horse are muster'd for the field;
Woods turn'd to ships; both land and sea against us.
Had foreign wars ill-thriv'd, or wrathful France
Pursu'd us hither, how were we bested,
When, coming conqueror, Rome afflicts me thus?
Let come their leader‡ whom long peace hath quail'd,
Raw soldiers lately press'd, and troops of gowns,
Babbling§ Marcellus, Cato whom fools reverence!

* *Eleus' steeds*] Old ed. "Eleius *steedes*."—Is it possible that Marlowe could have taken the adjective "*Eleus*" ("*Eleus* sonipes") for a substantive?

† *though lock'd and chain'd in stalls, &c.*] Wrongly translated:—"quamvis jam carcere clauso," &c.

** *quit*] i. e. requite.

‡ *leader*] Old ed. "leaders."

§ *Babbling*] Old ed. "Brabbling."—"Marcellusque *loquax*."

Must Pompey's followers, with strangers' aid
(Whom from his youth he brib'd), needs make him king?
And shall he triumph long before his time,
And, having once got head, still shall he reign?
What should I talk of men's corn reap'd by force,
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth?
Who sees not war sit by the quivering judge,
And sentence given in rings of naked swords,
And laws assail'd, and arm'd men in the senate?
'Twas his troop hemm'd in Milo being accus'd;
And now, lest age might wane his state, he casts
For civil war, wherein through use he's known
To exceed his master, that arch-traitor Sylla.
As* brood of barbarous tigers, having lapp'd
The blood of many a herd, whilst with their dams
They kennell'd in Hyrcania, evermore
Will rage and prey; so, Pompey, thou, having lick'd
Warm gore from Sylla's sword, art yet athirst:
Jaws flesh'd† with blood continue murderous.
Speak, when shall this thy long-usurp'd power end?
What end of mischief? Sylla teaching thee,
At last learn, wretch, to leave thy monarchy!
What, now Sicilian‡ pirates are suppress'd,
And jaded king§ of Pontus poison'd slain,

* *As*] Old ed. "A."

† *flesh'd*] Old. ed. "flesh."

‡ *Sicilian*] Should be "Cilician."

§ *jaded king*] "lassi . . . regis."—Old ed. has, amusingly enough, "And Jaded, king of Pontus," &c. The monarch in question is, of course, Mithridates.

Must Pompey as his last foe plume on me,
Because at his command I wound not up
My conquering eagles? say I merit nought*,
Yet, for long service done, reward these men,
And so they triumph, be't with whom ye will.
Whither now shall these old bloodless souls repair?
What seats for their deserts? what store of ground
For servitors to till? what colonies
To rest their bones? say, Pompey, are these worse
Than pirates of Sicilia†? they had houses.
Spread, spread these flags that ten years' space have
conquer'd!
Let's use our tried force: they that now thwart right,
In wars will yield to wrong‡: the gods are with us;
Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
But Rome, at thraldom's feet, to rid from tyrants."
This spoke, none answer'd, but a murmuring buzz
Th' unstable people made: their household-gods
And love to Rome (though slaughter steel'd their
hearts,
And minds were prone) restrain'd them; but war's
love

* *say I merit nought*] Unless we understand this in the sense of—I receive no reward (—and in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*, "merit" means—derive profit, B. and F's. *Works, i. 91, ed.* Dyce,—), it is a wrong translation of "mihi si merces erepta laborum est."

† *Sicilia*] Should be "Cilicia."

‡ *they that now thwart right,*
*In wars will yield to wrong*] Is intended to express,—
"arma tenenti
Omnia dat, qui justa negat."

And Cæsar's awe dash'd all. Then Lælius*,
The chief centurion, crown'd with oaken leaves
For saving of a Roman citizen,
Stepp'd forth, and cried; "Chief leader of Rome's force,
So be, I may be bold to speak a truth,
We grieve at this thy patience and delay.
What, doubt'st thou us? even now when youthful blood
Pricks forth our lively bodies, and strong arms
Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou endure
These purple grooms, that senate's tyranny?
Is conquest got by civil war so heinous?
Well, lead us, then, to Syrtes' desert shore,
Or Scythia, or hot Libya's thirsty sands.
This hand, that all behind us might be quail'd,
Hath with thee pass'd the swelling ocean,
And swept the foaming breast of Arctic Rhene†.
Love over-rules my will; I must obey thee,
Cæsar: he whom I hear thy trumpets charge,
I hold no Roman; by these ten blest ensigns
And all thy several triumphs, shouldst thou bid me
Entomb my sword within my brother's bowels,
Or father's throat, or women's‡ groaning womb,
This hand, albeit unwilling, should perform it;
Or rob the gods, or sacred temples fire,

* *Lælius*] Old ed. "Lalius."

† *Arctic Rhene*] Old eds. "Articks *Rhene*." — *Rhene*, i. e. Rhine.

‡ *women's*] An unfortunate deviation from the original, — "conjugis." — Qy. did Marlowe write "or groaning women's womb"?

These troops should soon pull down the church of Jove*;
If to encamp on Tuscan Tiber's streams,
I'll boldly quarter out the fields of Rome:
What walls thou wilt be levell'd with the ground,
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them fly,
Albeit the city thou wouldst have so raz'd
Be Rome itself." Here every band applauded,
And, with their hands held up, all jointly cried
They'll follow where he please. The shouts rent heaven,
As when against pine-bearing Ossa's rocks
Beats Thracian Boreas, or when trees bow'd‡‡ down
And rustling swing up as the wind fets† breath.
When Cæsar saw his army prone to war,
And Fates so bent, lest sloth and long delay
Might cross him, he withdrew his troops from France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome;
They by Lemannus' nook forsook their tents;
They whom the Lingones‡ foil'd with painted spears,
Under the rocks by crookèd Vogesus;
And many came from shallow Isara,

* *of Jove*] No;—of Juno. "Numina miscebit castrensis flamma Monetæ."

‡‡ *bow'd*] Qy. "bow"? but see the original. Here our translator has made two similes out of one.

† *fets*] i. e. fetches.

‡ *They whom the Lingones*, &c.] Here Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "Lingones," and was perhaps faulty in other respects. The right reading is,—

"Castraque, quæ Vogesi curvam super ardua rupem,
Pugnaces pictis cohibebant Lingonas armis."

Who, running long, falls in a greater flood,
And, ere he sees the sea, loseth his name;
The yellow Ruthens* left their garrisons;
Mild Atax glad it bears not Roman boats†,
And frontier Varus that the camp is far,
Sent aid; so did Alcides' port, whose seas
Eat hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind
Nor zephyr rules not, but the north alone
Turmoils the coast, and enterance forbids;
And others came from that uncertain shore
Which is nor sea nor land, but oftimes both,
And changeth as the ocean ebbs and flows;
Whether the sea roll'd always from that point
Whence the wind blows, still forcèd to and fro;
Or that the wandering main follow the moon;
Or flaming Titan, feeding on the deep,
Pulls them aloft, and makes the surge kiss heaven;
Philosophers, look you; for unto me,
Thou cause, whate'er thou be whom God assigns
This great effect, art hid‡. They came that dwell
By Nemes' fields and banks of Satirus§,
Where Tarbell's winding shores embrace the sea;
The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love‖;

* *Ruthens*] "Ruteni."

† *boats*] Old ed. "bloats."

‡ *art hid*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "lates" (instead of "late").

§ *Satirus*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "Satiri" (instead of "Aturi").

‖ *The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love*] Marlowe seems to

Those of Bituriges*, and light Axon† pikes;
And they of Rhene‡ and Leuca§, cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds;
The Belgians apt to govern British cars;
Th' Averni‖ too, which boldly feign themselves
The Romans' brethren, sprung of Ilian race;
The stubborn Nervians stain'd with Cotta's blood;
And Vangions who, like those of Sarmata¶,
Wear open slops**; and fierce Batavians,
Whom trumpet's clang incites; and those that dwell
By Cinga's stream, and where swift Rhodanus
Drives Araris to sea; they near the hills,
Under whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs;
And, Trevier, thou being glad that wars are past thee;
And you, late-shorn Ligurians, who were wont
In large-spread hair to exceed the rest of France;

have read here, very ridiculously, "gaudetque *amato* [instead of "amoto"] Santonus hoste."

* *Bituriges*] Here, oddly enough, we have the name of the people put for that of their country.

† *Axon*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "Axones" (instead of "Suessones").

‡ *Rhene*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "*Rhenus*que" (instead of "Rhemusque").

§ *Leuca*] A place of Marlowe's own invention. (The original has "Leucus".)

‖ *Averni*] Was the reading in Marlowe's copy of Lucan (instead of "Arverni").

¶ *Sarmata*] Used wrongly for *Sarmatia*.

** *open slops*] "laxis . . . bracis."

And where to Hesus and fell Mercury*
They offer human flesh, and where Jove seems
Bloody like Dian, whom the Scythians serve.
And you, French Bardi, whose immortal pens
Renown the valiant souls slain in your wars,
Sit safe at home and chant sweet poesy.
And, Druides, you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customs and sinister rites:
In unfell'd woods and sacred groves you dwell;
And only gods and heavenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing; for you hold
That souls pass not to silent Erebus
Or Pluto's bloodless kingdom, but elsewhere
Resume a body; so (if truth you sing)
Death brings long life. Doubtless these northern men,
Whom death, the greatest of all fears, affright† not,
Are blest by such sweet error; this makes them

*And where to Hesus and fell Mercury*
*They offer human flesh, and where Jove seems*
*Bloody like Dian, &c.*] Old ed.;
"*And where to Hesus, and fell Mercury* (Joue)
*They offer humane flesh, and where* it *seemes*
*Bloudy like Dian*," &c.

That the printer misunderstood the MS., which gave "Jove" as a correction of "it" in the second line, is evident from the original;—

"Et quibus inmitis placatur sanguine diro
Theutates, horrensque feris altaribus Esus;
Et Taranis [i. e. Jupiter, so called by the Gauls] Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ."

† *death . . . . affright*] See note, p. 272.

Run on the sword's point, and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is won.
You likewise that repuls'd the Caÿc foe,
March towards Rome; and you, fierce men of Rhene*,
Leaving your country open to the spoil.
These being come, their huge power made him bold
To manage greater deeds; the bordering towns
He garrison'd; and Italy he fill'd with soldiers.
Vain fame increas'd true fear, and did invade
The people's minds, and laid before their eyes
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing news
Of present war, made many lies and tales:
One swears his troops of daring horsemen fought
Upon Mevania's plain, where bulls are graz'd;
Other that Cæsar's barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar flood that into Tiber falls,
And that his own ten ensigns and the rest
March'd not entirely, and yet hid† the ground;
And that he's much chang'd, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous than the French, his vassals;
And that he lags‡ behind with them, of purpose,

* *and you, fierce men of Rhene, &c.*] Here Marlowe, by mistranslating—

"Rhenique feroces
Deseritis ripas," &c,—

makes a distinction which the original has not.

† *hid*] Old ed. "hide."

‡ *And that he lags, &c.*] In this passage, which is wrongly rendered, Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "*Hunc* inter Rhenum populos," &c. (instead of "Tunc," &c.).

Born 'twixt the Alps and Rhene, which he hath
brought
From out their northern* parts, and that Rome,
He looking on, by these men should be sack'd.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen fame,
And, without ground, fear'd what themselves had
feign'd.
Nor were the commons only strook to heart
With this vain terror; but the court, the senate,
The fathers selves leap'd from their seats, and, flying,
Left hateful war decreed to both the consuls.
Then, with their fear and danger all-distract,
Their sway of flight carries the heady rout†,
That in chain'd troops break forth at every port:
You would have thought their houses had been fir'd,
Or, dropping-ripe, ready to fall with ruin.
So rush'd the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the city, hurried headlong on,
As if the only hope that did remain
To their afflictions were t' abandon Rome.
Look how, when stormy Auster from the breach
Of Libyan Syrtes rolls a monstrous wave,
Which makes the main-sail fall with hideous sound,
The pilot from the helm leaps in the sea,

* *northern*] Was intended, it would seem, to be pronounced here as a trisyllable.

† *Their sway of flight carries the heady rout, &c.*]
"quo quemque fugæ tulit impetus, urguet
Præcipitem populum; serieque hærentia longa
Agmina prorumpunt."

And mariners, albeit the keel be sound,
Shipwrack themselves; even so, the city left,
All rise in arms; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their sons, or women's tears their husbands:
They stay'd not either to pray or sacrifice;
Their household-gods restrain them not; none linger'd,
As loath to leave Rome whom they held so dear:
Th' irrevocable people fly in troops.
Oh, gods, that easy grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keep them! Rome, that flows
With citizens and captives*, and would hold
The world, were it together, is by cowards
Left as a prey, now Cæsar doth approach.
When Romans are besieg'd by foreign foes,
With slender trench they escape night-stratagems,
And sudden rampire rais'd of turf snatch'd up,
Would make them sleep securely in their tents.
Thou, Rome, at name of war runn'st from thyself,
And wilt not trust thy city-walls one night:
Well might these fear, when Pompey fear'd and fled.
Now evermore, lest some one hope might ease
The commons' jangling minds†, apparent signs arose,

* *and captives*] Old ed. "*and* captaines."—

"urbem populis, *victisque* frequentem
*Gentibus.*"

† *The commons' jangling minds, &c.*] That there is some error here, is proved not only by this line being over-measure, but by the word "apparent" being so closely followed by "appear'd."

Strange sights appear'd; the angry threatening gods
Fill'd both the earth and seas with prodigies.
Great store of strange and unknown stars were seen
Wandering about the north, and rings of fire
Fly in the air, and dreadful bearded stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms;
The flattering* sky glitter'd in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blaz'd in heaven,
Now spear-like long, now like a spreading torch;
Lightning in silence stole forth without clouds,
And, from the northern climate snatching fire,
Blasted the Capitol; the lesser stars,
Which wont to run their course through empty night,
At noon-day muster'd; Phœbe, having fill'd
Her meeting horns to match her brother's light,
Strook with th' earth's sudden shadow, waxèd pale;
Titan himself, thron'd in the midst of heaven,
His burning chariot plung'd in sable clouds,
And whelm'd the world in darkness, making men
Despair of day; as did Thyestes' town,
Mycenæ, Phœbus flying through the east.
Fierce Mulciber unbarrèd Ætna's gate,
Which flamèd not on high, but headlong pitch'd
Her burning head on bending Hespery.
Coal-black Charybdis whirl'd a sea of blood.
Fierce mastives howl'd. The vestal fires went out;
The flame in Alba, consecrate to Jove,
Parted in twain, and with a double point

* *flattering*] "fallaci."

Rose, like the Theban brothers' funeral fire.
The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off their trembling laps*.
The ocean swell'd as high as Spanish Calpe
Or Atlas' head. Their saints and household-gods
Sweat tears, to shew the travails of their city:
Crowns fell from holy statues. Ominous birds
Defil'd the day†; and wild beasts were seen,
Leaving the woods, lodge in the streets of Rome.
Cattle were seen that mutter'd human speech;
Prodigious births with more and ugly joints
Than nature gives, whose sight appals the mother;
And dismal prophecies were spread abroad:
And they, whom fierce Bellona's fury moves
To wound their arms, sing vengeance; Cybel's‡ priests,
Curling their bloody locks, howl dreadful things.
Souls quiet and appeas'd sigh'd from their graves;
Clashing of arms was heard; in untrod woods
Shrill voices schright§; and ghosts encounter men.
Those that inhabited the suburb-fields
Fled: foul Erinnys stalk'd about the walls,

* *laps*] Qy. did not the compositor here misread the MS. (as he might easily do), taking "tops" for "laps"? The original has "jugis."

† *Defil'd the day*] Qy. "The day defilèd"? But perhaps some word has dropped out; for the original gives,—

"silvisque feras *sub nocte* relictis
*Audaces* mĕdia posuisse cubilia Roma."

‡ *Cybel's*] Old ed. "Sibils."

§ *schright*] i. e. screaked, shrieked.

Shaking her snaky hair and crookèd pine
With flaming top; much like that hellish fiend
Which made the stern Lycurgus wound his thigh,
Or fierce Agave mad; or like Megæra
That scar'd Alcides, when by Juno's task
He had before look'd Pluto in the face.
Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
An armèd battle joins, such and more strange
Black night brought forth in secret. Sylla's ghost
Was seen to walk, singing sad oracles;
And Marius' head above cold Tav'ron* peering,
His grave broke open, did affright the boors.
To these ostents, as their old custom was,
They call th' Etrurian augurs: amongst whom
The gravest, Arruns, dwelt in forsaken Luca†,
Well-skill'd in pyromancy; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flight of wandering fowls.
First he commands such monsters Nature hatch'd
Against her kind, the barren mules' loath'd issue,
To be cut forth‡ and cast in dismal fires;
Then, that the trembling citizens should walk
About the city; then, the sacred priests
That with divine lustration purg'd the walls,
And went the round, in and without the town;
Next, an inferior troop, in tuck'd-up vestures,
After the Gabine manner; then, the nuns

* *Tav'ron*] i. e. Anio.

† *Luca*] Old ed. has "Leuca," with a marginal note,— "or Lunæ."

‡ *cut forth*] i. e. cut out from the womb. But this is not warranted by the original.

And their veil'd matron, who alone might view
Minerva's statue; then, they that keep and read
Sibylla's secret works, and wash* their saint
In Almo's flood; next, learnèd augurs follow;
Apollo's soothsayers, and Jove's feasting priests;
The skipping Salii with shields like wedges;
And Flamens last, with net-work woollen veils.
While these thus in and out had circled Rome,
Look what the lightning blasted, Arruns takes,
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidental. On the altar
He lays a ne'er-yok'd bull, and pours down wine,
Then crams salt leaven on his crookèd knife:
The beast long struggled, as being like to prove
An awkward sacrifice; but by the horns
The quick priest pull'd him on his knees, and slew him:
No vein sprung out, but from the yawning gash,
Instead of red blood, wallow'd venomous gore.
These direful signs made Arruns stand amaz'd,
And searching farther for the gods' displeasure,
The very colour scar'd him; a dead blackness
Ran through the blood, that turn'd it all to jelly,
And stain'd the bowels with dark loathsome spots;
The liver swell'd with filth; and every vein
Did threaten horror from the host of Cæsar;
A small thin skin contain'd the vital parts;
The heart stirr'd not; and from the gaping liver
Squeez'd matter through the caul; the entrails peer'd;

* *wash*] Old ed. "wash'd."

And which (aye me!) ever pretendeth * ill,
At that bunch where the liver is, appear'd
A knob of flesh, whereof one half did look
Dead and discolour'd, th' other lean and thin †.
By these he seeing what mischiefs must ensue,
Cried out, " Oh, gods, I tremble to unfold
What you intend! great Jove is now displeas'd;
And in the breast of this slain bull are crept
Th' infernal powers. My fear transcends my words;
Yet more will happen than I can unfold:
Turn all to good, be augury vain, and Tages,
Th' art's master, false!" Thus, in ambiguous terms
Involving all, did Arruns darkly sing.
But Figulus, more seen in heavenly mysteries,
Whose like Ægyptian Memphis never had
For skill in stars and tuneful planeting ‡,
In this sort spake: "The world's swift course is lawless
And casual; all the stars at random range ||;
Or if Fate rule them, Rome, thy citizens
Are near some plague. What mischief shall ensue?
Shall towns be swallow'd? shall the thicken'd air
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barren?

* *pretendeth*] i. e. portendeth.

† *whereof one half did look*
*Dead and discolour'd, th' other lean and thin*] Very imperfectly rendered:
" pars ægra et marcida pendet,
Pars micat, et celeri venas movet inproba pulsu."

‡ *tuneful planeting*] "numerisque moventibus astra."

|| *range*] Old ed. " radge." — " et incerto discurrunt sidera motu."

Shall water be congeal'd and turn'd to ice*?
Oh, gods, what death prepare ye? with what plague
Mean ye to rage? the death of many men
Meets in one period. If cold noisome Saturn
Were now exalted, and with blue beams shin'd,
Then Ganymede† would renew Deucalion's flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drench'd.
Oh, Phœbus, shouldst thou with thy rays now singe
The fell Nemæan beast, th' earth would be fir'd,
And heaven tormented with thy chafing heat:
But thy fires hurt not. Mars, 'tis thou inflam'st
The threatening Scorpion with the burning tail,
And fir'st his cleyes‡: why art thou thus enrag'd?
Kind Jupiter hath low declin'd himself;
Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
Mars only rules the heaven Why do the planets
Alter their course, and vainly dim their virtue?
Sword-girt Orion's side glisters too bright:
War's rage draws near; and to the sword's strong hand
Let all laws yield, sin bear the name of virtue:
Many a year these furious broils let last:
Why should we wish the gods should ever end them?
War only gives us peace. Oh, Rome, continue

* *Shall water be congeal'd and turn'd to ice?*] But the original is,—

"Omnis an infusis miscebitur unda venenis?"

Qy. could Marlowe have read "—— unda *pruinis*"?

† *Ganymede*] So Marlowe chooses to render "Aquarius," adopting the notion of some mythologists that Ganymede was changed unto that sign.

‡ *cleyes*] i. e. claws.

The course of mischief, and stretch out the date
Of slaughter! only civil broils make peace."
These sad presages were enough to scare
The quivering Romans; but worse things affright them.
As Mænas* full of wine on Pindus raves,
So runs a matron through th' amazèd streets,
Disclosing Phœbus' fury in this sort:
"Pæan, whither am I hal'd? where shall I fall,
Thus borne aloft? I see Pangæus' hill
With hoary top, and, under Hæmus' mount,
Philippi plains. Phœbus, what rage is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, having no foes?
Whither turn I now? thou lead'st me toward th' east,
Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea:
This headless trunk that lies on Nilus' sand
I know. Now thoroughout† the air I fly
To doubtful Syrtes and dry Afric, where
A Fury leads the Emathian bands. From thence
To the pine-bearing hills‡; thence§ to the mounts
Pyrene; and so back to Rome again.
See, impious war defiles the senate-house!
New factions rise. Now through the world again
I go. Oh, Phœbus, shew me Neptune's shore,
And other regions! I have seen Philippi."
This said, being tir'd with fury, she sunk down.

* *Mænas*] i. e. a Bacchante. Old ed. "Mænus." (The original has "Edonis").

† *thoroughout*] Old ed. "throughout."

‡ *pine-bearing hills*] Marlowe must have read here "*Piniferæ* colles" (instead of "Nubiferæ," &c.).

§ *thence*] Old ed. "hence."

# THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.*

Come† live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields‡,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields§.

And we will‖ sit upon the rocks,
Seeing¶ the shepherds feed their** flocks

* *The Passionate Shepherd to his love*] The present text of this song, with the exception of the third line of the first stanza and two very trifling variations in the second and sixth stanzas, is from *England's Helicon*, 1600, where it is subscribed with Marlowe's name. Four stanzas of it (the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th,) had previously appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. It was inserted, as the composition of Marlowe, in Walton's *Complete Angler*, 1653. See more particulars concerning this song in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*. I should mention here that the only edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which has fallen in my way, is that of 1612.

† *Come*] So *E. H.* and *C. A.*—Omitted in *P. P.*

‡ *That hills and valleys, dales and fields*] So *P. P.* — *E. H.* "*That vallies*, groues, *hills and fieldes.*" — *C. A.* "*That vallies*, groves, or *hils*, or *fields.*"

§ *Woods, or steepy mountain yields*] So *E. H.*—*P. P.* "And all the craggy mountaines yeeld."—*C. A.* "*Or woods* and *steepie* mountains *yeelds.*"

‖ *And we will*] So *E. H.* — *P. P.* "There *will we.*" — *C. A.* "Where *we will.*"

¶ *Seeing*] So *E. H.*—*P. P.* and *C. A.* "And see."

** *their*] So *E. H.* and *P. P.*—*C. A.* "our."

By shallow rivers, to whose falls*
Melodious birds sing† madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses‡,
And a thousand§ fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown‖ made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers¶ for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And, if these pleasures may thee move,
Come** live with me, and be my love.

* *to whose falls*] So *E. H.* and *C. A.*—*P. P.* "by *whose* tales."

† *sing*] So *P. P.* and *C. A.*—*E. H.* "sings."

‡ *And I will make thee beds of roses*] So *E. H.* and *C. A.*—*P. P.* "There *will I make thee* a bed *of roses.*"

§ *And a thousand*] So *E. H.*—*P. P.* "With *a thousand.*"—*C. A.* "*And* then *a thousand.*"

‖ *A gown*, &c.] This stanza is not in *P. P.*

¶ *Fair-linèd slippers*] So *E. H.*—*C. A.* "*Slippers lin'd* choicely."

** *Come*] So *E. H.* and *C. A.*—*P. P.* "Then."—After this stanza, the following one was inserted in the second edition of the *C. A.*, 1655;

"Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me."

The shepherd-swains* shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

## FRAGMENT†.

I walk'd along a stream, for pureness rare,
Brighter than sun-shine; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey
That in the pebble-pavèd channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,
Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there,—
Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
Through whose bright-gliding current might appear

* *The shepherd-swains, &c.*] This stanza is not in *P. P.*—*E. H.* and *C. A.* "*The* sheepheards *swaines.*"

† *Fragment*] From *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 480 (under *Description of Seas, Waters, Riuers, &c.*), where it is signed "Ch. Marlowe."—The Editor of Marlowe's *Works*, 1826, having a very short memory, could not recollect from what source the compiler of *England's Parnassus* had derived a passage which he ascribes to Marlowe,—

"The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights," &c

It is taken from *Hero and Leander*: see p. 17 of this vol.

A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
  Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace' gate
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
  The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions, in one union grows,
  Folding their twining* arms, as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
  Lending to dulness feeling sympathy;
And as a costly valance o'er a bed,
So did their garland-tops the brook o'erspread.

Their leaves, that differ'd both in shape and show,
  Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,
  Prided the running main, as it had been—

* *twining*] So in the "Errata" to *E. P.*, which in the text has "twindring."

# DIALOGUE IN VERSE*.

JACK.

SEEST thou not yon farmer's son?
  He hath stoln my love from me, alas!
What shall I do? I am undone;
  My heart will ne'er be as it was.
Oh, but he gives her gay gold rings,
  And tufted gloves [for] holiday,
And many other goodly things,
  That hath stoln my love away.

* *Dialogue in verse*] Was first printed in *The Alleyn Papers* (for the Shakespeare Society), p. 8, by Mr. Collier, who prefaced it with the following remarks. "In the original MS. this dramatic dialogue in verse is written as prose, on one side of a sheet of paper, at the back of which, in a more modern hand, is the name 'Kitt Marlowe.' What connection, if any, he may have had with it, it is impossible to determine, but it was obviously worthy of preservation, as a curious stage-relic of an early date, and unlike any thing else of the kind that has come down to us. In consequence of haste or ignorance on the part of the writer of the manuscript, it has been necessary to supply some portions, which are printed within brackets. There are also some obvious errors in the distribution of the dialogue, which it was not easy to correct. The probability is that, when performed, it was accompanied with music."

I have hazarded a conjecture that this Dialogue may be a fragment of *The Maiden's Holiday*, a lost comedy, which is said to have been written partly by Marlowe: see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

FRIEND.

Let him give her gay gold rings
  Or tufted gloves, were they ne'er so [gay];
Or were her lovers lords or kings,
  They should not carry the wench away.

JACK.*

But a' dances wonders well**,
  And with his dances stole her love from me:
Yet she wont to say I bore the bell
  For dancing and for courtesy.

DICK.†

Fie, lusty younker, what do you here,
  Not dancing on the green to-day?
For Pierce, the farmer's son, I fear,
  Is like to carry your wench away.

JACK.‡

Good Dick, bid them all come hither,
  And tell Pierce from me beside,
That, if he think to have the wench,
  Here he stands shall lie with the bride.

* *Jack*] Not in MS.
** *wonders well*] i.e. wondrous well.
† *Dick*] MS. "Jack."
‡ *Jack*] Not in MS.

DICK.*

Fie, Nan, why use thy old lover so,
For any other new-come guest?
Thou long time his love did know;
Why shouldst thou not use him best?

NAN.†

Bonny Dick, I will not forsake
My bonny Rowland for any gold:
If he can dance as well as Pierce,
He shall have my heart in hold.

PIERCE.

Why, then, my hearts, let's to this gear;
And by dancing I may won‡
My Nan, whose love I hold so dear
As any realm under the sun.

GENTLEMAN.§

Then, gentles, ere I speed from hence,
I will be so bold to dance
A turn or two without offence;
For, as I was walking along by chance,
I was told you did agree.‖

* *Dick*] MS. "W. Fre." (i. e., I suppose, *Wench's Friend.*)
† *Nan*] Not in MS.
‡ *won*] i. e. win.
§ *Gentleman*] MS. "Frend." That this portion of the dialogue belongs to the "Gen." is evident from what follows.
‖ *agree*] Something is wanting here.

FRIEND.*

Tis true, good sir; and this is she
  Hopes your worship comes not to crave her;
For she hath lovers two or three,
  And he that dances best must have her.

GENTLEMAN.

How say you, sweet, will you dance with me?
  And you [shall] have both land and [hill];
My love shall want nor gold nor fee.

NAN.†

  I thank you, sir, for your good will,
But one of these my love must be:
  I'm but a homely country maid,
And far unfit for your degree;
  [To dance with you I am afraid.]

FRIEND.

Take her, good sir, by the hand,
  As she is fairest: were she fairer,
By this dance, you shall understand,
  He that can win her is like to wear her.

FOOL.

And saw you not [my] Nan to-day,
  My mother's maid have you not seen?

* *Friend*] Not in MS.
† *Nan*] Not in MS.

My pretty Nan is gone away
To seek her love upon the green.
[I cannot see her 'mong so many:]
She shall have me, if she have any.

NAN.*

Welcome, sweet-heart, and welcome here,
Welcome, my [true] love, now to me.
This is my love [and my darling dear]†,
And that my husband [soon] must be.
And, boy, when thou com'st home, thou'lt see
Thou art as welcome home as he.

GENTLEMAN.

Why, how now, sweet Nan? I hope you jest.

NAN.*

No, by my troth, I love the fool the best:
And, if you be jealous, God give you good-night!
I fear you're a gelding, you caper so light.

GENTLEMAN.

I thought she had jested and meant but a fable,
But now do I see she hath play'[d] with his bable‡.
I wish all my friends by me to take heed,
That a fool come not near you when you mean to speed.

* *Nan*] MS. "Wen." (i.e. Wench).

† [*and my darling dear*] So Mr. Collier: but it seems hardly to suit the context.

‡ *bable*] i. e. bauble.

*In obitum* honoratissimi viri,* ROGERI MANWOOD, *Militis, Quæstorii Reginalis Capitalis Baronis.*

NOCTIVAGI terror, ganeonis triste flagellum,
Et Jovis Alcides, rigido vulturque latroni,
Urnâ subtegitur. Scelerum, gaudete, nepotes!
Insons, luctificâ sparsis cervice capillis,
Plange! fori lumen, venerandæ gloria legis,
Occidit: heu, secum effœtas Acherontis ad oras
Multa abiit virtus. Pro tot virtutibus uni,
Livor, parce viro; non audacissimus esto
Illius in cineres, cujus tot millia vultus
Mortalium attonuit: sic cum te nuntia Ditis
Vulneret exsanguis, feliciter ossa quiescant,
Famaque marmorei superet monumenta sepulcri.

* *In obitum, &c.*] This epitaph was first printed by Mr. Collier (*History of the English Stage,* &c. p. xliv, — prefixed to the first vol. of his *Shakespeare*) from a MS. on the back of the title page of a copy of *Hero and Leander*, ed. 1629, where it is subscribed with Marlowe's name.—For a notice of Sir Roger Manwood, see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*

# APPENDIX.

# No. I.

## A NOTE* CONTAYNINGE THE OPINION OF ONE CHRISTOFER MARLYE, CONCERNYNGE HIS DAMNABLE OPINIONS AND JUDGMENT OF RELYGION AND SCORNE OF GODS WORDE.

### *From* MS. HARL. 6853, *fol.* 320.

[SEE *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*— This paper was first printed by Ritson in his *Observations on Warton's Hist. of E. P.*, p. 40.

I have elsewhere expressed my conviction that the charge of irreligion, which we find so repeatedly brought against Marlowe, was not without foundation; and it seems but too certain that his habits of life were licentious. Still, I am far from thinking that this paper is to be received as a document of much authority. The accuser appears to have had a strong feeling of enmity towards Marlowe; and his veracity is rendered the more questionable by the fact, that he afterwards suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Tyburn.

* *A note*, &c.] This, the original title, is partly drawn through with a pen and altered as follows; *A Note delivered on Whitson eve last of the most horreble blasphemes vtteryd by Christofer Marly who within* iii *dayes after came to a soden and fearfull end of his life.* Warton carelessly gives the title thus; "Account of the blasphemous and damnable opinions of Christ. Marley and 3 others who came to a sudden and fearfull end of this life." *Hist. of E. P.*, iii. 437, ed. 4to.

In a volume of Marlowe's collected pieces (now in the Bodleian Library) Malone has written what follows:—

"This Richard Bame or Banes was hanged at Tyburn on the 6th of Dec. 1594. See the Stationers' Register, Book B, p. 316.

"It is obvious to remark upon this testimony, that it is *not upon oath;* that it contains some declarations which it is utterly incredible that Marlowe should have made (as that concerning his intention to coin, which he must have known to be penal); that Bame does not appear to have been confronted with the person accused, or cross-examined by him or any other person; and that the whole rests upon his single assertion. This paper, however, may derive some support from the verses quoted at the other side [of the page in Malone's book] from *The Returne from Parnassus* [cited in my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*], which was written about 10 years after Marlowe's death."]

THAT the Indians and many Authors of Antiquitei have assuredly written of aboue 16 thowsande yeers agone, wher* Adam is proved to have leyved within 6 thowsande yeers.

*He affirmeth*† That Moyses was but a Juggler, and that one Heriots can do more then hee.

That Moyses made the Jewes to travell fortie yeers in the wildernes (which iorny might have ben don in lesse then one yeer) er they came to the promised lande, to the intente that those whoe wer privei to most of his subtileteis might perish, and so an ever-

* *wher*] i. e. whereas.

† *He affirmeth*] All the portions now printed in Italics, are in the original drawn through with a pen by the person who altered the title.

lastinge supersticion remayne in the hartes of the people.

That the firste beginnynge of Religion was only to keep men in awe.

That it was an easye matter for Moyses, beinge brought vp in all the artes of the Egiptians, to abvse the Jewes, beinge a rvde and grosse people.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *†

That he [Christ] was the sonne of a carpenter, and that, yf the Jewes amonge whome he was borne did crvcifye him, thei best knew him and whence he came.

That Christ deserved better to dye then Barabas, and that the Jewes made a good choyce, though Barrabas were both a theife and a murtherer.

That yf ther be any God or good Religion, then it is in the Papistes, becavse the service of God is performed with more ceremonyes, as elevacion of the masse, organs, singinge men, *shaven crownes*, &c. That all protestantes ar hipocriticall Asses.

That, yf he wer put to write a new religion, he wolde vndertake both a more excellent and more admirable methode, and that all the new testament is filthely written.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

† Wherever asterisks occur, they indicate clauses of such an abominable nature, that I did not choose to print them.

* * * \

*and honest men be proved to be his opinions and common speeches, and that this Marloe doth not only holde them himself, but almost in every company he commeth, perswadeth men to Athiesme, willinge them not to be afrayed of bugbeares and hobgoblins, and vtterly scornynge both God and his ministers, as I Richard Bome* [sic] *will justify both by my othe and the testimony of many honest men, and almost all men with whome he hath conversed any tyme will testefy the same: and, as I thincke, all men in christianitei ought to endevor that the mouth of so dangerous a member may be stopped.*

*He sayeth moreover that he hath coated* a number of contrarieties out of the scriptures, which he hath geeven to some great men, whoe in convenient tyme shalbe named. When theis thinges shalbe called in question, the witnesses shalbe produced.*

RYCHARD BAME.

(Endorsed)
*Copye of Marloes blasphemyes as sent to her H* [ighness].

* *coated*] i. e. *quoted*, noted down.

# No. II.

## PORTIONS OF GAGER'S DIDO.

[See *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.* — These portions of Gager's *Dido*, which was acted at Christ-Church, Oxford, before Prince Alasco in June, 1583, are given from a MS. volume in the author's hand-writing (which contains no more of the play).

"This night," says Holinshed, "and the night insuing, after sumptuous suppers in his lodging, he [Prince Alasco] personaly was present with his traine in the hall [of Christ-Church]; first at the plaieng of a pleasant comedie intituled *Riuales;* then at the setting out of a verie statelie tragedie named *Dido*, wherein the queenes banket (with Eneas narration of the destruction of Troie) was liuelie described in a marchpaine patterne; there was also a goodlie sight of hunters with full crie of a kennell of hounds, Mercurie and Iris descending and ascending from and to an high place, the tempest, wherein it hailed small confects, rained rosewater, and snew an artificiall kind of snow, all strange, maruellous, and abundant. — Most of the actors were of the same house [Christ-Church]; six or seauen of them were of saint Johns, and three or foure of other colleges and hals." *Chron.* iii. 1355, ed. 1587.

Among the Latin dramas of Frischlin is a tragedy called *Dido*, which, according to Niceron (*Mem.* xix. 206), was first printed in 1581. Frischlin puts into the mouth of the Chorus the very same parts of Virgil which Gager (p. p. 327, 335) has used for *his* Chorus: but it does not therefore necessarily follow that Frischlin's tragedy was known to Gager.]

### Prologus in Didonem tragœdiam.

Res quæque varias invicem patitur vices,
Et ipsa gratam varietas formam parit.
Quæ sæpe fiunt illa cui placeant diu?
Vicissitudo semper oblectat magis.

Hesterna Mopsum scena ridiculum dedit;
Hodierna grandem scena materiam dabit;
Levis in cothurnum vertitur soccus gravem:
Nec gratiora læta sunt mœstis tamen,
Nec amara quovis melle delectant minus.
Tulit omne punctum tristia admiscens jocis:
Ridere forsan aliquis ad fletum potest,
Idemque magna flere lætitia potest;
Jucunditates lacrymæ summas habent,
Magna est voluptas flere ubi nihil est mali.
Tantum benignas quæso vos aures date,
Et argumentum, si placet, totum eloquar.

ARGUMENTUM.

Huic Dido clarum fabulæ nomen facit;
Hic ipsa ad horas regna moderatur dicas:
Urbs ista Libyci est magna Carthago soli.
Junonis odio per tot Æneas freta
Jactatus, istis applicat terris ratem:
Benigna tectis excipit Dido hospitem.
Sed ante nato cara prospiciens Venus,
Tyrios bilingues quippe et ambiguam domum
Et adhuc furentis odia Junonis timet,
Cupidinem sollicita lascivum rogat
Ut ora pueri sumat Ascanii puer,
Uratque tacita regium pectus face.
Gerit ille morem: deperit Elisa hospitem;
Instigat Anna: nemore venatur; dolo
Junonis atrum nimbus involvit diem;
Junguntur antro. Monitus Æneas parat

Abire Libya: rescit abituri fugam
Regina; queritur, obsecrat, sævit, furit:
Immotus ille navigat jussu Jovis.
Elisa magicos rite constructa pyra
Simulata cultus propria dextra occidit.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

DIDO, ÆNEAS, ASCANIUS FALSUS.

*Dido.* QUIN, hospes, ista missa faciamus magis:
Olim juvabit quod fuit durum pati
Meminisse; curas interea mente excute.
Instructa dapibus mensa nos, eccum, manet:
Accumbe, quæso; Bacchus ærumnas levet.
Magnanime princeps, si foret suasum tibi
Quam gratus aulam veneris nostram advena,
Nec non Iülus pariter et comites viæ,
Non dico Troja penitus excideret tibi
Sedesque patriæ, lætior certè fores.
*Æn.* Regina, gentis candidum sidus tuæ,
Non lingua nostri pectoris sensum explicet,
Non vultus animum: lætitia gestit levis,
Ingens stupescit seque non capiens silet.
Quis tam benignæ verba reginæ satis
Vultusque placidos referat, et miseris fidem
Opemque nostris rebus ærumnis datam?
Quis apparatus regios digne efferat

Luxusque tantos? ista meditantem tua
Promerita si me cogites, lætum putes.
*Dido.* Non ista tanti agnosco quæ memoras bona:
Equidem esse cupio, fateor, et spero assequi
Ut non Elisæ pigeat Æneam hospitis.
Sed cur Iülus tristior spectat dapes?
*Asc.* Urbs ista Trojæ præbuit speciem mihi,
Animumque misero subiit aspectu dolor:
Quæ nocte genitor retulit hesterna altius
Hic breviter oculis subjici videas tuis.
*Dido.* Iüle, quæso, repete fortunam *Ilii.*
*Asc.* Hanc esse Trojam finge quam pateram vides:
Hac Simois ibat fluvius; hic densis sita est
Mons Ida silvis; hac stetit Tenedos via;
Hac Cilla, Chryse, quæque circuitu undique
Urbes minores dirutæ bello jacent.
Hic mille ratibus hostium statio fuit;
Hic castra; campus inter hic pugnæ jacet;
Hos esse magnos Pergami muros puta;
Hæc porta Scæa est; Hector hac solitus ferox
Turmas in aciem ducere; hic Priami lares,
Hic patris; illic steterat Anchisæ domus;
Hic, parte muri diruta, insidiis equi
Ingens in urbem panditur mediam via;
Hic cæpta cædes. Plura quid fari queam?
Post multa tandem funera et strages ducum,
Sic est Sinonis fraude, sic Danaûm face
Incensa, sic est in leves cineres data.
*Dido.* O quam stupendi specimen ingenii datum!
O te beatum prole generosa patrem,

Et te parente filium tali editum !
Divinam, Iüle, sequere naturæ indolem :
Laudes parentis bellicas opto tibi,
Senemque precor ætate transcendas avum :
Et hoc amoris osculum pignus cape.

*Asc.* Quin oscularis filium, genitor, tuum ?

HYMNUS IÖPÆ.

Quod tibi nomen tribuam deorum ?
Sive te Martem, Lyciumve Phœbum,
Herculem seu te Jove procreatum,
Dicere fas est ;

Sive digneris titulo minore,
Teque mortalem placeat vocari ;
At deûm certe poteris videri
Sanguine cretus.

Quas tibi dicam celebremve laudes ?
Quo mihi fas est resonare plectro ?
Quod decet tanto memorare carmen
Principe dignum ?

Splendor heroum, patriæque lumen
Inclytum, salve, generisque prisci !
Non tua nostras tetigit carina
Gratior oras.

Sis licet tantus, superesque nostri
Pectoris captum, tamen est Elisa
Major, O hospes, nimium beate
Hospite Elisa !

Est minor nemo nisi comparatus,
Neve te dici pudeat minorem:
Nil videt nostræ simile aut secundum
Orbis Elisæ.

Cynthiæ qualis nitor inter astra
Talis in terris decor est Elisæ:
Ecce, cui gratus patria relicta
Veneris hospes!

Proximas illi tamen occupasti
Nominis laudes, sequerisque juxta;
Proximos illi tibi vox Iöpæ
Cantat honores.

Vinciant pictæ cyathos coronæ,
Nobili Bacchus statuatur auro,
Maximi fiant strepitus per aulam,
Jussit Elisa.

Hospes illustris, tibi gratulamur;
Jam juvat longos geminare plausus;
En, tibi lætæ volitant per ampla
Atria voces!

DIDO, ÆNEAS.

*Dido.* Dux magne Teucrûm, quæ tibi placeant dapes?
*Æn.* Nec hæ nec illæ, sed placent cunctæ mihi:
Epulas in epulis, in cibis quæro cibos,
Et copia meum tanta delectum impedit.
*Dido.* Non ista Priami regna: quis Carthaginis

Hospitia Trojæ conferat quondam tuæ?
Sed tenuis aures pepulit hic rumor meas
Quædam fuisse fata secreta Ilii:
Quænam illa fuerint, hospes, exponas precor.
*Æn.* Regina, variis illa numerantur modis:
In his reponi Troili letum solet,
Scissumque Scææ limen, atque Helenus sacer,
Rhesique equorum raptus, et Pyrrhus simul;
Sed prima Trojæ fata memorantur duo,
Flavæ sacratum Palladis signum deæ,
Et cum sagittis arcus ac pharetra Herculis.
*Dido.* Quod hoc Minervæ quæso simulacrum fuit?
*Æn.* Cum dives Asiam regeret et muros novi
Extrueret Ilus Ilii, festo die
Cecidisse cælo fertur, huc illuc means,
Colum sinistra, spiculum dextra tenens,
Habituque toto bellicam referens deam.
Obstupuit Ilus: consulit Phœbum pius:
Consultus ille tale responsum dedit;
" In hoc ruina stabit et Trojæ salus;
Servate tectis urbe cum vestra deam;
Ablata secum tollet imperium loci."
Ast Ilus arcem Palladi sacram extruit,
Cæleste tuto collocat signum loco,
Additque vigiles; nec quidem hæredi minor
Pervenit inde cura, Laomedon, tibi.
At, heu, parum servata sub Priamo fuit!
Hoc ipsa voluit Pallas ex illo die
Quo forma victa est Paridis arbitrio furens.
*Dido.* Quis machinator facinoris tanti extitit?

*Æn.* Furtis Ulysses aptus ac natus dolo;
Dum per cloacas abditam quærit viam.
*Dido.* Quin et secundum Pergami fatum explica.
*Æn.* Arsurus illo natus Alcmena rogo
Quo victor astra petiit et superûm domos,
" Pæante genite," dixit, " hoc munus cape";
Arcumque dono pariter et pharetram dedit
Gravidam sagittis: arguunt tela Herculem.
*Dido.* Quis hoc Pelasgis aperuit fatum deus?
*Æn.* Et hoc et illud proximum Phœbo caput
Monstravit Helenus, ipse fatorum mora.
Hic, captus Ithaci fraude, sic Danais sacra
Resolvit ora, Delio plenus deo:
" En, hic sagittis restat Alcidæ labor
Supremus! illum fata rapuerunt licet,
At interesse gloriæ hæredem jubent;
Nec minima tanti pars erit facti Hercules;
Non ante Troja poterit æquari solo
Priamique regnum quam Philoctetes gravi
Serpentis ictu saucius, Lemno exulans,
In castra veniat, ut ducum strage edita
Cruore arundo madeat Herculea Phrygûm,
Ne quid geratur arduum dempto Hercule."
En, ista Trojæ summa fatorum fuit!

POMPA LARVALIS.*

*Dido.* Rector deorum Jupiter et hominum sator
(Nam jura te loquuntur hospitibus dare),

* *Pompa larvalis*] i. e. A Masque.

Si rite pateram solitus hanc Belus tibi
Implere vino, et *quisquis a Belo minor,*
Hanc esse Tyriis *pariter et Teucris diem*
Jucundam, et *hujus posteros olim velis*
Meminisse nostros! *Bacche, lætitiæ dator,*
Adsis, et alma Juno jam Phrygibus bona!
Et O faventes este vos, Tyrii, precor!
[*Libat Jovi.*

ASCANIUS, DIDO.

*Asc.* Regina, tandem quæso tollantur dapes;
Satis epularum, luxui satis est datum:
Inambulando membra relevemus precor.
*Dido.* Mos tibi geretur.—Tollite, ministri, ocius.
Interea læto personet cantu domus:
Nos inferamus regiis hortis gradum.

MAHARBAL, HANNO.

*Mah.* Ut vereor, Hanno, quem ferent ista exitum
... Hospitia! si (quod omen avertat deus)
Quod sæpe factum, jamque ne fiat precor,
Si deperiret hospitem Dido novum,
Quæ bella, quas hæ nuptiæ turbas darent!
*Han.* At tu, Maharbal, quem tibi fingis metum?
Nolo oscitantem, nolo prudentem nimis.
Quæ bella vates (illa fac nubat) canis?
*Mah.* Tantumne Iarbas dedecus inultum feret
Furens adhuc amore? quid Libyæ duces
Quos illa toties sprevit? impune hospitem
In regna recipi, despici indigenas sinent?

*Han.* Si tu, Maharbal, exigi miserum putes,
Licito juventam ducat ut vacuam toro
Regina pollens opibus, ætate integra,
Tuone potius nubet arbitrio, an suo,
An magis Iärbæ ? Lege si tali velim
Rex esse, moriar ! conjugem nolo eripi,
Nolo imperari ; gravius hoc multo reor.
Nam quas Iärbæ, quas refers regum minas ?
Ducente Tyrias Troico turmas duce
Carthago clarum gentibus caput efferet.
*Mah.* At subeat animo quæ sit hospitibus fides
Habenda ; Theseus doceat Ariadnæ malo,
Jason Medeæ : trita peregrinis fuga est.
*Han.* Ah, ne duorum scelera sint culpa omnium !
Sed mæsta vultus exiit Dido foras :
At nos secreto tecta repetamus gradu.

DIDO, ANNA.

*Dido.* Quæ me, Anna, dubiam somnia exterrent,
soror ?
Quis iste nuper sedibus nostris novus
Successit hospes ! ore quem sese ferens !
Quam fortis alto pectore armisque inclytus !
Equidem, soror, (nec vana credentis fides,)
Genus esse divûm credo : degenerem arguit
Animum timor : quot ille perpessus mala
Terra marique ! bella quæ gessit ferox !
Si non sederet in animo fixum mihi
Ne cui jugali lege sociari velim,

Postquam mariti morte deceptam mei
Amor fefellit primus, et tædæ mihi
Si non perosæ penitus ac thalami forent,
Huic forsan uni cederem culpæ libens.
Sed vel dehiscat ante mihi tellus precor,
Vel pater ad umbras fulmine omnipotens agat,
Pallentis umbras Erebi et infernam Styga,
Quam tua resolvam jura, te violem, pudor!
Me primus ille qui sibi junxit meos
Abstulit amores; habeat is secum et suo
Servet sepulcro: nemo levitate arguat.
*An.* O cara magis hoc lucis aspectu, soror,
Semperne mœrens cælibem vitam exiges?
Nunquamne Veneris pignora et licitos toros
Dulcesque natos noveris? id tu putas
Curare manes? esto, nulli ægram viri
Flexere quondam, non tua spretus Tyro
Nobilis lărbas, gentis et Libyæ duces,
Et quos abundans Africa triumphis alit;
Etiamne Amori sola pugnabis deo?
Nec quorum in arvis degis in mentem venit?
Hinc Marte gens invicta, Gætuli truces,
Numidæque cingunt; hinc regio squalens situ,
Et vasta syrtis; inde Barcæi fremunt
Late furentes: bella quid dicam Tyro
Jam nascitura? quid graves fratris minas?
Junonis equidem et cælitum auspiciis reor
Huc detulisse Dardanas ventum rates.
Germana, quam tu, quam brevi hanc urbem
tuam,

Quæ regna cernes surgere Ænea duce!
Comitante Teucro milite ut se Punica
Nomenque terris gloria attollet tuum!
*Dido.* Non ista nostrum quæ refers animum latent;
Et jam fatebor, Anna, post miserum mei
Fatum Sichæi et cæde fraterna impie
Sparsos penates, solus hic sensus meos
Flexit, animumque cardine labantem impulit,
Primasque flammæ veteris agnosco notas:
Sed dubius animum distrahit nostrum timor
Pudorque. Voti quam mei spem das, soror?
*An.* Germana, tantum posce tu veniam deos
Sacris litatis: hospiti indulge novo;
Causas morandi necte dum pelago gravis
Desævit hiemis ira, dum quassæ rates,
Dum non sereno murmurant venti polo.
*Dido.* Satis est: amori subdis ardenti faces:
Laxabo frænа; stultus excedat pudor.
Cras demereri victima crebra deos
Pacemque in extis quærere statutum est mihi:
Tibi vacca Cereri, pariter et Baccho cadet;
Longe ante reliquos sacra Junoni feram
Cui conjugalis vincla sunt curæ tori.

CHORUS.

Eheu, Dido, miseret nos tui!
O ignaræ vatum mentes!
Quid juvat aras tangere supplicem?
Nulla juvabunt vota furentem:

Exedit intus flamma medullas,
Tacitum vivit pectore vulnus.
Dido miseris uritur ignibus,
Totaque furens urbe vagatur:
Missa qualis cerva sagitta
Quam procul inter Cressia fixit
Nemora incautam pastor, et inscius
Medio liquit pectore ferrum;
Mœrens silvas illa petit fuga,
Lateri stridens hæret arundo.
Nunc per muros demens hospitem
Secum Æneam ducit Elisa;
Nunc Sidonias ostentat opes
Urbemque novam; cupit effari,
Et mox media voce resistit;
Nunc Iliacos audire expetit
Illa labores; nunc convivia
Eadem quærit labente die.
Non jam cœptæ surgunt turres,
Non exercent juvenes arma,
Non jam bello tela recondunt,
Portusve parant; cessant opera,
Pendent altæ murorum minæ.
O quis superum tanta clemens
Peste furentem solvat Elisam!

*Secundo* [*actu*] *transitur ad venationem.*

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

### SICHÆI UMBRA.*

Tellure scissa per vias saxo asperas
Mœstum Sichæus Tartaro gressum extuli,
Atram sinistra præferens tædam novis
Thalamis Elisæ conjugis quondam meæ.
Nam quæ sub imas fama mihi terras venit!
Amore Teucri furere Didonem hospitis!
In media recipi regna peregrinum! loco
Viri esse! quo me, quo meas lachrymas feram?
Si jam Sichæus excidit penitus tibi,
Si jam secundos expetis, Dido, toros,
Nullosne Libya quos ames gignit duces?
Misero beata, perfido nubes pia?
Regina perfugæ, Troico Tyria viro?
Genus omne Phrygium fecit invisum Paris;
Hic rapuit, iste deseret vagus hospitem.
Absiste, Dido; rara in hospitibus fides,
Erratque ut ipsi; prodidit patriam suam,
Prodet alienam; conjugem quanto magis?
Secum penates avehat, Latium petat.
At tu, Megæra, pectus hoc furiis age,
Perure. Satis est: caveat Æneas malum.
Quin intus abeo: stabo et arcebo nefas.
[*Exit in regiam.*

* *Sichæi Umbra*] I may notice here, that in the *Didone* of Dolce (first printed in 1547) one of the personages is L' Ombra di Sicheo.

*Tempestas Junonia.*

NYMPHARUM PLANCTUS. (*Nymphæ canant in scena.*)

Eheu, querulos fundite planctus!
Terite infestis pectora palmis;
Eheu, dicite Tyriis omen
Venit acerbum!
Heu, hymenæos, heu, male junctos!
Heu, connubium quale nec ævum
Vidit priscum nullaque nascens
Hora videbit!
Non cessabit nemorum questus:
Nos quoque Nymphæ fletum dabimus;
Atque ex imis mœsta cavernis
Ingemet Echo.

CUPIDO VERUS. (*Exeat e nemore.*)

Bene est, abunde est, exitum nacti sumus,
Matris repertum fraudibus, partum meis.
Amavit; etiam amore bacchata est, novo
Flagravit igne; nec levi pretio stetit
Tenuisse Iülum genibus et gremio levem.
Insuave retuli suavium dulci osculo;
Cum lusit illa ludicro, lusi dolo:
Bibit? recepi; aspexit? et vultum intuli;
Vocavit? aderam; mulsit? implevi sinum;
Vafer fefelli simplicem astutus piam:
Et jam reliqui perditam, quamvis putet

Abiisse curam penitus. En, conjux Jovis
Genetrixque nostra, manibus ad speciem datis,
Pepigere fœdus! nuptiis dicunt diem;
In nemora mittunt; imbribus cælum rotant;
Et hanc cavernam nuptiis statuunt locum:
Mox ducet extra conjugem sponsus suam.
Sed nos in urbem magnus etiamnum labor
Accersit; aliquis semper in Tyriis amat.

*Redeunt a venatione.*

MERCURIUS SOLUS. (*Cælitus delapsus.*)

Facunda proles maximi superum Jovis
Matrisque Maiæ, nuntius velox deûm,
Corusca summi templa deserui ætheris.
Quis hic locus? quæ zona? quas terras premo?
Utrumve votum visa decipiunt meum?
An ista Libya est? ista Carthago nova?
Ni fallor, ipsa est, urbis agnosco notas;
Didonis hoc est regiæ limen domus.
Hic delinitus ductor Æneas Phrygum
Moratur; ille causa veniendi fuit.
Nec vile quisquam munus hoc nostrum putet,
Quod huc et illuc pervolem nutu Jovis:
Sancte colendum est numen in terris meum;
Legatione cælitum fungi grave est,
Nec nisi valenti munus ingenio datur.
Seu petere terram, seu fretum supra placet
Volare, rapido flamine alarum vehor.
Tum quanta virgæ, quam potens virtus meæ!

Hac pallidi animas evoco Ditis domo,
Hac pariter alias mitto ad infernam Styga;
Induco somnos, rursus hac somnos fugo,
Et pressa morte lumina resigno gravi;
Hac fretus æquor transeo ventos agens,
Nubesque moti turbidas trano ætheris.
Sed, ecce, quisnam regia gressum extulit?
Ipse est Achati junctus Æneas suo.

### Mercurius ad Æneam.

Carthaginis tu mœnia excelsæ locas,
Urbemque nunc uxorius pulchram extruis,
Rerum tuarum oblite regnique immemor?
Hominum deùmque rector et mundi arbiter,
Qui numine polos torquet et terras suo,
Celeres per auras ipse me jussit tibi
Mandata ferre: quid struis? qua spe teris
Libycis in oris otia et terris tibi
Fato negatis? quo tuæ spectant moræ?
Si nulla rerum fama tantarum movet,
Nec ipse proprium laude moliris super
Tua laborem, subeat Ascanius tibi,
Et spes Iüli respice hæredis tůi,
Cui jam Latini regna debentur soli:
Arcesne Latias invides nato pater?
Non alma talem te mihi dixit Venus,
Nec vindicavit ideo bis Graiům dolis;
Sed qui frementem regeret Italiam fore,
A sanguine alto proderet Teucri genus,

Orbique jura victor et leges daret.
Legationis summa nostræ est, naviga.

ÆNEAS, ACHATES.

*Æn.* Horrore quatior totus, et mentem pavor
Concussit ingens, atra nox oculos subit,
Facilemque verbis denegat lingua exitum:
Sed quid profari, quid loqui, Æneas, potes?
Aut unde fas est? huc et huc animus mihi
Variusque rapitur, qualis Euripus solet
Fluere et refluere septies uno die.
Tanto deorum attonitus imperio juvat
Abire, et istas deserere terras fuga:
Sed te furentem quo mihi affatu licet
Ambire, Dido? quem mihi vultum induam?
Quæ prima sumam verba? quæ causa est satis?
Incertus animi versor in varias vices;
Sic ut carinam media sulcantem freta
Hac rector, illac unda transversum rapit.
Restitue fluctus, Juno, jam Libycos mihi;
Levior in illis ira prælusit tua.
Quicunque sævo maria transitis deo,
Amate fluctus; credite experto mihi.

*Ach.* Magnanime Troûm ductor et captæ unicum
Patriæ levamen, comprime affectus precor,
Teque obsequentem nuntio præbe Jovis:
Minus eligendum est cum duo occurrunt mala.

*Æn.* Sic est, Achates: at quis hic judex erit?

*Ach.* Jove imperante te tamen judex latet?

*Æn.* At hospitalis Jupiter prohibet fugam.
*Ach.* Iter institutum cur fugam turpem vocas?
*Æn.* Sic prædicabit fama. *Ach.* Sed falsa et levis.
*Æn.* Tamen est timenda levior. *Ach.* At superi magis.
*Æn.* At cara Dido est. *Ach.* Veniat in mentem tibi Ascanius. *Æn.* Etiam magna Carthago venit.
*Ach.* Num terra fatis debita Italia est minor?
*Æn.* Via longa pelago. *Ach.* Jupiter monstrat viam.
*Æn.* At sæva Juno. *Ach.* Materia laudis tuæ.
*Æn.* At cuncta Elisæ debeo, classem, meos, Vitamque Iüli. *Ach.* Quas decet grates age.
*Æn.* Omnis habeatur gratia, ingratum arguet.
*Ach.* Promerita perdit qui satis grato exprobrat.
*Æn.* Amat. *Ach.* Sequetur forsan. *Æn.* Insanit. *Ach.* Fuge.
*Æn.* At obsecrabit per fidem misero datam,
Per hospitia, per lacrymas, per dexteram,
Per omne quicquid dulce mihi secum fuit.
*Ach.* Tu pariter obsecra per Ascanii caput,
Per dira superum monita, per fatis tibi
Promissa Latii regna, per gentes novas.
Obsiste lacrymis, jamque te intractabilem
Durumque præbe fortis, auresque obstrue,
Vocesque miseras perfer, obdura, excute;
Ut alta quercus quam simul facto impetu
Boreæ valentes hinc et hinc flatibus
Eruere certant, hæret hæc scopulis tamen,
Quantumque ad auras vertice erigitur suo
Radice tantum extenditur in imam Styga.

*Æn.* Satis est, Achates; vincat imperium Jovis.
Et te, deorum sancte, quisquis eras, sequor:
O placidus adsis quæso, cursumque adjuves,
Et astra cælo dextra placato feras!
*Ach.* At Mnesthea Cloanthumque rectores jube
Ut arma taciti colligant, classem instruant,
Ex urbe socios ad suas cogant rates,
Novique causam fronte consilii tegant.
Interea tu, dum nesciat Dido furens,
Tantosque amores non putet rumpi suos,
Aditum experire quæque fandi tempora
Idonea, rebus quis modus dexter tuis.
*Æn.* Te cura, Achates, classis armandæ manet.
Hominesque deosque testor et sanctam fidem,
Me, Elisa, terris cedere invitum tuis!

CHORUS.

O quam velox est Fama malum
Celeri versans mobilitate!
Primo semper parva timore,
Postea sese tollit in auras,
Graditurque solo, mox caput inter
Nubila condit.
Odiis illam stimulata deûm
Cœo, ut perhibent, Enceladoque
Tulit extremam Terra sororem,
Pedibus celerem levibusque alis;
Monstrum horrendum, cui quot plumæ
Corpore, tot sunt oculi subter,
Tot sunt linguæ, totidemque sonant

Ora, tot avidas subrigit aures.
Noctu cæli medio pervolat,
Nec declinat lumina somno;
Custos summi culmina tecti
Turresve altas tenet interdiu.
Garrula magnas territat urbes,
Nuntia ficti, nuntia veri.
Hæc multiplici voce replevit
Populos gaudens, infecta simul
Et facta canens; scilicet hospitem
Venisse novum sanguine Teucro,
Cui se Dido dignetur viro
Jungere, nunc se luxis* hiemem
Ducere totam, regni immemores:
Hæc dea passim fœda per urbes
Libycas hominum fundit in ora.

## Epilogus.

Jam nacta tandem est exitum Dido suum;
Utinam expetitum; quem tamen potuit tulit;
Et scriptam et actam tempus excuset breve.
Nunc quisque reputet quid sibi hinc referat boni.
Venus inimico credere antiquo vetat:
Ut faveat hostis, cogitat semper dolos;
Ut Juno Teucris sit bona, insidias struit.
Fidemque opemque regium est miseris dare;

* *luxis*] Here Gager seems to have forgotten that "luxus" is a noun of the 4th declension.— Qy. "dignatur" in the preceding line?

Hospitia claram magna nobilitant domum.
Beneficio quicunque destrictus manet
Capite minuitur, esse liber desinit;
Sit gratus usque licet, at ingrate audiet.
Junonia male expressa tempestas monet
Habenda quæ sit Prometheis posthac fides,
Nec posse quemquam fulmen imitari Jovis.
Decet obsequentes esse præmonitis deûm;
Omnisque nimia est, sit licet brevior, mora.
Molles moveri fœminæ lacrymis solent;
Sed fortis aures obstruere debet suas.
Promerita si majora detineant bona,
Quæcunque fuerint, neminem vinctum tenent.
Vis magna amoris: fœminas gravior solet
Corripere flamma; levior accendit viros.
Sed vita paucas nostra Didones tulit:
Prudentiores fœminas factas reor;
Amore nullam credo morituram gravi.
Sed una longe, Elisa, te superat tamen
Regina virgo: quot tulit casus pia!
Quæ regna statuit! quam dat externis fidem!
Dignata nullo conjuge Sichæo tamen,
Animumque nullus flectat Æneas suum.
Tamen, ecce, major hospes Ænea hospite,
Cui verba, Dido, rectius quadrent tua!
Quis iste nuper sedibus nostris novus
Successit hospes? ore quem sese ferens?
Quam fortis alto pectore armisque inclytus!
Genus esse divûm credo, nec vana est fides.
Sed Elisa fato Tyria miserando occubat:

At nostra Elisa vivit, et vivat precor,
Talesque regnans hospites videat diu,
Sabæ salutent undique et magni duces.
Huic vos Elisæ tollere applausum decet.

# No. III.

## SPECIMENS OF PETOWE'S CONTINUATION OF MARLOWE'S HERO AND LEANDER.

[Concerning this piece and its author see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.* The title-page of the old ed. is,—

*The Second Part of Hero and Leander conteyning their further Fortunes by Henry Petowe. Sat cito, si sit bene. London. Printed by Thomas Purfoot, for Andrew Harris, and are to be sould at his shop under the Popes head next to the Royall Exchange.* 1598, 4to.]

Marlowe's fragment ends* where Leander becomes "lord of his desires." Petowe's continuation (after some mythological matter, and the encomium on Marlowe already cited) informs us that

"Dvke Archilaus, cruell, voyd of pitie,
Where Hero dwelt was regent of that citie."

He conceives a violent passion for her: but she, true to Leander, is moved neither by his "thundering threates" nor his soothing words. Upon this, Archilaus, expecting to have better success with the lady if Leander were away, accuses him of treason, and banishes him from Sestos. The lovers take a

* See p. 38 of this volume.

very tender farewell of each other; and Leander sets out with all speed for Delphi, to consult the oracle of Apollo concerning his future fortunes.

" True loue quite bannisht, lust began to pleade
To Hero, like a scholler deepely reade.
' The flaming sighes that boyle within my brest,
Faire loue', quoth he, ' are cause of my vnrest;
Vnrest I entertaine for thy sweet sake,
And in my tent choose sorrow for my make.*
Why dost thou frowne?' quoth he;—and then she turn'd;—
' Oh, coole the fainting soule that flaming burn'd,
Forc't by desire, to touch thy matchles beautie,
To whome thy seruant vowes all reuerent dutie.'
With that, her irefull browes, clowded with frownes,
His soule, already drencht, in woe's sea drownes:
But, floating on the waues, thus he gan say;
' Flint-harted lady, canst thou be so coy?
Can pittie take no place? is kinde remorce†
Quite bannisht, quite fled?' Then gan he to be horce,
Vnable to exclaime against her longer;
Whose woe-lament made Hero's hart more stronger."

She now bewails the fate of Leander, and calls on heaven to punish the destroyer of her happiness.

" The angry Duke lay listning to her words,
And, till she ends, no speech at all affords;

* *make*] i. e. mate.
† *remorce*] i. e. compassion.

Vntill at length, exclaiming 'gainst her kinde,
Thus he breath'd foorth the venome of his minde:
'Oh, timerous taunters, that delights in toyes,
Iangling iesters, depriuers of sweete joyes,
Tumbling cock-boats tottering too and fro,
Grownd of the graft whence all my griefe doth grow,
Sullen serpents enuiron'd with despight,
That ill for good at all times doth requite!
As cypresse-tree that rent is by the roote,
As well-sowen seede for drought that cannot sprout,
As braunch or slip bitter from whence it growes,
As gaping ground that raineles cannot close,
As fish on lande to whome no water flowes,
As flowers doe fade when Phœbus rarest showes,
As Salamandra repuls'd from the fier,—
Wanting my wish, I die for my desire.'
Speaking those words, death seiz'd him for his owne:
Wherewith she thought her woes were ouerthrowne."

She is, however, altogether mistaken; for Euristippus, the brother and successor to Archilaus, in great fury accuses her of having poisoned the last-mentioned personage, and is resolved to make her feel his vengeance.

"Her doome was thus: ere three moneths' date tooke end,
If she found none that would her cause defend,
Vntimely death should seize her as a pray,
And vnresisting life should death obay.
Meane-time within a rocke-fram'd castle strong

She was imprison'd, traytors vile among.
Where, discontented when she should haue rested,
Her foode bad fare, with sighes and teares she feasted
And when the breathlesse horses of the Sunne
Had made their stay, and Luna had begun
With cheerefull smyling browes to grace darke night
Clad in blacke sable weedes, for want of light,
This all-alone sad lady gan to play,
Framing sweet musick to her well-a-day;
Th' effect whereof this sonnet plainely showes,
The fountaine whence springs Hero's heauie woes.

HERO'S LAMENTATION IN PRISON.

'NIGHT'S mourning blacke and mistie vailing hew
Shadowes the blessed comfort of the sunne,
At whose bright gaze I wonted to renew
My liueles life, when life was almost done.
Done is my life, and all my pleasure done,
For he is gone in whome my life begun:
Vnhappie I, poore I, and none as I,
But pilgrim he, poore he, that should be by.

'My loue exil'd, and I in prison fast,
Out-streaming teares breake into weeping raine:
He too soone banisht, I in dungeon cast,
He for me mourneth, I for him complaine.
He's banished, yet liues at libertie,
And I exil'd, yet liue in miserie;
He weepes for me far off, I for him here:
I would I were with him, and he more nere!

'Bvt this imprisoning caue, this woefull cell,
This house of sorrow and increasing woe,
Griefe's tearie chamber where sad care doth dwell,
Where liquid teares, like top-fil'd seas, doe flow,
Beating their waues 'gainst still relentles stone,
Still still they smile on me, and I still mone;
I weepe to stone, and stone of stone I finde,
Colde stone colde comfort yeilds,—oh, most vnkinde!

'Oft haue I read that stone relents at raine,
And I impleat their barren wombe with store;
Teares streaming downe, they wet and wet againe;
Yet pittilesse they harden more and more;
And when my longing soule lookes they should sonder,
I touch the flintie stone, and they seeme stronger;
They stronge, I weake,—alas, what hope haue I!
Hero wants comfort, Hero needs must die.'

When the melodious shrill-toung'd nightingale
With heauie cheere had warbled this sad tale,
Night's drowsie god an iuorie cannopie
Curtaines before the windowes of faire beautie:
Drown'd thus in sleepe, she spent the wearie night:
There leaue I Hero in a heauie plight.
Now to the woefull pilgrime I returne,
Whose passions force the gentle birdes to mourne:
They see Leander weepe, with heauie note
They faintly singe, as when they singe by rote;
While he gan descant on his miserie,
The pretie fowles doe make him melodie.

LEANDER'S COMPLAINT OF HIS RESTLES ESTATE.

'BRIGHT heauen's immortall mouing spheares,
And Phœbus all diuine,
Rue on lowe earth's vnfained teares
That issue from earth's eyne.
Eyes were these no-eyes whilst eies' eye-sight lasted,
But these darke eyes' cleere sight sad sorrow wasted.

'What creature liuing liues in griefe
That breathes on Tellus' soile,
But heauens pitie with reliefe,
Saue me, a slaue to spoyle?
Spoyle doe his worst; spoyle cannot spoile me more;
Spoyle neuer spoyl'd so true a loue before.

'The stricken deere stands not in awe
Of blacke gryin irefull death,
For he findes hearbes* that can withdrawe
The shaft, to saue his breath;
The chased deere hath soile† to coole his heate;
The toyled steed is vp in stable set;

* *For he findes hearbes*, &c.] See note, vol. ii, 257.

† *soile*] i. e. water.—*To take soil* was a very common hunting-term, meaning, to take refuge in the water. Cotgrave (who has also "*Souil de sanglier*. The soile of a wild Boare; the slough, or mire wherein he hath wallowed", and "*Se souiller*, Of a swine, to take soyle, or wallow in the mire") gives "*Batre les eaux*. A Deere to take soyle." And Sylvester renders the lines of Du Bartas,—

"He Dieu! quel plaisir c'est de voir tout vn troupeau
De Cerfs au pieds venteux *s'esbatre dessus l'eau*,"—

by

"O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them
*Take soyl* in Summer in some spacious stream!"
p. 50, ed. 1641.

'The sillie owles lurke in the leaues,
Shine sunne or night's queene whether;
The sparrowe shrowdes her in the eaues
From stormes of huffing weather;
Fowles comfort finde; Leander findes no friend:
Then, comfortlesse, Leander's life must end.'

By this time, "the smiling browes of Heauen" being pleased "to set a period to Leander's toyle," he reaches Delphi in safety:

"He craues long-lookt-for rest, or else to die:
To whome the Oracle gan thus reply.

THE ORACLE.

*He loueth thine, that loues not thee:*
*His loue to thine shall fatall bee:*
*Vpon suspect she shalbe slaine,*
*Vnles thou doe returne againe.*"

Such a response could not fail to "renewe Leander's woes againe." He, however, thinks it best to return to Sestos, that he may prevent, if possible, the threatened danger; and presently he arrives there.

"This backe-retired pilgrime liu'd secure,
And in vnknowen disguise he did indure
Full two moneths' space, vntill the time drew nie
To free faire Hero or inforce her die."

On that day there is a great assembly of knights and ladies. Hero, at the Duke's command, is brought forth from her dungeon; and her beauty excites much admiration among the crowd.

" Though by the sterne Duke she was dishonored,
Yet of the people she was honored;
Mongst whome exil'd Leander, all vnseene
And all vnknowne, attended on his queene.
When to the neere-adioyning pallaice-gate,
The place appointed for the princely combate,
They did approch, there might all eies behold
The Duke in armour of pure beaten gold,
Mounted vpon a steed as white as snow,
The proud Duke Euristippus, Hero's foe.
Hero being seated in rich maiestie,
A seruile hand-mayd to captiuitie,
From whence she might behold that gentle knight,
That for her sake durst hazard life in fight;
For this was all the comfort Hero had,
So many eyes shed teares to see her sad;
Her hand-maide Hope perswaded her, some one
Vndaunted knight would be her champion;
Yet, since her lord Leander was not nie,
She was resolu'd eyther to liue or die.
But her Leander, carefull of his loue,
Intending loue's firme constancie to proue,
(Yf to his lot the honour did befall,)
Withdrew himselfe into the pallaice-hall,
Where he was armed to his soules content,
And priuily conducted to a tent,
From whence he issu'd foorth at trumpet's sound;
Who, at the first encounter, on the ground
Forced the mazed Duke sore panting lie,
Drown'd in the ryuer of sad extacie.

At length reuiuing, he doth mount againe;
Whome young Leander in short time had slaine.
The Duke quite dead, this all-vnknowne young knight
Was foorthwith made the heire of Sestos' right;
The princesse Hero set at libertie,
Kept by the late dead Duke in miserie;
Whose constancie Leander gan to proue
And now anew begins to court his loue."

Hero, having no idea who he is, concludes an answer to his addresses by saying,

" ' But rest content and satisfied with this,
Whilst true Leander liues, true Hero's his.'—
' And thy Leander liues, sweete soule,' sayde he,
' Praysing thy all-admired chastitie:
Though thus disguis'd, I am that banisht knight
That for affecting thee was put to flight;
Hero, I am Leander, thy true phere,*
As true to thee as life to me is deere.'
When Hero all-amazed gan reuiue,
And she that then seem'd dead was now aliue,
With kinde imbracements, kissing at each straine,
She welcoms him and kisses him againe:
' By thee my ioyes haue shaken of dispaire,
All stormes be past, and weather waxeth faire;
By thy returne Herō receaues more ioye
Then Paris did when Hellen was in Troy;

* *phere*] See note, p. 66.

By thee my heauy doubts and thoughts are fled,
And now my wits with pleasant thoughts are fed.'—
'Feed, sacred sainct, on nectar all diuine,
While these my eyes,' quoth he, 'gaze on thy eyne;
And ever after may these eyes beware
That they on strangers' beautie neuer stare:
My wits I charme henceforth they take such heede
They frame no toyes, my fancies new to feede;
Deafe be my eares to heare another voice,
To force me smile or make my soule reioyce;
Lame be my feete when they presume to moue,
To force Leander seeke another loue;
And when thy faire*, sweet faire, I gin disgrace,
Heauen to my soule afford no resting-place!'
What he to her, she vow'd the like to him;
All sorrowes fled, their ioyes anew begin.
Full many yeares those louers liu'd in fame,
That all the world did much admire the same.
Their liues' spent date, and vnresisted death
At hand to set a period to their breath,
They were transform'd by all-diuine decrees
Into the forme and shape of two pine-trees,
Whose nature's such, the fæmale pine will die,
Vnles the male be euer planted by;
A map for all succeeding times to come,
To view true loue, which in their loues begun."

And so the poem concludes.

* *faire*] i. e. beauty.

## No. IV.

## THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE.

[See *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*—This ballad is printed from a manuscript copy in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier.]

All you that have got eares to heare,
Now listen unto mee;
Whilst I do tell a tale of feare;
A true one it shall bee:

A truer storie nere was told,
As some alive can showe;
'Tis of a man in crime grown olde,
Though age he did not know.

This man did his owne God denie
And Christ his onelie son,
And did all punishment defie,
So he his course might run.

Both day and night would he blaspheme,
And day and night would sweare,
As if his life was but a dreame,
Not ending in dispaire.

A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a playe,
Now strutting in a silken sute,
Then begging by the way.

He had alsoe a player beene
Upon the Curtaine-stage,
But brake his leg in one lewd scene,
When in his early age.

He was a fellow to all those
That did God's laws reject,
Consorting with the Christians' foes
And men of ill aspect.

Ruffians and cutpurses hee
Had ever at his backe,
And led a life most foule and free,
To his eternall wracke.

He now is gone to his account,
And gone before his time,
Did not his wicked deedes surmount
All precedent of crime.

But he no warning ever tooke
From others' wofull fate,
And never gave his life a looke
Untill it was to late.

He had a friend, once gay and greene*,
Who died not long before,
The wofull'st wretch was ever seene,
The worst ere woman bore,

* *a friend, once gay and greene*] i. e. Robert Greene: see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*

Unlesse this Wormall* did exceede
Even him in wickednesse,
Who died in the extreemest neede
And terror's bitternesse.

Yet Wormall ever kept his course,
Since nought could him dismay;
He knew not what thing was remorse
Unto his dying day.

Then had he no time to repent
The crimes he did commit,
And no man ever did lament
For him, to dye unfitt.

Ah, how is knowledge wasted quite
On such want wisedome true,
And that which should be guiding light
But leades to errors newe!

Well might learnd Cambridge oft regret
He ever there was bred:
The tree she in his minde had set
Brought poison forth instead.

His lust was lawlesse as his life,
And brought about his death;
For, in a deadlie mortall strife,
Striving to stop the breath

Of one who was his rivall foe,
With his owne dagger slaine,

* *Wormall*] The anagram of *Marlow*.

He groand, and word spoke never moe,
Pierc'd through the eye and braine.

Thus did he come to suddaine ende
That was a foe to all,
And least unto himselfe a friend,
And raging passion's thrall.

Had he been brought up to the trade
His father follow'd still,
This exit he had never made,
Nor playde a part soe ill.

Take warning ye that playes doe make,
And ye that doe them act;
Desist in time for Wormall's sake,
And thinke upon his fact.

Blaspheming Tambolin* must die
And Faustus meete his ende;
Repent, repent, or presentlie
To hell ye must discend.

What is there, in this world, of worth,
That we should prize it soe?
Life is but trouble from our birth,
The wise do say and know.

Our lives, then, let us mend with speed,
Or we shall suerly rue
The end of everie hainous deede,
In life that shall insue.

*Finis. Ign.*

* *Tambolin*] So perhaps the ballad-monger chose to write the name.

# INDEX TO THE NOTES.


'a ii. 343.
affect ii. 409.
again ii. 209.
a-good i. 277.
Agrippa ii. 12.
air of life ii. 270.
Albertus ii. 14.
a-life iii. 180.
appointed ii. 241.
approve i. 186, iii. 124.
argins i. 162.
artier i. 49.
atones iii. 64.
axes iii. 271.

bable iii. 307.
ballass ii. 397.
ballassed ii. 375.
Banks and his horse iii. 246.
bankrouts i. 277.
banned i. 104.
banquerout iii. 134.
basilisks i. 72.
bassoes i. 52.
bastones i. 62.
bating iii. 100.
batten i. 297.
beholding ii. 69.
bevers ii. 42.
bezzling iii. 263.
bid a base ii. 242.
bill ii. 29.
bills ii. 7.
bin i. 230.
bird-bolt iii. 97.
block iii. 239.
blubbered i. 92.
Boheme i. 126.
boss i. 67.
housing-glass iii. 263.
brave i. 24, iii. 226.
breeching ii. 275.
brent i. 77.
bugs i. 179.
burgonets ii. 305.
burlady ii. 23.
burst i. 205, ii. 423.
buss iii. 263.

Cadiz, expedition against, iii. 47.
Cares iii. 69.
carquenet iii. 43.
case ii. 41.
cast i. 339, ii. 267.
catzerie i. 322.
cavalieros i. 153.
cazzo i. 305.
censured iii. 12.
censures i. 6.
centronels ii. 391.
champion i. 35.
channel i. 136.
channel ii. 173.
channel-water ii. 271.
child of sail, with, iii. 52.
clad ii. 426.
clange iii. 102.
cleapt iii. 99.
cleyes iii. 297.
clip iii. 112.
clout i. 40.
coated iii. 315.
cock iii. 263.
coil ii. 411.
coll ii. 416.

colts i. 196.
conceit i. 22, iii. 63.
conceived ii. 369.
confits iii. 87.
consort i. 87.
convertite i. 249.
convey him closely ii. 319.
counterfeit i. 56, iii. 56.
counter-scarfs iii. 240.
cousin ii. 195.
covent i. 309.
cross i. 282.
cross-biting i. 322.
cullions ii. 196.
cunning ii. 6.
cunning ii. 12.
cursen ii. 140.
curst iii. 238.
curstly ii. 267.
curtal iii. 246.
custom i. 239.
cypres iii. 50.

damned i. 224,
Daniel, Samuel, probable allusion to, iii. 259.
declined ii. 179.
deer eating dittany to heal its wounds ii. 257, iii. 344.
defend ii. 331.
denies i. 248.
deserved ii. 241.
dichotomist ii. 315.
discoloured iii. 10.
Drayton, Michael, allusion to, iii. 242.

earns ii. 254.
ecstasy i. 254.
ecues ii. 300.
entrance ii. 308.
entreat i. 266, iii. 99.
envied i. 302, ii. 376.
erring ii. 17.
exercise i. 315.
exhibition ii. 339.
eyas iii. 61.
eye, by the, i. 298.

fair iii. 77.
falc'nets i. 166.
fall iii. 275.
false-brays iii. 241.
familiars ii. 24.
fancy ii. 402.
far-fet ii. 406, iii. 273.
favour iii. 97.
favourless ii. 395.
fet iii. 35.
few, in, i. 298.
flaw iii. 122.
fleet i. 211, ii. 181.
flour iii. 11.
fond i. 5, ii. 32, iii. 239.
fondly ii. 260.
for i. 186.
forslow ii. 216, iii. 200.
foul ii. 395.
fraught i. 241.
freshmen ii. 38.
fro iii. 176.

gain three for one iii. 256.
garboils iii. 272.
Gaunt iii. 252.
Gill's iii. 254.
git iii. 53.
give arms i. 178.
gobbets iii. 114.
grate, a, iii. 228.
guess ii. 139.
Guise, the, i. 235.

had I wist ii. 222.
halcyon's bill i. 238.
harness ii. 106.
hast iii. 184.
haught ii. 226.
hebon i. 298.
held in hand i. 290.

het iii. 46.
hey-pass ii. 65.
hight iii. 5.
histories i. 5.
ho ii. 286.
horse-courser ii. 62.
hose iii. 246.
hoves iii. 30.
hugy i. 64.
Hunkes, Harry, iii. 258.

ibis i. 83.
imbast iii. 200.
imperance iii. 54.
imperious ii. 333.
incensed ii. 331.
incest iii. 146.
incivil i. 13.
incontinent i. 13.
incony i. 327.
injury i. 19.
into ii. 416.
ippocras ii. 52.
Irish kerns ii. 208.
iterating ii. 35.

jesses ii. 202.
jest i. 198.
jets ii. 196.
Jews charged with crucifying children i. 303.
jig ii. 209.
Jove ii. 21.
Judas supposed to have hanged himself on an elder-tree i. 329.

keel, the fiery, at Antwerp's bridge, ii. 11.
keembed iii. 122.
kembed iii. 137.
keend ii. 435.
keep ii. 301.

launched iii. 269.
lawnds ii. 374.
laid for iii. 314.
left iii. 184.
legs ii. 198.
lemans ii. 210.
lep iii. 27.
Lepidus, his printed dog, iii. 261.
'less iii. 191.
let i. 87.
let iii. 183.
lewd iii. 146.
lewdly iii. 200.
liefest ii. 436.
like iii. 269.
likes iii. 148.
line iii. 248.
linstock i. 342.
Lopez, Doctor, ii. 64.
lown ii. 183.
luxury iii. 262.

Mænas iii. 298.
males i. 25.
malgrado ii. 218.
masty iii. 236.
mated, i. 15, ii. 5.
measures i. 205.
merchants i. 27.
mere iii. 42.
merit iii. 283.
minikin iii. 262.
minions i. 166.
Min's' iii. 238.
miss i. 188.
mo ii. 351, iii. 18.
More, Sir Thomas, allusion to a Latin epigram by, iii. 250.
mought ii. 405.
much ii. 125.
muschatoes i. 315.
mushrump ii. 191.
muted iii. 257.

neck-verse i. 315.

need i. 131.
nephew ii. 392.
nice iii. 18.
no way but one i. 100.
nod iii. 275.
nonce, for the, ii. 280.

of i. 34, ii. 132, iii. 40.
on's i. 313.
ostry ii. 66.

packed ii. 422.
paised iii. 26.
parbreak i. 103.
Paris-garden iii. 257.
pash i. 65.
pass i. 15, ii. 185.
passion i. 97.
passionate ii. 201.
Paul's Church-yard iii. 267.
Perkins, Richard, i. 232.
phere iii. 66.
Phyteus i. 225.
Pierides i. 57.
pickadevaunts ii. 23.
pilling i. 71.
pin i. 40.
pitch i. 31.
plage i. 125.
plain ii. 257, iii. 214.
plat iii. 82.
platform ii. 426.
Ployden iii. 258.
port i. 33.
portagues i. 255.
practice i. 302.
prest i. 127, ii. 401.
pretendeth i. 294.
pretendeth iii. 296.
prevail ii. 439.
preventeth ii. 203.
prize iii. 85.
prize played i. 233.
proceed i. 312.
proin iii. 66.
proper ii. 305.
purchase i. 46, ii. 53.
pyramides ii. 397.

quit ii. 400, iii. 281.
quite ii. 341.
quite ii. 378.
quod iii. 234.

racking i. 195.
ray iii. 186.
ream i. 320, ii. 415.
rebated i. 192.
record i. 113.
record i. 213.
regiment i. 16, ii. 172.
remorse i. 91, iii. 33.
remorseful i. 188, ii. 385.
renied, Christians, i. 52.
renowmed i. 27, ii. 13.
resistless i. 300.
resolve i. 16, ii. 10, iii. 75.
respect ii. 190.
retorqued i. 102.
rid i. 324.
rivelled ii. 397.
Rivo Castiliano i. 325.
road ii. 208.
rouse ii. 127.
rout i. 14, ii. 245, iii. 230.
runs division i. 321.
rushes, rooms strewed with, iii. 27.
Rutters i. 122, ii. 13.

Saba ii. 34.
Sacarson iii. 258.
sakers i. 166.
sarell i. 63.
saunce iii. 130.
saying i. 271.
scambled i. 242.
scenes ii. 9.
schright iii. 293.
'scuse iii. 65.

sect i. 256.
seen ii. 315.
seld-seen i. 238.
servises ii. 424.
set ii. 306.
Shakespeare perhaps imitating passages of Marlowe i. 264, 289, ii. 245.
shine iii. 108.
should iii. 148
shrild iii. 153.
silverlings i. 237.
sith i. 338, ii. 241, iii. 248.
Skelton imitated iii. 58.
slop ii. 25.
small iii. 262.
snicle i. 326.
soil ii. 406 [*Add.* and *Corr.* in vol. i.].
soil iii. 344.
sollers i. 307.
sometimes i. 258.
sonnet ii. 48.
Sorians i. 124.
sort ii. 209.
sprung iii. 63.
staring up, hair, iii. 91.
stated i. 267.
states i. 17.
stature i. 80.
staves-acre ii. 23.
stays iii. 159.
stern ii. 428.
still i. 98.
stomach ii. 175.
stroke i. 312, iii. 277.
success iii. 62.
supprised ii. 368.
surcease ii. 335.
sure, made, i. 279, ii. 195.
swoun iii. 51.

tabern ii. 52.
taint ii. 370.
tainted i. 134.
tale i. 322.
talents i. 51.
tall i. 181, ii. 338.
[tanti, *Add.* and *Corr.* in vol. i.]
tast iii. 8.
Tav'ron iii. 294.
taxing, private, iii. 226.
tell i. 237.
Terrene sea i. 53.
tester ii. 126.
than iii. 149.
thirling iii. 9.
thistle-warps iii. 103.
tho iii. 109.
tires i. 51, ii. 439.
to i. 304.
tobacco smoked on the stage iii. 244.
tone ii. 54.
top i. 38.
topless ii. 75.
tottered i. 322, ii. 214.
toy iii. 88.
train i. 347, ii. 234.
tralucent iii. 17.
trannels iii. 137.
true ii. 221.
Turk of tenpence i. 316.

untold i. 306.
unrenowmed ii. 415.
unresisted ii. 402.
unvalued i. 21.
ure i. 276.

vail i. 27, ii. 175, iii. 11.
valure iii. 81.
valurous i. 23.
Vanity, Lady, i. 273.
villainess i. 103.
vild i. 208, ii. 12, iii. 130.

wagers laid about rival actors i. 233.

wasts iii. 40.
well said i. 210.
whenas i. 336, ii. 203, iii. 273.
wher iii. 312.
whereas i. 161, ii. 5.
whist ii. 411.
white i. 87.
will ii. 349, iii. 113.
with a heave and a ho ii. 210.
with a rombelow ii. 210.
won iii. 305.
wonders well iii. 304.
wreaks iii. 164.

Zoacum i. 143.

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